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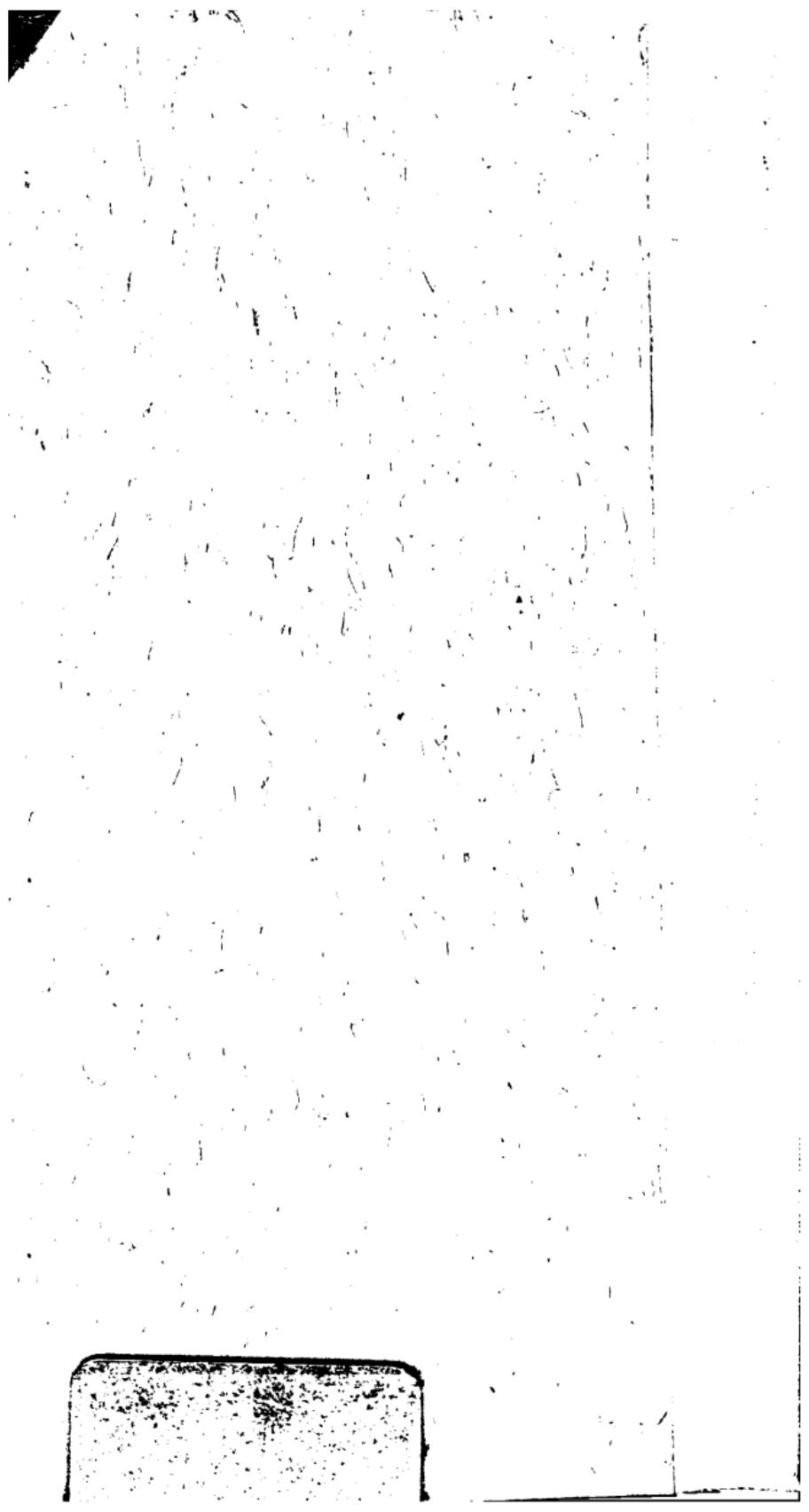
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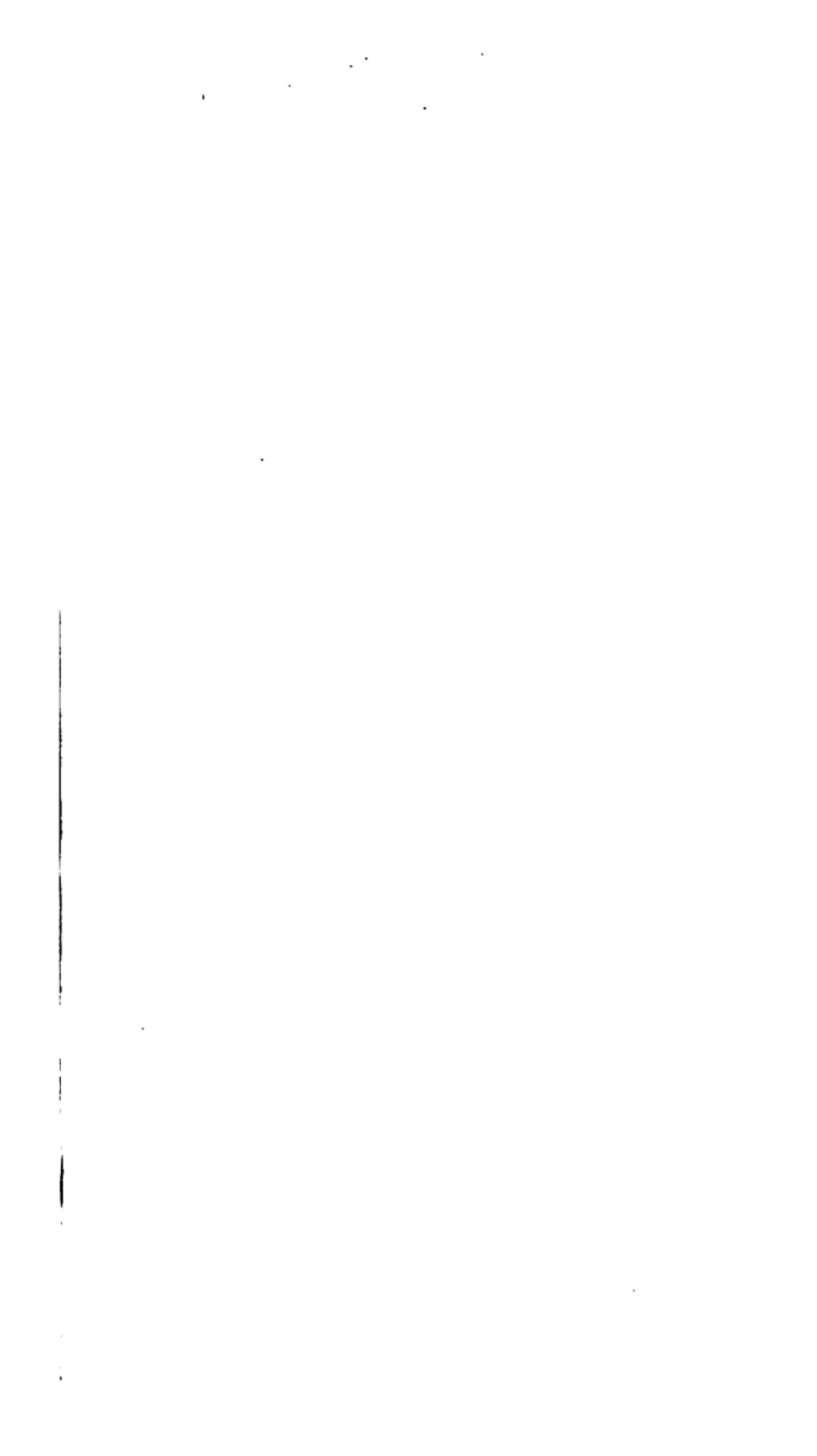


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BANANA

AN







**MEMOIRS**  
OR  
**FRANCIS BARNETT,**  
THE  
**LEFEVRE OF "NO FICTON."**



The Hero of No Fiction:

or,

MEMOIRS

OF

FRANCIS BARNETT,

THE

*LEFEVRE OF "NO FICTION."*

AND A

REVIEW OF THAT WORK.

WITH

LETTERS AND AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

—

TEKEH!

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

*Daniel v. 27.*

—

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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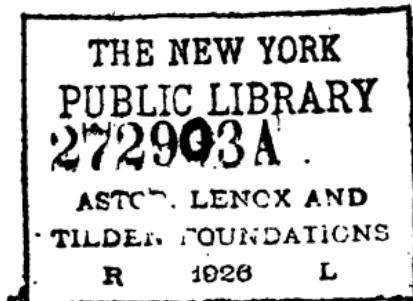
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## PREFACE.

TO a man who is not wholly dispossessed of his native modesty, nothing can be more disagreeable than to be placed in circumstances which compel him to take up the time and attention of his friends, by calling on them to listen to a relation of his misfortunes and his sorrows. This is a fact which every one must acknowledge; and the unpleasantness of his situation must be considerably heightened, when these causes so far operate, as to pass the confines of his friendly associations, and direct him to make a similar appeal to the public.

Occasions, however, will arise, in our progress through life, when our judgments direct us to pursue a line of conduct which

our local feelings must disapprove. In such cases, the calls of duty become imperious and when feeling is consulted at the expense of judgment, silence may be interpreted as an evidence of guilt. Such is the peculiarity of my situation, in reference to the Rev. Andrew Reed, in consequence of a work entitled "No Fiction," which he has sent into the world. In the accomplishment of this task, I am, however, supported by the consciousness that I am not the aggressor. I am engaged in a warfare of the defensive kind, but according to the rules of hostility, I am justified in carrying my arms into the enemy's territories, and of making reprisals as opportunity may offer.

In 1805, I became acquainted with the Rev. Andrew Reed, then living with his parents at 25, Chiswell Street, and who, two years afterwards, entered a Dissenting academy, and eventually becoming a Dissenting minister, was ordained over a church in Cannon Street Road. My intimacy with him was such as to cause me to unbosom

myself to him without any reservation or restraint, as will be seen by his real letters printed in the following Memoirs.

In February, 1810, this gentleman wrote a letter to me from Plymouth Dock, containing a charge, which secretly preyed on my mind from that time till November, 1816, when its effects burst forth in a derangement of my mental powers; under the influence of which I was driven, amidst the kindness and sympathy of my friends, from two lucrative situations which I held, a wanderer on the earth, to a distant land, without once informing my friends of my existence, until twelve months after my departure. Having, by the good providence of God, been in some measure restored to my reason, and having met an old school-fellow in Canada, in January, 1818, I was induced by his persuasion to write to my friends, who concerted measures to restore me to my family. However, before any steps were actually taken, I returned to England for *the reasons stated* in my Me-

moirs, and was greeted with increased kindness by my friends, all of whom offered every assistance in their power, both as it regarded consolation and property, to restore my mind to its wonted vigour ; and to raise me to the standard in society which I had held previously to my awful calamity. Among these the Rev. Andrew Reed was not *behind any* in his *professions*, as may be seen by a perusal of his real letters to me in the following Memoirs, vol. i. p. 330, 333.

On my arrival in England I went to my brother's house, and from thence to my native town Knaresborough, where I was called upon, on December the 24th, 1818, to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of a mother, as dear and as affectionate as ever breathed. After her death I came to reside in London with my brother, intending to accept any situation that might offer, whereby I might procure an honest livelihood, and reserve a provision for that period when nature sinks under the weighty burden of years.

Nothing, however, of any importance offered until October, 1819, when the situation of assistant secretary to the London Orphan Asylum became vacant. At this very period I was informed that my life had been published, on the 1st of May previously, by some person, under the title of "No Fiction," and who, by declaring in the preface to it, that it was not only *truth*, but that the "truth was lowered rather than heightened," had given a statement which, from this assumption, would be injurious to me in whatever situation I might enter, or in whatever business I might be concerned. To some of my friends I stated, that the work was not only published without my knowledge, but that I never had any communication with the author, who was presumed to be the Rev. Andrew Reed, from October, 1818, to October, 1819, either verbally or by writing; and to one of them I stated, that even then (November 12, 1819,) not one word had transpired relative to it, between him and myself.

On perusing the work, I not only found that, in connexion with a certain portion of truth, it was made up of fabrications, falsehoods, and calumnies, as it regarded myself, but that there were fictitious characters, conduct and depravity created, and given as real, of which I had no conception, until I saw them depicted in this religious Novel. In fact, I plainly discovered, from a perusal of its contents, that such was its exuberance of falsehood, that if the real occurrences of my life as given in that work were stripped of their fictitious drapery, it could be reduced from 667 pages to a most diminutive proportion.

Being fully sensible that, as the features of character drawn in that work could have no general application to myself, I merely viewed it as a religious novel, and passed it by as scarcely worthy of any serious notice. In this light I conceived, that it would have been viewed by others, who were capable of rational discernment, and that in public estimation it would be deemed of no more importance in reference to my character,

than the history of Guy Earl of Warwick, Jack the Giant Killer, or Tom Thumb. In this, however, I found myself most egregiously mistaken; for on my being proposed to fill the vacant situation at the Orphan Asylum, I discovered that its various falsehoods had been received as facts, that they were believed by multitudes with an implicit confidence, and that its fabrications were actually made the ground of a formidable objection against my being elected. This was not a mere matter of surmise. I was informed of the fact by a gentleman who had been present, and of whose veracity I could not entertain the most distant doubt. Another circumstance I must not omit to mention. The work itself, and the numerous tales to which it had given birth, made an injurious impression on the minds of several friends, which I the more sensibly felt, as it was at a moment when I stood in need of their utmost aid. This impression it became incumbent on me to adopt some measures to remove.

APPENDIX.

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he actually did so, in his Memoirs, vol. i,  
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Instead, however, of denying *to me* that was the author, or that my character was lived in that of Lefevre, he furthered, that the greater part of it was written during my absence, and when he thought dead. He admitted that he had availed himself of some of the incidents of my life, that he had drawn his portrait of Lefevre, not wholly from the occurrences which conduct had afforded, but from other characters, and had blended them together give interest to his tale. He also observed, that when he published "No Fiction," he never entertained an idea that the work would ever fall under my inspection, that I should even hear of its existence, much less that I should ever come again into his connexion:—that as things now stood, he was very sorry it had ever been published, and entreated me on all occasions, whenever in any company it became a subject of conversation, to keep every one in the dark respecting it, and to give no answer to any questions that might be proposed;

and particularly if any of his people wanted to obtain a knowledge of the author, not to satisfy their inquiries. I was likewise intrusted with this important secret, that it was generally believed I was concerned in the publication, and that it would be best not to disturb that belief. He then particularly pressed me not to expose him, but to protect him against attacks which might arise from other quarters.

Having made these concessions and requests, he next inquired how I became acquainted with its existence? I then informed him, that the first place I ever saw it, was in the shop of Mr. Westley when I devoted two or three hours to its perusal. He then asked me, if I had said any thing to Mr. Westley respecting it? I replied, that I had not; but that I had called his son into the small room, and had some conversation with him about it, and that I had asked him who was the author? to which he replied, that he was not at liberty to say. I then said, it must have been written by

the Rev. Andrew Reed, and that I was the Lefevre. I also said that I had seen Mr. Westley himself since that time, and that I was about to dine with him on an ~~appointed~~ day. On hearing this, he again expressed his sorrow, and requested me not to inform Mr. Westley that I had nothing to do with the authorship, and to keep him in the dark respecting the characters that were introduced.

According to appointment, I dined with Mr. Westley, when, as might naturally be expected, the conversation turned on "No Fiction." From the whole tenor of his observations, I perceived, that Mr. Westley, relying on the credit of Mr. Reed, had placed implicit confidence in the statements given in "No Fiction;" and, no doubt, as I said nothing to correct his error, my silence confirmed him in his belief. Among other things, the fabrication of the Woodman on Bagshot-heath, particularly arrested his attention, and both he and Mrs. Westley much wished to see this ideal rustic.

On my next interview with Mr. Reed, I informed him of what had passed at Mr. Westley's; and I well recollect, that he laughed heartily when I told him that Mr. Westley believed the Bagshot-heath story, and also the tale that related to the widow at Quebec; and that he had actually believed the whole to be *No Fiction*.

Deluded by the opiates which Mr. Reed had administered, and complying with his request not to expose him, without being fully aware of the pernicious consequences, which my own compliance with his request would entail on myself, I actually purchased of Mr. Westley seven copies of "*No Fiction*," and paid him for them, on purpose to render the cloud of concealment more dense. And to keep others in the same state of uncertainty, I had a copy bound by Mr. George Offor, of Tower Hill, for a friend in the country. Such were the lengths to which I proceeded, because I would not expose the man, who, when imperious necessity demanded the sacrifice,

refused to make the least apology to vindicate my deeply-injured character.

Having thus far acted in concurrence with Mr. Reed's solicitation, with regard to Mr. Westley, I observed the same line of conduct towards others. Hence, to all the inquiries that were made, respecting the widow at Quebec, Nurse Graham, John Graham, the Woodman, Deacon, Wallis, Wilson, &c, although they had no existence whatever except in the fertile imagination of the author, and in his demi-fictitious book, I invariably gave evasive answers, and suffered himself and his bookseller to enjoy the fruit of that tax, which they had levied on the folly of the public, until a paramount regard to my own character, compelled me to draw aside this veil of fiction, and confront falsehood with truth before the tribunal of the public.

There is an art in authorship, which none but authors fully comprehend. Of this Mr. Reed was not wholly ignorant. Hence, in his delineations of Lefevre, al-

though, professing to shield me from the inspection of the public, he has been so minute in his description of some facts which actually occurred in my experience that there was scarcely an individual ~~to be~~ found, with whom we were both acquainted who did not recognize my person under the flimsy veil. Many facts and incidents were fresh in their recollection ; and placing implicit confidence in Mr. Reed's veracity, they gave him credit for others, without once inquiring into either their authenticity or their falsehood. Of this credulity, Mr. Reed secretly availed himself, and no doubt smiled, when observing with what readiness they swallowed the bait, which tempted them to the hook with which they were caught.

As many characters besides those of Douglas and Lefevre, were introduced into the novel, it will naturally be supposed that the ingenuity of the curious, the indolent, and those who rendered themselves busy in other people's concerns, would be exerted

to find out individuals to whom the different characters might be applied. This was actually the case ; and among my numerous friends and associates, the selections were made by many of Mr. Reed's congregation, agreeably to their depravity of taste, their disregard to the characters of others, their indifference to truth, or their superior sagacity. Among these fictitious decisions, it was at one time whispered, that Wallis was designed to personify my kind friend, Mr. William Bridgman. Others, who could discover no feature by which this could be supported, dismissed his name, and, forgetting that they were falling into a similar error, conferred that abominable honour on my worthy friend, Mr. John Walton. This, however, was as short-lived as the former, as the only reason that could be assigned for either was, that they lived in the eastern part of the metropolis, and that I was intimate with both.

While invidious industry was thus employed in making these detestable appropri-

ations, another tribe appeared among Mr. Reed's hearers, who professed to be in possession of the important secret; and to shew their superior understandings, they prepared lists of the different characters, which were handed about in his church, supplying with an unwarrantable confidence, whatever was deficient in relation to truth. Against these characters they had fixed real names. As to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Lefevre, and Mr. and Mrs. Russell, they were right in their conjectures. Of Wallis I have already spoken. Banks, however, was a formidable character, to dispose of whom they were greatly at a loss. These difficulties they, however, contrived to overcome. But even those who professed to have the key from the author himself, will find, on the perusal of my Memoir, that they have been as grossly deceived in disposing of Banks, as they were in finding a home for Wallis.

As these keys were discovered to be erroneous, they were remoulded, and multiplied by transcription, so that many copies were

thrown into private circulation. Among these, one copy fell into the hands of a young gentleman, the son of a wealthy sugar broker, who is a deacon of a dissenting church at the east end of the metropolis. From him it was handed to the sugar market. Here it came to the ears of my kind friend, Mr. John Walton, on the 23d of February, 1820; in consequence of which he called on me, stating the fact, observing, that "Mr. Reed ought to be ashamed of himself for sending out so disgraceful a work, which, instead of forwarding the cause of religion, was evidently written with an intention of exalting himself, his wife, and his family." Mr. Walton said nothing to wound my feelings; but he lamented that I had again come into connexion with a man, who had sacrificed truth, friendship, and religion at the shrine of vanity.

On being in company with Mr. Reed some time after, I related to him part of the conversation that had passed between Mr. Walton and myself. On mentioning these

circumstances, I also stated my uneasiness at the injurious reports that were in circulation, and how much I was ashamed that my friends should have their feelings hurt, by being subject to the effects of his fiction. In reply to this he said, that he would readily write to Mr. Walton, and assure him that the character of Wallis was not intended to apply to him, only that this would be to acknowledge himself as the author of the work. This, however, he might safely have done, as the character had no existence except in his book, and in his own mind. To escape this dilemma, he sent out the following advertisement, prefixed to the third edition of "No Fiction," which put a stop to the assurances of the Rev. Andrew Reed's friends, that the key had originated with him.

#### "ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

"The Author cannot allow himself to commit the third edition of this work to

the hands of the public, without expressing his sense of the great kindness with which it has been received, though labouring under the manifold disadvantages of an anonymous production.

"It is, however, with some concern he has found, an attempt eagerly made to connect the characters of the work with the names of *particular individuals*. This has proceeded so far, in some instances, that *keys* have been circulated with the book, professing to be explanatory of all the *dramatis personæ*, accompanied with the unsparing assurance, *that their truth and accuracy may be confidently trusted*. Notwithstanding this assurance, the writer begs to state—that these keys are not only erroneous, but preposterously so—that the *true key* is alone in his possession—that it has never been in the power of any other person—and that it never shall be, while the existing reasons continue for withholding it. He is the more decided on this, because it imposes no loss on the reader.

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Mr. Reed treated with indifference, but afterwards promised to comply, yet his engagement still remains to be fulfilled.

Immediately after this application, I was again unfortunately visited by a return of my malady, which was now brought to a crisis, through the anxiety and irritation produced by the charges alleged against me as "No Fiction." Through this affliction I was confined until the end of June, when I pleased Almighty God to restore me again to the use of my reason.

On finding that nothing had been done to rescue my character from the foul aspersions that had been cast upon it, and that nothing was to be expected from Mr. Reed, with whom the whole originated, I waited on my solicitor, Mr. Sheffield, of Prescott Street, to consult on the best means that could be adopted to rescue my reputation from the reproaches that, through the name of Lefevre, had been associated with my life. To do this, I recommended to him to commence an action, that I might have an op-

If the book has any value, it must arise, not from a knowledge of the parties concerned in the narrative, but from the importance of its lessons, and the truth of its delineations.

“MAY 1, 1820.”

Being lulled into a something like repose by the soothing sophistries of Mr. Reed, I became insensible to the extensive mischief with which the circulation of “No Fiction” was undermining my character, so that nothing of moment occurred relative to this work, until April, 1822, when on entering into a controversy with the Unitarians at Portsea, of which an account may be found towards the conclusion of my Memoirs, I was roused from my lethargy, by finding that they brought against me all the aberrations of which Lefevre is said to be guilty in “No Fiction.” Alarmed at this serious application, I called on Mr. Reed, in May, 1822, requesting him to state to the world that I was innocent of the crimes thus charged upon me, by unwarrantable imputation. This request

Mr. Reed treated with indifference, but afterwards promised to comply, yet his engagement still remains to be fulfilled.

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portunity of meeting the charges, and of repelling them in a court of justice. But as Mr. Sheffield was Mr. Reed's solicitor as well as mine, and was willing to bring matters to an amicable issue, without proceeding to legal extremities, after expressing his surprise that any person should presume to write the life of another without his sanction, especially when its tendency was so palpably injurious, he asked me if I had any objection to his having an interview with Mr. Teape on the subject. To this proposition I readily assented ; and in a subsequent conversation with him and Mr. Bridgman, they asked if I was willing for them to see Mr. Reed on the business, before I took any decisive steps to procure legal redress. To this I also most readily acceded, stating at the same time, that I would have no interview with him, and that I would not be satisfied with any thing short of a full recantation of the falsehoods and misrepresentations which he had associated with my character, under the name of Lefevre.

On the Thursday after this conversation, July 11, the above gentleman had an interview with Mr. Reed, when he admitted that he had published "No Fiction" without my knowledge, but positively stated, that he had not meant Lefevre for me, and that he had sent out an advertisement in 1820, contradicting the key which had been handed about with my name.

Not being satisfied with this equivocal reply, they advised him to write something more decisive, to counteract the injurious impression that had been made on the public mind. To do this he consented, promising to send it to Mr. Teape on the following Monday. This information, on the day following their interview, I received from Mr. Teape, who advised me to wait and see what Mr. Reed might write, before I proceeded to pursue the legal steps which I then contemplated. Monday, however, came, and several Mondays succeeded, but nothing was ever produced, either to vindicate my character, or to exculpate his own.

In the month of October, 1822, I met with a friend in the city, and on consulting with him on my embarking in some way of business, he observed, that the charges contained in "No Fiction," and which every one knew were applied to me, would always follow me with serious disadvantages, unless they were contradicted. I then informed him of the efforts that had been made to obtain from Mr. Reed the desired vindication, and also of the legal measures to which I had intended to resort; but that as legal redress would be tardy in the acquirement, I had altered my mind, and that I had now formed a resolution of writing a complete reply to "No Fiction." I accordingly drew up the plan which is printed in the following Memoir, vol. ii. p. 35, copies of which I sent to several of the periodical publications, in which my intention was announced. From some of these journals, Mr. Reed was permitted an inspection of the notice, which instead of stimulating him to fulfil his promise, it produced from him the following letter.

The letter was simply entitled as under, and concludes with his signature only.

Mr. FRANCIS BARNETT,

Spring Gardens Hotel,

Charing Cross.

*St. George's Place,*

*October 28, 1822.*

To Mr. F. BARNETT.

I know not whether this will find you in a condition calmly to consider its contents; but, at the hazard of its being rightly considered, I venture to forward it, as a duty, perhaps the last duty, I shall ever have to discharge towards you.

You are aware that Messrs. Teape and Sheffield\* have seen me relative to your professed dissatisfaction; and that I must have heard of the many unwarrantable things you have designedly uttered in the hearing of my connexions. I do not now write to express my indignation or com-

\* This interview the reader will please to recollect was in the beginning of July.

plaint—vengeance is not mine; nor do I write to deprecate, on my own account, any steps you may be disposed to take. I merely write to remind you, that I have the means of *full justification* in my hands. I have all your correspondence in my possession, from our first intercourse down to your latest communications from Portsea; with extracts from those letters, so far as they relate to me, which were sent open for my perusal. Your *memory can supply you with some of the facts which this correspondence records.*

You know too much of me to think that I could be base enough to use one line of a confidential correspondence against you, from the mere rupture of friendship. No; but if any act of yours shall make it *necessary*, it will then become my painful duty to employ it, for the defence of my conduct, and the illustration of yours. Even should this be made my duty, I trust I shall only adopt it so far as you make it indispensable.

Hitherto I have been strictly silent amidst the most injurious and unfounded charges and declarations; because I could not meet them without opposing myself to you, and relinquishing a key to a work which I had pledged myself not to do, unless circumstances made it necessary. But should you by any act acknowledge the application of the work, I shall consider myself at full liberty to apply my own explanation.

I will not affect to say, that it would give me no pain to enter on this public duty; but I can sincerely say, it would chiefly pain me, as I should be compelled to reverse the very favourable opinion which that work has created towards you, in every instance where your subsequent conduct has not prevented it. I should have to shew, as you are well convinced, that the good parts of the story have been, alas! imaginary; and that the bad parts are in fact worse, much worse, than they are given. How this will affect your character, and call the public attention to it, I leave it with you to judge.

Although it would afford me anguish to terminate our connection by such a task, it would yet admit of some melioration to me, as it would supply me with an occasion to rectify opinion in many quarters where, doubt not, it has been warped by misrepresentation.

I would fain hope, that you have been subject to the instigation of others in many things you have done, or propose to do; but this does not alter your responsibility. O ! I beseech you, still think of it ! Think how miserable you are ! How you are “wearing yourself in the greatness of your way !” What warnings you have had ! what vows you have made ! How utterly impossible it is for you to be happy till your heart is humble and contrite—till you are at peace with your conscience and with God ! “When shall it once be ?” Have you suffered all these things in vain ?

Think of me as you will ; only beware how you go on to add sin to sin—misery to misery—delusion to delusion, until hope,

and life, and blessedness are gone for ever !  
O Francis ! we are both hastening to one tribunal.—There and here you will be convinced how truly I have desired your welfare. Would that we had never met, if we must be for ever separated ! I send you my forgiveness for whatever you may have thought or said against me ! While I know you to be in this life, I shall continue to pray for you, and the more so when I think you pray not for yourself.

ANDW. REED.

Independently of the observations which I have already made, this letter at once shews, even in the author's own estimation, the identity of Lefevre and myself. It was written to me when I had only sent my notices in the fictitious name which he had given. From this letter it is obvious, that, according to Mr. Reed's account, the whole of "No Fiction," as it applies to me, is one tissue of fabrications. He observes, "I should have to shew, as you are well con-

vinced, that the good parts of the story had been, alas! imaginary ; and that the bad parts are in fact worse, much worse, than they are given." It appears from hence that neither the good parts nor the bad are true, and how this work can be called "No Fiction," the ingenuous will be puzzled to discover. For the truth of which he appeals to me, observing, "as you must be well convinced." But how I can be convinced of these facts if I am not identified with Lefevre, involves a problem that cannot solve.

On receiving the preceding letter, I immediately wrote a reply to it, both of which I published on the 5th of November, 1822; and as he had now publicly avowed himself to be the author of "No Fiction," on the 21st of November, in a second edition, I called on him by name to publish his key, to redeem his pledge, and to give to the world his "full justification." Instead, however, of doing this, he preferred a bill of indictment at the Old Bailey against my

ublisher, which being ignored, placed him precisely on the ground where he now stands.

The above measures, which at once manifested his intention and its defeat, instead of deterring me from proceeding with my reply, only operated as a stimulus to my exertions, causing me to go more fully into detail than I had originally designed, and to give to my plan that form which it now assumes.

On the peculiarity of my language, and the construction of my sentences Mr. Reed may perhaps make some just animadversions. But I am not writing for literary reputation, any further than a statement of truth with a development of its causes and effects can entitle me to that honour. To the facts which I have stated, and the charges which I have denied, I wish to call Mr. Reed's particular attention, and whatever falls short of this, I shall deem unworthy of regard.

In closing this preface, I beg most solemnly to assure my friends, that in the writing

of "No Fiction," and the emoluments arising from its sale, I had no concern whatever. For my own use I purchased a copy, and paid for it. In November, 1819, however, a copy was sent me by Mr. Reed, on which were written with a pencil the following words: "From a friend to a friend, with ineffable wishes."

The brief outline which I have thus stated, I hope the reader will find fully substantiated in the following pages, both by Mr. Reed's letters and my own observations. Under this conviction I commit my vindication to the world, relying on the integrity of my cause, appealing to the justice of man, and imploring the blessing of God.

FRANCIS BARNETT.

16, *Great Charlotte Street,*

*April 24, 1823.*

## MEMOIRS, &c.

I WAS born at Knaresborough in Yorkshire, on November 4, 1785, of respectable parents. My education was circumscribed and irregular; the early part of it being obtained at Knaresborough, and the latter at York, where I spent a considerable portion of my youthful years with a relative.

From the earliest period of my recollection, my mother attended the preaching of the Wesleyan Methodists, and I frequently accompanied her to their places of worship. However, I had then no serious religious impressions on my mind; but my attention was much excited, by observing the mild, pious, and disinterested deportment of the preachers in that connexion, who frequently visited, and occasionally tarried some time at our house. Among these was a Mr. Muff, whose rebuke to some of the class-leaders, for attempting to turn myself and some other young persons out of the chapel at a love-feast, I shall never forget. The regard and affection of this minister for the young people of the town, were proverbial.

In the year 1801, my friends procured for me an appointment in a public office in London; and from that time till 1804, my time was occupied in the duties of my station; and my leisure hours, which were considerable in the middle of the day, were devoted to the improvement of my mind.

During these years, I regularly attended the preaching of Mr. Newton and Mr. Cecil, and occasionally that of the Rev. Mr. Worthington; but I have no recollection under their ministry during this period, of receiving any strong religious impressions. Not then having any gross misconceptions of the Deity, or of his moral government, I lived consistently with my views of the Scripture, abstaining from all outward appearance of evil, and practising those duties required by Christianity, which I conceived consisted in reverence to God, gratitude and kindness to my friends, and benevolence to all. Thus my time passed happily away, and I glided on its stream with delight.

In the latter end of 1804, however, I was thrown into the society of several religious persons of different denominations, among whom I recognized, as old friends of my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, formerly of the Strand, but latterly of Walworth. These were members I believe, of the Rev. George Clayton's church; and what is at once awful and extraordinary, both of them, the last time I called, lay dead in their house.

Among my new religious acquaintances, some were connected with the London Itinerant Society, and by their persuasion I joined it; and commencing teacher in their Sunday Schools, I walked to and from Enfield Highway every alternate Sunday. At this time, I was happily unacquainted with religious controversy, both as it regarded doctrine and discipline. I conceived that every man might be religious if he would; and, that if he was not, he incurred an awful responsibility. Under this impression, as I knew that much depended on early bias and instruction, I was desirous of assisting the young in reading the Scriptures as the groundwork of all religion. These sentiments I derived from the preaching and writings of the excellent Mr. Newton. Of modes and discipline I was at this time totally ignorant, being fully persuaded that it was religion, and not the forms of it, which evidenced a man to be a disciple of Jesus. As, however, the teachers of Enfield Highway School, and Ponder's End, walked home together, discussions frequently occurred, both on doctrine and discipline, to which I listened attentively, but in which I took no part.

In 1805, Mr. Jardine, whom the author of "No Fiction," has christened Banks, late of Sun Street, an unassuming, pious young man, brought young Andrew Reed down with him. He was then, and ever

after called, young Andrew, because his father, who frequently came down to preach at Ponder's End in the evening, under the auspices of the London Itinerant Society, bore the same name. Mr. Jardine and young Andrew, I recollect one Sunday morning overtook me in Edmonton, nearly at Angel Inn, when I was reading Cowper, whose poetry has solaced many an otherwise dreary hour, from that to the present period. However, I do not recollect seeing any "dancing lambs," as stated by young Andrew, (now the Rev. Andrew Reed,) in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 13, nor do I remember as I went along, seeing "the hills covered with a beautiful robe of living green," or "buttercups and daisies;" but I shall not now dwell on this accurate and beautiful description of a summer's day in a May morning, as I shall have to notice it in the Review of "No Fiction."

After young Mr. Reed was introduced to me, I do not think that ten words passed between us that morning; and any one who is acquainted with him, will give credence to my assertion. Nor did I form a very estimable opinion of him, as I had an innate antipathy to certain features which I then thought were component parts of his physical constitution, and which have been of essential benefit to his temporal interests up to the present time. My opinion of him I gave, I believe, freely to Mr. Jardine;

who, with a laudable desire to offer an excuse for his friend, observed, that "he was a modest, and deep-thinking young man," and at that time was under some serious impressions from the preaching of the Rev. Samuel Lyndall. Being younger than ourselves, I readily admitted the apology thus offered ; and, as I was always an admirer of modesty in the young and inexperienced, I thought this evinced, by the explanation, a proper and due deference to our age, and therefore hailed it as a noble trait in this young man which augured favourably. This was the first time I "gave him credit for a better motive" than he deserved ; happy would it have been for me, had it been the only time, then "in the issue I should not have been disappointed."\*

During these walks, our conversation generally was of a religious nature, and particularly as it regarded the places of worship we attended, the preachers we heard, and the sermons they delivered. Sometimes, indeed, we spoke of discipline, and each one, no doubt, delivered his sentiments freely, respecting the different ministers whose names occurred. As there were several other teachers, who, from attending his preaching, highly admired the Rev. Samuel Lyndall, as well as Jardine and Reed, they in general came off victorious ; for what they could not answer by argument, they con-

\* "No Fiction," Vol. ii. p. 18.

trived to obtain by force of numbers. In these debates young Reed manifested, *apparently*, a most enviable spirit, leaving the vulnerable parts of Lyndall's sentiments to be defended by his more aged and experienced brethren, always speaking of him as his spiritual father, and as being the instrument, in the hands of God, of turning him from darkness to light, by a sermon which he preached from the following words, "And the door was shut;" and as having laid him under such indelible and lasting obligations, as nothing could obliterate or destroy, either in time or eternity. This circumstance gave me a great prepossession in favour of this young man, as I always considered gratitude to be of divine origin, and ingratitude as deriving its birth from the infernal regions. This *appearance* of gratitude to Mr. Lyndall he carried on so long as it suited his purposes.

Influenced by these debates, by these accusations, and this defence, I was induced to go and hear Mr. Lyndall preach; and with his discourses, my attention was very forcibly arrested. The doctrines, however, which I thus heard delivered, had a very injurious effect on my mind, turning it from the solid and practical duties of Christianity, to the visionary theories, if not dangerous and horrible speculations of high Calvinism. But these latter sentiments were cherished and supported by young Reed, who maintained that he could see no medium between

the high doctrines of Calvinism, and the horrible sentiments of deism.

From attending on Mr. Lyndall's preaching occasionally, I became a regular hearer, leaving substantial and practical truth for speculation ; and from reading practical writers, I, by the recommendation of Reed, began to peruse Gill, Toplady, Brine, and others of the same stamp ; but happily, I still remained exemplary, and unimpeachable in my conduct.

Having thus drunk into the spirit and sentiments of this preacher, and those divines, I unavoidably became more intimate with Reed ; and as he from that time manifested an extraordinary attachment to me ;—an attachment which was noticed by every one who knew us, his conduct to me being so different from what he shewed to others, he appeared to me to be possessed of all the requisites for friendship ; and as my employ allowed me considerable leisure, I was happy in uniting with a young man of apparently similar tastes and pursuits with myself. To improve our minds, and cement our friendship, we, in union with Mr. Jardine, a Mr. Palmer, a Mr. Liniker and some others formed, in 1806, a society called, "The Contending Brethren Society," which he has in "No Fiction," dignified by the term, "Literary Society," and where he talks about our attention being turned to "Languages, Natural Philosophy, History,

English Literature, Theology, &c." by which, of course, the public would suppose that this Literary Society was formed of young men from the highest circles, and of previously good and liberal education, and that the place of our meeting was equal, at least, to that of the "London Literary Society" in Aldermanbury, of which, that extraordinary genius, and second Demosthenes, young John Wilks, the attorney, and the author of the *Life of the Queen*, is the secretary.\* But I assure the public, that the whole is a gross misrepresentation; and as I am writing what I know to be truth, I am bound to state facts. The place in which we met was a small kitchen in the house of Mr. Reed's father, in Chiswell Street, where he kept a china-shop. I do not mention the kitchen out of any disrespect to Mr. and Mrs. Reed, sen. whom I highly esteem, as if they would not let us have any other room, which I have no doubt they would have done, had not the remain-

\* Since my reply to the "Threatening Letter," I had a ticket of admission to this Society, when there was a debate on Fiction. This gentleman displayed his forensic, consistent and logical powers, by speaking against the Novels of Sir Walter Scott, and in praise of "No Fiction;" and particularly pointing out, while significantly looking at me, the "folly of Lefevre," as he stated, in attempting to reply to that work. His nonsensical attempts to be eloquent excited my risible faculties, his personalities my contempt and pity! In his second edition of the *Life of the Queen* he can notice this.

der of their rooms (excepting the dining-room) been occupied by lodgers.

The members of this wonderful society were, myself, (and I put myself first, because I was *secretary, librarian* and *treasurer*,) a clerk on sixty pounds a year, with a common Yorkshire education ! Palmer, a journeyman pictureframe-maker ; Jardine, a shoemaker, who was journeyman to his father, and had to work very hard to get a living ; Liniker, who I believe was a journeyman currier ; and another, whose name I forget, but who was a journeyman baker, and who was so stupid, that he could hardly earn his own bread ; and last, but not the least, was our young novelist ; who, after having been apprenticed to a watchmaker, persuaded his parents to purchase the remainder of his time, that he might devote it to the more easy, although much humbler employ of being delf-porter to his mother. I have often been amused since that time, when reflecting on our vanity and presumption, to think of our conceit and self-importance. We frequently pretended to lecture on points of which we had scarcely any knowledge, and to discuss subjects, which overwhelm the intellect of men and angels. Reed's lectures, which are referred to in the letter of the 13th of January, were on "the Introduction of Moral Evil," "Cherubim," &c. Thus foolish boys "rushed in where angels dare not tread."

Our books consisted of "Gill's Body of Divinity," "Adams's Lectures," &c. the value of which, when our association broke up, was about five or six pounds. But so far was our society from presenting Mr. Reed with "Adams's Lectures," as stated by him in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 147, that he purchased the work of me for two guineas, in 1809, it having been returned to me, for part of the debt due from the society.

Now let this plain and unvarnished account be contrasted with the fine flaming statement given in "No Fiction," Vol. i. pp. 44-46, and p. 147; and then let any reader say, whether that work merits the title which it bears? It is worthy of remark, that throughout this work, Douglas bears a most wonderful character; and the author well knowing that his connexions would recognize Andrew Reed as the Douglas, although without suspecting him as the author, takes every occasion to puff himself off, through Douglas, to the greatest advantage. Through a species of modesty, peculiar to himself, he says, "It was resolved, that *as Douglas possessed the better knowledge of books, he should draw up such a course of reading;*" and, that "*Lefevre and Douglas on the contrary had always a serious and noble object before them:*" and he makes Lefevre say to him, p. 147, "I told you it would not long survive your absence."

It may however, perhaps, be asked by the reader, on what evidence does it appear, that the writer of this book is the Lefevre that is introduced into "No Fiction?" To shew the identity of myself with Lefevre, I publish the following letters. But as it is not necessary here to print the whole of their contents, I shall only make such extracts as bear on the point, observing, that those persons who wish for further evidence, may read the whole, as I shall place them, with every other original document, in the hands of the publisher.

(EXTRACT.)

To Mr. F. BARNETT,  
65, Leman Street, Goodman's-Fields.  
*January 7, 1807.*  
*12 o'clock at night.*

My Dear Friend,

But to attend to the subject of your letter, you ask, has Liniker given a sufficient excuse for his absence? I think it will be well to write to him immediately, acquainting him with the dissatisfaction of the Society. Reflect on the mercies of your God; who hath rendered you so much more capable of composing and lecturing on a subject of at least *some* of the members of the Contending Brethren's Society.

Yours to his uttermost,

A. B. REED.

January 13, 1807.—Monday.

My Dear Friend,

I fully designed begging of you yesterday, to bring with you my *Lectures* on the different subjects proposed at our Society, but it escaped my memory. I desired it to this evening; but being disappointed in your appearance, I was compelled thus to trouble you by applying pen to paper. I must beg of you to let me have them to-morrow, as I stand in great need of them. If it will be easier for you to leave them at Jardine's, do, and I will fetch them in the evening; but do not fail to communicate them. How was it our friend did not add one to our number this evening? I hope not through indisposition, or any other disagreeable cause. Mr. Liniker was with us, (consequently your loss was the greater.) His wife he informs us has been near death!—

Yours in sincerity,

A. B. REED.

In reference to Mr. Reed's signature, I think it right to inform the public, that I inquired of his mother if he had any other baptismal name except Andrew, when she said he had not; but that he added the *B* to his name because he was so fond of me.

From certain expressions which occurred in the letters from which I have taken the

preceding extracts; and from some conversation I had with Mr. Reed nearly about the same time, I was induced to believe, although he had not given me any direct intimation, acting upon his taciturn and secret mode of proceeding, that he entertained thoughts of going into the ministry. On my questioning him respecting it, he informed me "*there was some talk of it;*" but he did not want to have it known, because if it became public, the church, (Mr. Lyndall's,) of which he was a member, would want him to speak before them, that they might judge of his qualifications, and give him a proper recommendation. Their voice and recommendation however, he treated with sovereign contempt, as the Rev. Matthew Wilks could accommodate him with a passport without the church, he having attended the evening instructions which this gentleman laudably gave to as many young men as chose to attend him, that he might judge of their qualifications for the sacred office of a minister of the Gospel.

In February, 1807, I removed from Leman Street, to the house of a friend of mine in Warnford Court, who was a regular attendant at St. Mary Woolnoth. This occasioned my attending the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Pratt, whose pious and earnest manner, shewing "he was serious in a serious cause," again generated serious reflections in my mind, and turned my attention

from speculative and injurious theories, the practical doctrines of Christianity, truths he preached came with a double force, as his character stood high in all the relations of life, both domestic and secular.

The earnestness with which he preached one evening, when he was called on suddenly, in consequence of the unexpected illness of Mr. Newton, after a night of watching with one as dear to him as himself, gave "lucid proof" that he was always ready for his heavenly Father's business. This discourse made such an impression on my mind, that his very features and attitude, while evidently sinking under the weight of apprehension for his friend, are now familiarly before me, and I think I hear him saying, "Be ye reconciled to God."

It was my happiness at this time, to come under the roof of a friend, who exemplified it in his house, and in his whole deportment, that such preaching produced the most beneficial effects in his family.

During three months the place where Mr. Reed was to be fixed in an academy, remained in a state of indecision. He got his pastor, Mr. Lyndall, I believe, to write to his late friend Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnell;\* and some steps were taken as it re-

\* After Mr. Reed had been at Hackney about six months, we went there "*on the sly*," as he then wanted to leave Hackney, unknown to Mr. Wilks or Mr. Collison. Does Mr. Reed recollect my paying the expences to and from Newport Pagnell, for both of us?

arded Hoxton ; they however, terminated in favour of Hackney, as the following extract from Mr. Reed's letter will shew.

Mr. F. BARNETT,  
8, Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street.  
25 Chiswell Street, Finsbury,  
March 7, 1807.

My Very Dear Friend,

The reason I did not write before, was, because every thing was in a state of uncertainty, and when uncertainty is the prize, there is little ground for exertions. On Thursday evening the deputation waited on Mr. Neale, but he was absent from his home, and consequently we repeated the visit last night, when we had an interview with that gentleman, and am sorry to say he put a negative on our solicitations, after a little free chat. I shall enter Hackney on Monday week. I must resign on Monday evening next : will it not be most orderly to send my resignation to you, and you read it before the society ?

Yours sincerely,

A. B. REED.

As the Rev. Andrew Reed's letters, after this period, will bear more or less on "No Fiction," and will shew how much similarity, or rather dissimilarity subsists between the real letters and the forgeries ; forgeries

evidently committed for the purpose, thro' them, of exalting himself; and as these letters will give the candid reader an idea of the different character I must have been at those periods, from his fictitious degrading character of me, through the assumed name of Lefevre, I shall, in future publish the *whole of their contents in extracts.* This plan I shall adopt, the reader may be convinced, *I have selected such parts only as would merely serve my own purpose.*

Not having kept copies of my letters to this reverend gentleman, (and who could have thought it necessary; how could I expect a *professed friend* like Mr. Reed, who often has alluded to the translated line of Horace, "That friends should have all things common except their wife and their horse, would print forged letters, to injure and degrade me?) it is impossible for me exactly to say, either what I have, or have not written; but his own real letters to me at the periods alluded to, will partly shew the purport; and whatever I may have to regret as it regards my past conduct, their contents do not come in among the occasions of lamentations. It is true, some of the ancient writers have advised, "That a man should so live with his friend, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him." But this conduct, Mr Addison observes, "savour more of cu-

ting than of discretion ;" and I am satisfied, that, notwithstanding the apparent advantage which this *cunning may have given to my enemy, and the enemy to genuine friendship,* the world will do me justice ; for, "when a friend is turned into an enemy, and (as the son of Sirach calls him) a bewrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the *perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.*"\*

The first letter which he inserts, as having received from me after he had gone to the Academy, is in pp. 47, 48, Vol. i. "No Fiction," of which I have no recollection ; from pp. 49—52, is his *pretended reply* to that letter, which I pronounce to be *totally false*. And, as if the watchful care of Providence, had, by its secret influence, wonderfully preserved my letters received from this gentleman, even while I was driven a wanderer on the earth, and even across the Atlantic : that I might, from his own writing confute him ; and as if he were suffered to be blinded from seeing his own danger, that my confutation might be complete, and his disgrace inevitable ; as a warning to the world not to break the bands of friendship, wantonly and unjustly ; I have found the genuine letter he sent to me at the very period alluded to :

\* Spectator, Vol. iii. p. 243.

sad, as if his blindness were carried to infatuation, his interlocutory remarks, if I may be allowed to use a solecism, between the letters, brings mathematical proof that his real letter alludes to this period; for he says, "*Happily for Douglas*, however, he was not much influenced by the sentiments referred to at the head of the chapter. *Young as he was*, he had lived to see the dissolution of one eternal friendship; and, although he possessed very powerful and generous feelings, they were generally under the steady government of the understanding," &c.\*

Now in the following letter, there was one enclosed to Mr. John Lyndall, who had been the playfellow and companion of his youth, with a declaration in it, that he (the Rev. Andrew Reed) wished to break off his connexion with him; and it was such a letter (for he sent it open to me, having previously told me his intention of writing to him, and breaking off the connexion,) as to ensure a dissolution of friendship, however eternally they might previously have sworn it. It contained expressions the most insulting and unfeeling to this young man: of whom from the transient knowledge I had of him, justice compels me to speak, and my inclination willingly complies, in terms of high approbation. He was generous with-

\* No Fiction, Vol. i. p. 48.

out ostentation, and kind without affectation. The letter was appreciated according to its intent; and I dare say Mr. John Lyndall could see further into the motive of the writer than any other person; and since his conduct to me, has no doubt hailed the termination of it, so early, with delight. Mr. Reed knew the name of *Lyndall* was offensive to the ears *both* of the Rev. Matthew Wilks and Mr. Collison. But if *they* were at variance with the *father*, was that any reason why the Rev. *Andrew Reed* should, by one blow, dissolve "one eternal friendship" between himself and Mr. Lyndall's inoffensive and amiable son? This, however, was the way Mr. Reed treated his associates, if they were likely to militate against his future prospects; or if he found that the place of a former friend could be filled by a person like myself, who, with all the warmth of youth, was willing to sacrifice time, property, ease and comfort for his friend. The truth of this remark may be inferred, in reference to poor Jardine, whom he blackens almost to a demon, in his letter to me of the 8th of April, 1807; because Providence had not so far blessed him, as to give him the means of displaying his friendship for this ungenerous youth, in the same way as I was doing. Yet Jardine and Reed joined Lyndall's church together; and "were like brothers sworn," so long as the union could be of any benefit to the Reverend Andrew

Reed. If these remarks are considered harsh, let the candid reader, after he has read the following letters, lay his hand on his heart, and say, if he can, that they are *unjust*.

MR. BARNETT,  
8, Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street.  
Hackney, March 18, 1807.

My Very Dear Friend,

It is not with pleasure that I thus have kept you in suspense, but I had neither pen, ink, nor paper until to-day. On reading your last I was much grieved to find that a remark I made had a tendency to hurt your mind, but depend upon it that it was not designed by me to produce any such effect. I thought to have given you a *history of my life* since my change of situation : but really my mind is so very low, and my Latin and English lessons calling so loudly for my attention, that at present it is impracticable. I have sent you John Lyndall's letter, but I have forgotten the name of the court, you will greatly oblige me by ascertaining it, and affixing the *Number*; it is in Broad Street, the first court from Wormwood Street, you will see Mr. Cordell's name on the door: likewise I should be glad to have the Catalogue, and my Lecture-book, Vol. II. this week: if you cannot send them by the post, I can as easily fetch them from my father's. Write to me very

soon, and with other things, give me  
account of last Monday's proceedings.  
for me.

Yours sincerely,  
A. B. REED.

At Rev. Mr. Collison's,  
Well Street, Hackney.

MR. F. BARNETT,  
8, Warnford Court.

*March 23, 1807, Hackney.*

My Very Dear Friend,

Being disappointed of my interview with you yesterday, (which I hope arose from no unpleasant cause,) I gladly seize the present opportunity of conveying a few lines to you. Considering past correspondences, and the present relations we bear to each other, the first thing which claims my notice, is, the reception of your parcel on Saturday last; in which I found, to my great surprise, enclosed, "Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History," pens, sealing-wax and paper. Not that I ever doubted that your friendship could prove itself by such tokens; but it coming so unexpectedly, you know it naturally produced *surprise* as to the *identity* of the thing. So far from expecting me to fill a page with an acknowledgment of your kindness; to pour forth encomiums on the genuineness of your affection; or to attempt to dignify your character upon such premises, I am conscious it

would yield sensations of pain to your mind. What shall I do then, my dear friend? I cannot give you my heart; that is your's already. I cannot resolve to give you an interest in my prayers; that has been your portion for months that are past. I cannot return the favour in *kind*; that you have denied me. Well then, I must subscribe myself your debtor, while it shall be my concern to liquidate my debt by an exercise of an increasing (if possible) degree of affection. I am decidedly of your opinion, that Christianity is not inimical to vital friendship, though many professors of the former are completely strangers to the latter. But you know, my friend, *that it is evident, the principle most destructive of mutual friendship, is self-love*; "every one seeking his own;" and if we had no other evidence, the apostle's severe censure on such a spirit is sufficient to prove it *diametrically opposed to the leading principles of Christianity*. But I have the requests of a former letter to answer. Mr. Collison appears to be a very nice man, and of a very pleasing disposition, and I hope I shall be comfortable under his instructions. As to my diet, I have no reason to fear ill consequences from that. It is very good and wholesome, and oftentimes very enticing. The students answered to my expectations considerably: some of them have I believe, very acceptable talents; but none of them

very remarkable ones. Some are not too partial to their studies, and consequently are ready to play away half an hour when opportunity is afforded ; but upon the whole I have no occasion to blame them, at least when I compare them with Hoxton and Hoxton. As to my studies, I have but a very sorrowful account to give of them. My mind is very dull and barren, and too backward to close investigation. I have wished myself out many times, I assure you, when I think of the public exercises to which I shall be called : however I have been much delighted sometimes in contemplating the faithfulness and ability of Jehovah Jesus. Thus I have attempted to satisfy your mind, but you must come very shortly, and see and hear for yourself. If you can, write to me soon, and favour me with an answer to the following question : "What use should we make of authors in writing Themes, Sermons, &c.?" Form no apologies again for keeping me from my *studies* ; a letter from my friend oftentimes leads me to reflections not less delightful. But it is time that I had come to a close. That your God may be my God ; that your foes may be my foes, eternally, is the sincere prayer of

Yours affectionately,

A. B. REED.

Well Street, Hackney.

MR. F. BARNETT,  
Warnford Court.

Hackney, April 8, 1807.

My Very Dear Friend,

I have to acknowledge the mixture of pleasure and surprise I witnessed in the reception of your letter last evening. As to the contents of it, however, I confess I received but little surprise, because I already was assured of the reality and perpetuity of your friendship. If I am to accept of your kind offer, and am to have my choice respecting the size of the paper, I think I should like an *assortment*. As to the charge of *non-application* you make against me; when I remind you that it is not more than a fortnight since your kind presentation, and that I have not used the paper, &c. you then communicated, I have no doubt but you will permit that same degree of *affection* to be exercised in cancelling the *charge*, which was exercised in raising of it. But my dear friend, if I might (without doing the least injury to your mind) caution you never to *hurt yourself* by friendship, I would: for I hope I have not such false ideas of friendship, as to suppose there can be no love in the heart where the hand is not always in the pocket: but I forbear. As to the mode of conveying it to me, it will lose something of its *value* if you do not bring it to me. I shall be very glad to have a visit from you as soon as possible, only contrive it so as to be with me about

o'clock, and remain to tea. Choose a fine afternoon, and send me a line before, that you may be sure of finding me within. That Mr. Jardine designed honouring me with a visit, was a piece of information to which I was blind until I received yours. How he could give such intimations I know not, for I have never expressed the least desire to see him at Hackney, and most likely never shall; for since I ~~have~~ been here I have received increasing evidence that, paradoxical as it may appear, he is a *Christian* who is a *complete stranger* to every principle of generosity, and foreign to affection. I recollect his telling me, he once formed a resolution to abandon society, and if he has so much of the misanthropist about him, I must say I think it would little matter. However he serves well to set off character prompted by opposite principles. This you know I communicate in confidence. As to his anxiety to become a student, I can say but little, if however he should pay me a visit, I should be much inclined it was from some such motive, because I *know the man* :\* and I can further assure you, that were he here he would not spend a happy hour

\* Such was the portrait which Mr. Reed drew of this young man. Notwithstanding which, whenever he has met him since writing the above, he has treated him with the *utmost apparent cordiality and friendship* ! What human being is capable of unfolding the character of this reverend "duplex"?

scarcely, through his two years, or I am mi-  
taken. But I am compelled to conclude by  
subscribing myself, Yours sincerely,

ANDREW REED.

MR. F. BARNETT,  
Warnford Court.

Hackney, May 4, 1807.

My Very Dear Friend,

It was with pleasure that I re-  
ceived yours this evening. But I was spe-  
cifically filled with deep concern, on reading the  
first page, and finding the sad state of your  
health. You inform me that your desire for  
improvement is still the same, but I had al-  
most wished that it had considerably abated,  
for I am much inclined to believe that your  
vigorous attempts to strengthen your mind,  
tend much to weaken your body. Let me  
entreat you therefore to be more careful of  
your *weaker* part. To get wisdom is a no-  
ble pursuit; but you will recollect that wis-  
dom is never more displayed than in a *pru-*  
*dential* line of conduct. I am glad to find  
you design taking advice to-morrow: I hope  
your resolution will not be shaken. As to  
the latter part of your letter, my dear friend,  
I confess myself entirely overwhelmed!  
To pass a refusal on such an instance of your  
kindness, would be to tamper with your  
feelings, which I would ever carefully avoid;  
but let me entreat you my friend, not to de-  
sign any thing of the kind again. Recol-

let the favours you have already crowded upon my hands, and for which I am your unacknowledged debtor. Dr. Sharp's is, I believe, not worth your purchasing, at least at so dear a rate : he wrote against Hutchinson's Explanation, merely to shew that it was uncertain, and pretended to no certainty himself ; but how far more hopeful is certainty than uncertainty for a prize ? The questions you propose are delicate, and will require much consideration : I must beg exemption from offering any thing on them to-night, as the weakness of my eyes begin to give me great pain. That every blessing tending to felicitate body and mind may be yours, is the earnest prayer of

Yours most affectionately,

ANDREW REED.

MR. F. BARNETT,  
8, Warnford Court.

*Hackney, May 17, 1807.*

My Very dear Friend,

I have just concluded Mr. Overton's Apology with great pleasure. If I may be allowed to judge, I think it is a work as remarkable for a display of sound judgment, keen understanding, and what is more than all, attachment to the truth ; as for its truly candid and polite style : he acknowledges that he goes no further than the Sublapsarian scheme. Now whether or not the truth does not lie between the Sublap-

sarium and Supralapsarian is a doubt in my mind, on which offer me a few remarks in your next. Also what you think of his defense of "degrees in glory." In reading the extract from Daubeny and Co. some of which are horrible, I was increasingly convinced that the *carnal* mind is enmity against God and the truths of God. May we ever be kept from such cursed, desperately wicked hearts! I have always thought that the church, at the reformation, was good so far as she went, but that she did not go *far enough*; and the causes seem to be well assigned by Mr. Overton, p. 49, line 13, to p. 50. But your kind acquittal from the task of answering the *questions*, and my great hurry this evening to get to town, will free me from offering any thing on this subject; *indeed I would entreat you never to let it give you an uneasy moment.* May the God of peace be with you ever.

Yours sincerely,

ANDREW REED.

N. B. Write to me soon. Did you hear Draper? How did you like him?

The last letter, is the real one which Mr. Reed sent me in reply to one I had written to him; and in answer to some questions that I had proposed, for information, on the propriety of dissent from the Established Church. Part of the letter which I then wrote, I believe he has published in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 146, 147, as in March 1807, I lent him Overton's "True Church-

been Ascertained," which was partly the cause of my writing to him on the propriety of dissent; and to request his opinion of Overton's work: therefore *the above real letter*, should be inserted in "No Fiction," p. 147, instead of the *manufactured* one, from p. 148—159, as will be evident to every intelligent and candid reader.

My mind, at this period, was much harassed with doubts, respecting the propriety of dissenting from the Established Church; and as I conceived no one would desert her pale without sufficient and substantial ground, I naturally thought, a Dissenting Academy the most likely place to have those reasons assigned which I wanted, and by which my doubts might be removed. Under this impression I proposed my questions to Mr. Reed, who was preparing for a dissenting pulpit, where I persuaded myself he would frequently find it necessary to defend that line of conduct which he had adopted; and, consequently, that he would be able to direct me to such publications as contained arguments the most invincible. The public therefore may judge of my surprise, when, in answer to my inquiries, I received from this "grave and deep-thinking" student, the following laconic, and unsatisfactory reply, "*Never let it give you an uneasy moment!*"

My mind, however, was differently constructed: I was inquiring after truth; and

not having taken religion up as a *profession*, for base purposes, but from a desire to worship my Creator in that way which he had laid down in his word ; looking with a full view to my accountability hereafter, I was thrown into a state of mental agitation, which has continued in a greater or less degree from that moment to the present period. A consequence of this indecision has been, that I have never joined myself to any church, though I cannot but review this omission of a solemn duty, with painful recollections, and the most sincere regret.

Instructed thus by melancholy experience, I would most seriously advise all, into whose hands this publication may fall, whatever doubts they may entertain respecting discipline and church-government, so to unite themselves to some religious community, that they may partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, as an evidence of their obligation, and a memorial of their gratitude for the Saviour's dying love. Let them not suffer either their own scruples, or those angry discussions respecting what is the right church, to cause them to forget its sacred head. While others are disputing about the scaffolding, let them silently participate in those solemnities, which communicate joy and satisfaction to the soul in its probationary state, and are means in the hands of God, to prepare it for immortal blessedness.

From this time to the end of the year 1807, although I remained under these doubts, and was in the habit of seeing Mr. Reed two or three times a week, yet he never alluded to the subject, and always waved it when proposed, and endeavoured to prevent its introduction. Nothing, however, of any particular moment occurred at this period worthy of being laid before the public, excepting that Mr. Reed caught a cold by sleeping in what the students at Hackney used to call "the dormitory," before it was thoroughly dry, and by which a slight inflammation took place. Nor would even this be worth noticing, were it not for that beautiful description of it in chapter the third of "No Fiction." But, however, before I proceed to state the facts of this illness, I beg leave to call the attention of the reader to the "artful sophistry" of this reverend novelist.

Knowing that if he stated it, as having occurred while at the Hackney Academy, many of the students would immediately detect its nonsensical falsity; to prevent discovery he throws it back as happening before that period, as the reader will perceive. Now that it could not allude to any illness before, is contradicted by the fact, that I never knew of any illness he previously had; and I challenge him, his father and mother to prove, that I ever "flew to his bedside," as stated by him in page 30;

and indeed how could I? I never knew he was ill, nor did I ever know where he slept.

However, it is a well-known fact, that in consequence of the cold alluded to, a slight inflammation took place, which caused Mr. Collison, (who is a kind and humane man,) to grant Mr. Reed the indulgence of sleeping in a room for a short time by himself. But the statement of the Rev. A. Reed that there was any danger, that the "existence of his dear *Douglas* was threatened," and that "his return to perfect health" was "rendered a matter of uncertainty," must surely shake the gravity of Mr. Collison himself, and it will make him exclaim, "Reed is too deep for me, although I am a Yorkshire-man. He has put this account of his illness previously to his coming to the Academy, that I might not, when looking over the manuscript of "No Fiction,"\* detect this false and ridiculous account."

That he was frightened and alarmed about himself, I will readily grant, and all who know him will believe; but *beyond this, few* besides himself could discover any cause for apprehension. It is true, he got me to wait on Surgeon Blair, who humanely called upon him on his way to his country house at Walthamstow. Yet his affectionate mother was overwhelmed with anxiety;

\* The manuscript of "No Fiction" lay with Mr. Collison some time for his corrections. I know the person who fetched it from Mr. Collison's and took it to the printer's.

nd to assuage her grief, I believe I went to Hackney almost every day. A few days, however, removed his fears ; and when his fears were gone, he recovered apace ; and began to eat as heartily, and sleep as soundly as formerly. His indulgent mother observed to me one day, during his illness, that if she had any wine she would send him some. On hearing this from her, I took the hint, *resolving that he should not suffer any inconvenience* from the inability of a tender parent.

My friend, with whom I then lodged, and myself, had a short time prior to this, bought some wine, which till then was a joint stock, but which we immediately divided, and my share I exported to Hackney ; and when this young gentleman had finished it all, his exhausted cupboard was replenished at my expense. To his tutor Mr. Collison—to Mr. Elvy and Mr. Moore of London, who then were fellow-students with him ; and to those other gentlemen who were students at the same time, but who are now residing in different parts of England, I willingly and fearlessly refer the public, as it regards the accuracy of my statement, of this *dangerous* illness, and the vanity and folly of his own account ; as well as it regards my behaviour to this selfish, ungrateful and calumniating individual, during the whole of the time he was at the Academy.

Far be it from me to introduce these facts to exhibit my own liberality. I accuse Mr.

Reed of ingratitude; I charge him with trau  
ducing my character in "No Fiction;" and,  
therefore, cannot pass over the incidents of  
which these accusations are founded, in total  
silence, without doing injustice to my own  
reputation. I shall not however, enter into  
a minute detail of my conduct towards him  
either during his indisposition, of which,  
apparently to excite sympathy, he has pu  
lished such a pathetic account, or on his re  
covery. To expatiate on such particulars,  
is grating to my feelings, as it must be to  
*every one possessed of the least grain of  
modesty*, to speak of his own acts.

In the latter end of 1807, I removed from  
Warnford Court to the east of London,  
which was unfavourable to my religious pro  
gress, being again brought under the sound  
of the high Calvinistic doctrines, by which  
my mind had been already so seriously in  
jured. It was in February 1808, that I first  
I first heard Mr. Reed preach. This was at  
the Rev. Charles Hyatt's, from the follow  
ing words; "Cast me not away from thy  
presence;" and shortly afterwards he wrote  
me the following letter:

MR. F. BARNETT,  
108, York Street, Commercial Road.

*Hackney, February 22, 1808.*

My Very Dear Friend,

I fully expected you would have  
done the friendly office which you are bound

to do by our *mutual ties* before this, i. e.: to have offered your free remarks on my defects last Sabbath evening. I need not tell you that the twig and not the sturdy oak is formed for bending. If I commence with defects, I shall doubtless drag them with me through life. Pray then give me your most unlimited remarks where you judge I may improve in *style, matter, manner, &c. &c.* A friend to discharge these and similar duties is the fairest flower that blossoms on earthly ground, and is *something* very different in character from those flimsy friends who thin confidence by their cant, lies and flatteries! I design to take tea with my friend on Wednesday week if possible.

Little as my expectations were of Bishop Patrick, they are less now. I am glad I had not the trouble of exporting him to Hackney. The review of Twining, Fellows, and Bonnycastle, I much admire. Don't you perceive some rays of *modern candour* in the review of Nightingale? I am much surprised you have not written as I find your books are arranged, your stove arrived, &c. I hope you will read as much for me as yourself, and make it mine by the post. I am nearly in despair when I find how little I have done in the last year. Wishing all your temporal enjoyments by being sanctified, may lead your thirst increasingly after spiritual ones is the prayer of Your eternal friend,

A. REED.

Whether I attended to this suggestion or not, I cannot tell ; but I recollect I was determined not to say any thing to him about his sermons, after the manner in which he spoke to me of Mr. Alers, now Mr. Alers Hankey who gave him privately some Christian and friendly advice, in Mr. Ford's vestry in Stepney, after hearing him preach from the same words, (and of course the exact sermon alluded to,) one Sunday afternoon, at the latter end of the year, I think on Christmas day. The pride and vanity he displayed on that occasion, and the contemptuous manner in which he spoke of the opinion of a man who was superior to himself both in *intelligence* and *experience*, gave but little encouragement for me to say any thing to him. As he was young, I thought time would correct his pride, and a knowledge of the world would subdue his vanity. Little did I think that "they would grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength;" and much less, that I should live to see him courting the consummation of his youthful folly by publishing to the world, through a religious novel, an account of himself, which for its vanity, would cause the most ignorant nursery-maid in the metropolis to blush and make her ashamed to *have it known* *she had written it* : much less did I then expect that a paramount duty to myself, to my friends, and to the public would require me to shew its calumnies, falsities, and the

anity of its author, and thus entomb it and its surprising author's *literary fame* in the "vault of the Capulets" for ever.

As it is not my wish to extend the account of myself further than will be necessary to identify myself with Lefevre, and to introduce the real letters which I received from Mr. Reed during the period under consideration, that they may be contrasted with the fictitious ones published in "No Fiction," I pass on from this time to that in which he was appointed to preach in a somewhat regular manner. The period in which this took place, was in July, 1808; and the place of his appointment was Selby in Yorkshire. But as I always wish him to speak for himself, I publish the following letter which he sent me from that place :

To MR. F. BARNETT,  
108, York Street, Commercial Road.

*Selby, July, Monday, 1808.*

Excuse my falling into the fashion, but when *it* suits me, I like to *suit myself to it*. I find that when a letter is not entitled, it at once may be the property of a plurality of persons, and it is thus I wish the present few lines to be. I do flatter myself that if my very dear friend B. knew what I have to conflict with, and how many various calls for my attention and time, he would not

charge me with infringing the bonds of an *indissoluble* friendship. Accept of my sincere thanks for your *long* and pleasant letter, and let my dear mother accept the same for her's. One reason why I do not send many long letters to you, is because I write to my *friends* first, and when fatigued by the exercise, I then scribble down a few lines to my *dear friends*. Selby, my dear B. is a good sized market-town; it is in the form of a triangle, and contains, I think, about 5000 inhabitants. It has a river washing its fronts, and being navigable and having communications to all parts of the north of England, renders it a considerable place of trade. There are at times from forty to fifty vessels lying in the river, and at present we have three building here. Its *only* curiosity, I believe, is the *church*. This building is of great antiquity, and of an amazing size, being large enough to contain more than the inhabitants. It has in all probability been a cathedral, and formerly there was a monastery attached to it, a mile in circumference, some parts of which remain to this day. With overflowing gratitude I can say the *cause* here flourishes increasingly. I never saw any thing to equal *last night*, we had almost as many outside of our building as within. Let this excite you to praise and prayer for me. As to my health, I do think it is somewhat improved, but my good father's *supposition* is not well found-

ed. I felt much exhausted yesterday. I design to leave Selby after the second Sabbath in August at latest. I am here but fifteen miles from York, but yet cannot I fear reach Knaresborough. There is no conveyance but by horse, and last week I rode fourteen miles, which exercise quite overcame me. I hope you will write more frequently a great deal; a letter from London is like a *cooling wash*, this sultry weather. Will you be kind enough to forward the enclosed, and be assured that I continue to be an affectionate friend to my dear B. and a loving and dutiful son to my dear parents.

Yours,

ANDREW REED.

Actuated as I then was, and hope I always have been, and ever shall be, by the generous feelings of friendship, and anxious to embrace every opportunity of testifying its sincerity, for one who professed to be my eternal and "indissoluble friend," as is conveyed in the foregoing letter; on the receipt of it, I wrote to Mr. Reed, stating that if he could procure permission from the Academy, I would meet him at Knaresborough, where I was sure he would receive a hearty welcome from my father and mother; particularly my mother, whose sole delight appeared to be in acts of kindness and affection to her children; and the best way she thought she could evince that affection, was, by treat-

ing their friends with an increased degree of attention. It was with some difficulty that I could gain a month's leave of absence, as several of my brother officers wished at the same period for an opportunity to visit their distant friends. This difficulty was also considerably increased, as I had already twice obtained a temporary exemption from the duties of my office, to spend some time in my native town. The first of these I well recollect was in 1805, when I accompanied thither my sincere and unabated friend, John Walton, Sugar-refiner, of Angel Alley, Whitechapel, and Lambeth Street, Goodman's Fields. This gentleman has kindly allowed me to use his name in any way I think proper in the account I thus give of myself; and which is in some measure rendered necessary, several religious professors having had the unblushing audacity to apply that libellous and infamous character given of Wallis in "No Fiction" to him. The falsehood of this character, as it is thus applied, I am happy in having an opportunity of boldly asserting before the world; and I fearlessly assert, (and I here challenge Mr. Reed again to come forward and contradict the assertion if he can,) that the features of profligacy which Mr. Reed has delineated in the portrait of Wallis, had no existence, except in the fertile imagination of the reverend author, to give variety to his novel; unless he has drawn that char-

ster from an acquaintance of his own, of whom I have no knowledge ; but this I shall have to notice hereafter.

My second leave of absence was in 1807. As it is possible that my word might be disputed by some of the friends of the Rev. Andrew Reed, it becomes me where *his own erroneous statements* can be contradicted by *his real letters*, to publish them, however trivial they otherwise may be, to substantiate the truth of my assertions ; and where I cannot produce documents either direct or corroborative, I shall say but little. In adopting this mode of procedure, I trust the candid reader will bear with me, in the arduous and difficult task I have undertaken ; as it is only by pursuing this apparently confused and irregular method, that I can fulfil my pledge to " detect the artful sophistry and the gross misrepresentations in "No Fiction," which I feel assured I shall accomplish to the reasonable satisfaction of every unbiassed individual. It is for this reason that I publish the following letter, which I passed over in the proper place, not thinking it of any importance, until perceiving that it contradicts and falsifies the language he has put into my mother's mouth, in page 57, by which, even the dead, as well as the living, are rendered subservient to his design, in carrying on his wondrous tale.

To MR. F. BARNETT,  
Post-Office, Knaresborough, Yorkshire.

Hackney, June 1, 1807.

My Very Dear Friend,

I thought the next time I should write to you, I should blame you for your silence; but as I have been as criminally neglectful, the reproof must return into my own bosom. Indeed I should have written before, but since I have heard it is likely I shall visit the country in the vacation, I have been necessarily much engaged, and must still be so, as I assure you I feel awfully inadequate to so great a work as preaching the Gospel, which must be either a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death in them who hear it. And added to this, I find personal religion at such a low ebb, that I am terrified at consequences; prayer is frequently a complete burden, ordinances are vehicles of little that is good. In short, I have no other exercise than to lament over a heart not to be parallelled in dreadful hardness! I was seized with an equal degree of surprise and pleasure on reading your design to leave town for York. My pleasure arose from a persuasion that a relief from business, a visit to your native place, the enjoyment of your friends, together with the use you tell me you design to make of the waters, would establish your health and revive your mind. The re-stating of the questions you speak of, I shall defer till you reach our metro-

polis again, because you may, I am certain, find sufficient to employ you ; and to burden yourself would be to oppose the beneficial design of your present recreation. By this, however, I do not exempt you from writing ; however dilatory I may be, I hope to receive several letters from you, but I do not desire fatiguing ones. Answer this, if possible, immediately, as I shall be glad to be informed of the nature of your journey, your health after it, the *partial* effect of the waters, &c. You will excuse my briefly concluding, by wishing that you may be peculiarly distinguished by the favours of the Redeemer, and earnestly entreating your prayers for me at the throne of Divine grace.

I remain,  
Your's affectionately,  
ANDREW REED.

These difficulties, however, respecting my obtaining leave of absence, being removed, I went to Knaresborough during the first week in August, and waited Mr. Reed's arrival from Selby, which is about thirty miles from Knaresborough, which took place in a few days ; and to substantiate the identity of myself with Lefevre, and Mr. Reed with Douglas, by indisputable documents, I publish the following extract from his mother's letter to us there. This extract will also shew on what terms I then stood with her,

and in what light I ought to consider her friendship for me. Nor do I say *then*, because I conceive she *now* has a different feeling for me, as I have heard it reported that even so lately as during my illness in the month of May, 1822, she spoke of my probity, honour and kindness, in her inviolable way, (and I know she is too pious to dissemble,) and also of the highly unchristian, unwarrantable and ungrateful manner in which her son had behaved towards me in publishing "No Fiction," a work which she knows is replete with falsehood and mis-statements.

Dear A and B,

I do not know whether you expect another line, or not, but as I feel disposed, I shall not hesitate. I feel much indebted to Mrs. Barnett for my son's kind reception. As I hope to see you soon, I need not study to give you any particular news, but only tell you what you know before, that I am with great affection, your adopted and real mother till death,

M. REED,

During the time we were at Knaresborough, Mr. Reed was treated by my friends with the utmost kindness and attention. Our time was spent as most other young men spend theirs, when visiting, in eating and drinking, walking and reading, talking and sleeping; nor was there any thing that trans-

sired there, which would have required the least notice, except that the real circumstances which occurred, may be contrasted with the dazzling description of this journey in "No Fiction," a work which in a great degree derives its existence from the visions of a creative fancy.

It is true, he preached in the Wesleyan Chapel at Knaresborough, from the following words : " How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ;" and I mention the words, as hundreds of persons will identify the reverend gentleman from that circumstance, as at Selby, and afterwards in London during this year, he preached the same sermon at several places.

It is true, as stated in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 65, that my mother did say one day, we had better take a walk to the Wells, i. e. the Harrowgate Wells, a place about three miles from Knaresborough, and well known as a fashionable summer resort ; and at her request, although at great inconvenience to himself, we were accompanied by a Mr. Parr, a gentleman who kept a school, and lodged with my parents. Of this accidental circumstance Mr. Reed has availed himself in fitting up the drapery of his novel, having introduced him into "No Fiction," under the fictitious name of Mr. Palmer, thus calling him to participate in the common honours so liberally bestowed on all my friends.

It is also true, as stated p. 82, that we did walk in the shrubbery of Lady Cunningham, adjacent to Knaresborough, on the evening prior to his departure; but he seems to have forgotten that I hired for him at my own expense, a horse the ensuing morning, while I walked on to a place called Providence Green, midway to York, where we breakfasted at a Mr. Jackson's, a hearty and generous Yorkshire farmer, and an *unpaid* preacher of the Gospel. But for this, and all my other acts of kindness, he perhaps thinks me amply reimbursed, in his delineation of my character spread throughout the different chapters of "No Fiction." If this be gratitude, I have yet to learn its excellence.

It is likewise true, that he went on to Bridlington, as is stated in p. 105, to a Mr. Marshall's, a friend and relation of Mr. Collison's; and it is equally true, that he wrote to me (although the letter is mislaid) on his arrival in London, stating, that "*although Mr. Marshall had been very pressing for him to remain with him a month, yet he had taken a guinea for his passage in one of his vessels.*" These facts, if Mr. Marshall should see this statement, he will be able either to confirm or to correct.

*Not one word*, however, *is true*, of all that Mr. Reed has written, respecting nurse Graham, or John Graham, either in the part to which I now refer, or in the subsequent

account given of them in this fictitious and imposing narrative. By making this assertion, I do not mean to say, that it is merely fictitious *with regard to names*, but that *the characters themselves are purely ideal, wholly spun out of his own fertile imagination to give variety to his novel, and to display his descriptive powers.* In this daring imposition on the public, he might have indulged without any molestation from me, had he not introduced *my own mother as pointing out nurse Graham to my recollection, by mentioning her name* as he has done ; and then *making me a partner in the fraud which has been committed on the public.* Nurse Graham and her son, *I again repeat, had no existence except in Mr. Reed's book, which he has nicknamed "No Fiction."*

But before I close my account of our visit to Knaresborough, I claim the right of relating a *fact*, as it regards himself, and as it would have had an influence on his future life, had his plan not been interrupted. Mr. Reed has sent out his work as "*No Fiction,*" in which I am implicated, and therefore, I have a right to confront his misstatements, with facts that have fallen under my personal knowledge. In "*No Fiction,*" Vol. ii. p. 8, he states, in a *pretended real letter to me*, that he then (that is in 1816) had "*a prospect of being united, in a few months, to the first, the dearest object of*

*his affections.*" So that if I suffer his ~~mis~~ statements to pass, when thus publicly appealed to, relative to himself, I am chargeable with a participation in the frauds he has committed. What the motive of this reverend gentleman could be for stating this *deception*, I cannot tell; for admitting that he has stated *a fact*, that this lady to whom he is now united was the "*first, the dearest object of his affections*," the other ladies, to whom he had previously written, on the same subject, in *high-flowing professions*, must now give him credit for having, when writing to them assumed the appearance only of affection, and on comparing notes they will pronounce him, in regard to his conduct in love affairs, a thing only second to our ~~sai~~ vation in importance, a confirmed *hypocrite*.

Prior to his leaving Knaresborough, which was in August 1808, and some time before he had been at Reading, and consequently before he could have seen the present, "*the first, the dearest object of his affections*" to whom he is now united, he wrote in the strongest terms, offering himself fairly, openly and Christianly to a Miss C— at Selby,\* making me acquainted with his pro-

\* On the return of my friend, Mr. William Bridgeman and myself, in the Steam-boat, from the Wesleyan's Gravesend Anniversary, last August, we took a gentleman from Erith. On his coming on board, I remarked to Mr. B. "that gentleman is the brother of Reed's first love, at which he was astonished, and on

wedding. The description which he gave of this lady, I am satisfied presented a picture that was not in the least overcharged. I saw her a few months afterwards, when she called upon me at York Street, she then being on a visit to a friend of hers in Cannon Street Road. I also saw her letter to him, which evinced that her personal attractions had not absorbed all her care; but that she possessed a noble and strong mind, which bore valuable marks of cultivation. This letter was so replete with piety and modesty, that I advised him, although I had not then seen her, to cherish the connexion, and endeavour to surmount all obstacles that might intervene: for although it was written in a negative strain, and in the way in which a modest female of "retiring habits" would write; yet it might have been construed, and would have been so by any man of noble, generous and warm feelings, into a *negative yes*. A consultation with his prototype, however, soon settled the business; and with a rebuke for having written to a young lady before he had ascertained "how much" she had, he received *his orders*, to take the letter in its *literal* sense, and close the business; which he did, with as much coldness and indifference, as if it was a mat-

ter expressing some doubt, I referred him to his friend Captain A——, who was on board, a neighbour of his, and who knows the family. His answer was, "It is a fact though: Barnett is right; it is 'No Fiction.'"

ter of light importance and every day's occurrence.

From my return to London, which was the latter end of August, to the end of 1805 nothing of any particular moment occurred. At that time I lived in York Street, Commercial Road, notwithstanding Douglas, his pretended letter to me, when I was at Knaresborough, says, Vol. i. pp. 102, 103 "Mr. and Mrs. Russel are anxiously looking for the return of their dear Charles. You seem now to be necessary to their family circle." He also in Vol. i. p. 40, to diversify his plan of a novel, put me under their roof in 1805, *i. e.* before the formation of the "Literary Society."

From this fact it is obvious, that, during the four years, of which he has written no pretended experience, and in which he has represented me residing with his parents from whom the public would naturally presume he had gained and given the real history of those years, as my abode was in other parts of the town, the whole turns out to be a *forgery*. His delineations therefore extending from Vol. i. p. 40 to 104, carry imposition on their very front.

I cannot, after my return to London, alluded to p. 105, find any letter prior to the following one, dated January, 1809; but the address on that will substantiate my assertion above, that I was not then living with his parents; and it likewise shews, that at

this time, and for some months after, I was desirous of breaking off my connexion with [redacted]. Happy would it have been for me if that taken place. However, I would fire a salvo on that wish ; rather than spend my time now in useless regrets, it ought to be devoted to adoration and praise for the watchful care of Deity over me during times of unparalleled trials and difficulty ; and for having restored me to my reason, of which, as I shall state hereafter, I was for a season deprived ; and before he " has taken me hence," given me health and strength to vindicate my character and that of my friends.

From Vol. i. p. 105 to p. 120, chap. x. "No Fiction," Mr. Reed has given his fictitious history of my life, during the year 1809, including my return from Knaresborough. The real account during this period, I shall give in as few words as I can, and at the end print some of his real letters during this year.

In February 1809, I removed from York Street to Mr. Reed's, sen. in Chiswell Street. It has been observed, that nothing is so favourable to young men as their removal into families of established piety and regularity : this may be ; but I much question the beneficial tendency and the propriety of young men becoming the companions of those, who are twice their age. It is true that some persons retain their early vivacity at an advanced period ; and instead of being

morose and dogmatical, by an amalgamation of the bad passions of their associates with their own, in their passage from youth to old age, they are, if not agreeable, at least not offensive. Such were Mr. and Mrs. Reed : they were truly pious, kind & agreeable ; and from that period to the present, I have felt and still retain a high esteem for them ; nor do I think that one word of an unpleasant nature would ever have occurred between us, had it not been for the impertinent intrusion of their son Andrew. From the first period of my acquaintance with them, it was my constant endeavour to render them every assistance in my power ; and so fully convinced was Mrs. Reed of this, that she said to me with tears in her eyes, when I called upon her and Mr. Reed at Cheshunt in 1819,\* about twelve months after my return from a foreign land, and the first time I had seen them since my return, that, " Had I not fortunately been out of England, I should have so managed their affairs," that they would not then have been reduced to the misery in which they were. To them

\* I have heard it stated, from respectable authority, that Mrs. Reed, sen. has said, that neither Mr. Reed, nor herself ever dined with me at the Rose and Crown, Cheshunt. I beg to state that Mr. Reed, sen. did dine with me there, and in company with Mr. Jesse Bridgeman, to whom I refer any person ; and a very pleasant afternoon we spent.

appeal for the accuracy of my statements, and the truth of all my observations, so far as I have been connected with them.

I shall not endeavour to draw a real picture of them in opposition to that beautiful painting given from p. 41 to p. 43, in "No Fiction," Vol. i. They, as well as myself, and every *modest* person, must smile at the artificial account; but it is not every one who can perceive the writer's real motive, without combining that description of them, as intending that the reader should suppose *all* their *good qualities united* had descended to, and were concentrated in himself: and for fear that some might not fully perceive that that really was the case, he has put it so plainly, that no persons can dispute the intention of the writer, unless they completely shut their eyes to his conspicuous and boyish vanity; and are determined not to be convinced of his arrogance. It is true, he did not intend that the public should come at the fact, that he had drawn his own portrait, painted and patched with an intention to arrest the gaze of the multitude; this however he has done in so ridiculous a manner, that the "wayfaring man, though a fool," cannot but perceive it. Throughout the work, there is scarcely a page that does not contain something to the praise of Douglas; and which evidently shews, that young as he is, he has already forgotten all the ancient writer's remarks,

introduced into the schools to suppress vanity ; and that he has completely neglected the following words of Solomon : “ Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth ; a stranger, and not thine lips.” Prov. xxvii. 2.

On some occasions, however, he is not only ridiculous, but he absolutely overleaps the bounds of propriety and decency ; a genuine specimen of which is contained in the concluding sentences, after the portraits of his parents, relative to himself. On this passage I shall have to make some remarks on a future occasion ; but as it appears one on which he has much set his heart, I shall quote the whole of it here ; and so much does it appear to have pleased him, that he has not only retained it in the sixth edition, but absolutely altered the word “ mere,” which will be found in the first edition, to the word “ simple,” in the sixth ; which evinces, that he has well reviewed these sentences, and weighed them, more scrupulously than he has many other expressions, which, as I will fully prove, are too indelicate to put into the hands of a *modest female*. How this verifies the words of Solomon, in verse 22, of the same chapter ! “ Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar, amongst wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.”

The following are the sentences entire, *as corrected* ; “ No Fiction,” Vol. i. p. 43.

"And if to reduce their opposite characters wholly to one existence, was not within the power of time, it was within the province of nature. Providence had given them one man, who seemed to be formed from a simple mixture of their two natures."

"This extraordinary effort of nature, which, by his account, appears to have been agitating the bowels of the earth from the creation to the period of his birth, causing earthquakes, devastation and woe, and which "was not within the power of time" to produce, was happily accomplished by Providence, when the earth was delivered of its overwhelming burden, and the grand designs of heaven were consummated in the birth of the Rev. Andrew Reed, jun. The favourable opinion which this gentleman has thus given of himself, has been, *in part*, happily expressed by Dryden of Milton, in his estimate of that great man's poetical talents, in the following lines :

"Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy and England, did adorn;  
The first, in loftiness of thought surpassed,  
The next, in majesty, in both the last:  
The force of Nature could no further go,  
To make a third, she joined the former two."

Nor do I, in drawing this conclusion, everstep the bounds, either of reason or fair criticism.

Let any one produce an account of any two individuals, either in ancient or modern his-

tory; nay, in novels,—such novels as those of the great northern writer, who draws his characters from history, and does not offend against nature, or even from the Scriptures themselves, equal to the characters he has drawn of his father and mother, to enable him to produce that climax for himself; then I will allow my statement to be exaggerated, and overcharged; but until a parallel can be discovered, I will maintain my ground against all the attacks of a novel writer, who cares not whose character is sacrificed, provided he may secure literary fame, and preserve himself from falling to his proper level among those on whom he looks down with supercilious haughtiness and contempt.

But to return to the narrative. In addition to this wonderful son, Mr. and Mrs. Reed had two other children; one of them named Martha, who was a very affectionate child, and might have made some figure had she been privileged with a good education, and treated as she ought to have been. Instead of this, the education of Andrew absorbed the principal attention of the fond parents, and she was doomed to sustain a servile station, to which her strength was unequal. In this capacity she caught a dreadful cold, which laid the foundation of a disease that ultimately brought her to the grave in the flower of her youth. The other was a son, named Peter, who, in his early days, was a kind-hearted, open and generous

hd; the very opposite of his brother. This young man is still living; nor have I any reason to believe that by advancing to maturity, he has sustained any deterioration in his character. Yet all who were but partially acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Reed, would suppose they had only *one son*; for, during the time Andrew was at the Academy, and after he returned to his father's house, the mother's attention was fondly devoted to him, to the partial neglect of her other children. For him every delicacy was provided that she was able to procure, of which his brother and sister were rarely allowed to partake. Of this partiality the father was not insensible; and frequently has he said to Mrs. Reed, "What a fool you are making of that lad; I do not like such distinctions; it will one day fall home upon you." To the justness of these remarks, I have often been an eye-witness; and both parents now know by painful experience, that the father's prediction has been literally verified, in a most remarkable manner.

Sympathizing with the other children, my heart has often bled, when surveying their condition; but as what is past cannot be recalled, I forbear to introduce facts to confirm my assertions; and relate them as a warning to other parents, not to make a distinction, where God and nature have made none. Should these observations appear

harsh and vindictive in the eye of the reader, I must beg him to bear in mind, that the Rev. Andrew Reed, in his threatening letter, has said in respect to myself, as introduced in "No Fiction," under the character of Lefevre; "The good parts of the story, alas! are imaginary, and the bad parts *worse, much worse than they are given.*" *In cases like these retaliation becomes a duty.* I state nothing but *facts*, of which he must be fully conscious; and if in any instance I have deviated from truth, he has a fair opportunity of meeting me before the bar of the public, to which I now make my appeal. That many of Mr. Reed's statements in "No Fiction" are utterly unfounded, I have introduced his own letters to prove; and when I proceed to review that libel on my character, his injurious conduct towards me will be still more apparent. Let Mr. Reed, if able, now confront me with the same kind of evidence, or with any other that he may be able to adduce.

While living with his parents I necessarily saw the Rev. Andrew Reed more frequently than formerly; but the more closely I came to view his character, the less did I perceive in it that was attracting. Throughout the whole of his deportment, I saw much to suspect, and more to excite my disapprobation. That I did not admire his conduct, I had partly shewn before I went to live with his parents, as the following letter dat-

ed January, 1809, will shew. But whenever he perceived that any unsavourable impression had been made on those from whom he could derive any advantage, he always had the adroitness to attempt its removal, either by explanation or letter. When, however, on the contrary, he could hope for no personal benefit, no man was better skilled in the art and mystery of smothering friendship in a dissolution.

**MR. F. BARNETT, 108, York Street.**

*Dartford, Kent, one o'clock.*

*Post Mark, Hackney, Jan. 10, 1809.*

**My Very Dear Friend,**

Your long letter requires but a short answer, and therefore I in present circumstances apply myself to giving a response, in order to shew my "affection for you," by relieving your state of suspense. As to the exceptionable passage in my letter on which you dwell, I fully acknowledge without any "humbling submission" that so far from its being the language of my heart, *I was quite petrified\** when I saw it quoted

\* His heart had been petrified long before ; and this writer has given indubitable evidence of sympathy in the head, when it is absent from the heart ; the only instance, I should hope, since the time of Sterne, who "drew torrents of tears from his female readers, by an exquialte specimen of sentimental rant upon a dead ass ; at the same time that it is said he had a living mother starving ; and by him at least, neglected ! See "Hypocrisy," a poem by the Rev. C. Colton, p. 57.

In your epistle, and yet I suppose it is quoted fair. You will say then how came I to write it? Cannot you, my friend, devise an answer for me? Do you not know what a wounded spirit means? Such was the distress of my mind that I knew neither what I thought or said. It was the language of my passions, *not* of my judgment. I am sure I never yet doubted of the genuineness of your friendship towards me; but that you should have used so trifling an occurrence to break at once the *strongest ties*, without ever begging a reason of my conduct, or telling me you were hurt by it, was incredible to me, and made me look to some other cause. As to my playing with your feelings, be assured of the reverse: I only put that harsh term *Sir*, once in my letter, and it has grieved me ever since. How many times has my friend done it? I acknowledge there are many illiberal reflections in your last, and reflections your friend by no means meant, and for this reason, and in order to involve all in oblivion, I design the flame that seals *this*, shall consume *that*.\* I believe with you all is designed for good, and will bind us in

\* The same expression he used, verbatim, in his second letter to me from Plymouth Dock, relative to a serious charge he brought against me, in February 1810; yet in his Threatening Letter, p. 2, (to frighten me,) he says, "I merely write to remind you, that I have all your correspondence in my possession, from our first intercourse, down to your latest communication from Portsea."

bright time. Amen. Let me receive a speedy answer to this; you will excuse my shortness, as I expect the post chaise every moment, to carry me to London: and excuse hasty, as I am writing amidst the chit-chat of half a dozen long tongues.

Yours, unreservedly,

A. B. REED.

To Mr. F. BARNETT,

25, Chiswell Street.

Bristol, July 7, 1809.

My Very Dear Friend,

Although the whole of my time stands engaged this day, I could not leave home without giving a few moments to you. When I received my parcel of letters last night, I fondly hoped that there was at least one from you, tending to shew the folly of my suggestions, and the danger there is of being pressed by too strong an affection into little suspicions which have no data. But how surprised and how hurt was I to find not a line from you. I hope however, you will write by change of post, and that then all gloom will be removed. Pray write all you *think* and all you *feel*; without this the vitals of friendship are already destroyed. Is there any thing in your own feelings, or circumstances, or connexion with *Chiswell Street* that affect you, or even is there any thing in *my own conduct*? If this latter be the evil, I much wish to know it, as I assure

you. I am not at present conscious, but am more disposed to be your affectionate friend than ever I was. But in order to this, I need not tell you *there must be complete confidence, freedom from all suspicion,* &c. Had I time I should send you a *funny* letter, but reserve that for another time. Tell dear mother I thank her for her's. Am glad Martha is better. I have taken a little cold. Next time she hears, will be by Mr. Jones I expect, as he returns next week, and be sure to entertain him with the greatest kindness, &c. Pray write.

Yours most affectionately,

A. REED.

After this, I received another letter of four sides, the insertion of which, would only be a waste of the reader's time in the perusal. The following refers to it, and with it I close this year, 1809, with this remark, that I believe he found me very unmanageable, until the following year, the most eventful one in my existence, and the one which laid the foundation of all my future aberrations, misery and woe.

*Bristol, July 24, 1809.*

My Dear Friend,

When taking leave of you in London, and requesting you so earnestly to write, I did not suppose our correspondence would have been of so unhappy a nature. I

an store it was not my design that it should be. However, it is time that we arrived at some understanding. You say, by several things in my different letters, I have grieved you. To this I say, I believe it to be so, because you affirm it, and while I am conscious of being unwilling in the least to offend, if I have thrown out any thing which is really hurtful to your feelings, I am truly sorry for it, and most heartily withdraw *any thing* and *all that is offensive*. Many parts of your letters have given me great grief I assure you; it remains for you fully to say, whether or not you will withdraw whatever may have given me pain. If you can do this, I shall forget all that has passed, we shall be still united, and the evidence of that union, I shall expect to see in your spending a fortnight with me, (I can warrant you good accommodation and pleasing entertainment.) If you cannot do this, the unhappy result is evident, and the last great favour I have to solicit, is, a copy of the last *whole-sheet* letter I sent you, if not destroyed.

Yours, &c.

A. REED.

\* \* He drops the *B* now and then.

The changes in the human mind are unaccountable, even to the subjects of these changes themselves; nor are its variations, in persons of inferior note, worthy of being related, (and especially as the relation might

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subject the individual to the lash of the periodical press, and the derision of the stern mathematician and the immeasurable philosopher,) yet as my narration is that of an humble individual, who might have glided through life unnoticed by the world, had it not been for this religious novelist, I think it right to state the real operation of my mind during the different periods of my life, as the relation may be of benefit to those of similar rank and standing. For this purpose I revert to the influence which religious sentiments had on my mind at the period of 1809.

From reading the Calvinistic and metaphysical writers on the doctrine of Necessity, I became an angry disputant; and from viewing God in his proper character, as a kind, beneficent Being, and this world as a state of probation, for the formation of character, I considered it as a theatre on which God was developing and unfolding his decrees. With respect to man, instead of viewing him as a voluntary agent, having the moral power to perform actions according to his volitions, I considered him as dispossessed of moral ability; and I silenced all objections to this system, by maintaining the right God had to do as he chose with his own creatures. I reasoned high of

"Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate;  
Fixt fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute;"

and whatever difficulties, relative to the ac-

countability of man were brought against this system, I silenced all by a reference to the prescience of the Deity, which I asserted, if granted, destroyed the contingency of events. Thus I reduced man to a mere machine, and made God resemble an Eastern tyrant. Instead of viewing him, as I ought, in his providence, operating for the good of *all*, I considered him as only acting for the good of the *few*; the greater portion being doomed by an irreversible decree to endless perdition; the justice and propriety of which decree, whoever questioned, I conceived, only *increased* their future punishment; so inconsistent were the sentiments I had imbibed from high Calvinism.

These gloomy and Antinomian sentiments, however, only existed in the brain, for the least departure from what I conceived to be the dictates of religion, even in idea, or the demands of the Gospel, sunk me into despair. I thus at one time used to consider myself as elect, and at another time reprobate; which sentiments existed and operated on my views more or less until after my last illness in May 1822, when new light shone into my mind; and from a careful perusal of the word of God, since that period, proper notions of Deity have been instilled; and my views of Him and religion have been drawn from that source to the destruction of all the injurious schemes of man's devising.

At the period of 1809, however, my consolations and hopes were ardent, as I conceived myself one of the favoured few. Yet, in the following February, a letter from the Rev. Andrew Reed, of an extraordinary nature, containing a charge at once unaccountable, mysterious, inexplicable, and even unnameable, banished all my religious hopes, threw me on the world, hurled me to mental distraction, at least to the distraction of all hope, comfort and consolation from that period, until May 1822, when it pleased Almighty God so to operate upon me, that I was as it were almost unconsciously impelled to relate to my brother the nature of the charge, by whom it had been made, and under what circumstances, and when; thus by this relation, the bands of thralldom were in some measure broken; and the overwhelming burden was partly removed; and my mind relieved from a weight which previously had sunk my spirits, beclouded my hopes, *expelled reason from its throne*, by the oppressive nature of the charge, causing mental derangement, and consequent occupancy of phantoms in the brain, by which I was driven from the habitation of my friends and my home, a wanderer on the earth. Since that period I have made the same relation to several other individuals and friends, all of whom unite in saying, that although they are not surprised at its operation, yet they maintain that the charge

was at once extraordinary and impossible, and the foundation of it was completely negatived by the conduct of the accuser to me ever since the accusation. The charge I cannot relate; nor should I perhaps have mentioned it even to my brother in my last illness, had it not been, that then I thought my earthly career was on the point of termination. And I made the relation then, that in case of my death he might know the real cause of all my troubles and extraordinary conduct for the several last years of my life. Yet the very thought of the crime charged upon me, and which preyed upon me, from February 1810, until November 1816, so powerfully as to produce the effects stated above, is, by the Rev. Andrew Reed, treated in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 208, merely as "*a glaring impropriety,*" and as such he has registered his opinion of its indifference in six editions of "No Fiction," by telling the public that he requested me "to let the subject sink into oblivion, and be to us both as though it never had been." p. 211.

The candid reader will be pleased to bear in mind, that it was in February 1810, when this reverend gentleman brought the above charge against me, and not in December 1812, as for an evident purpose, he has stated in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 296, and as I shall shew beyond dispute in the Review of this part of "No Fiction." This fact Mr. Reed in

challenged to deny if he find himself able, in opposition to the evidence which I now proceed to adduce.

That it was in February, 1810, Mr. Reed brought this charge against me, although I have not the real letters which passed between us *on the occasion*, I can clearly ascertain from another document to which I now refer. Mr. Reed having stated to me in his Threatening Letter, p. 2, that he had “*the full means of justification in his hands*,” I called upon him as *Douglas*, immediately, through the press, on the receipt of that letter, on the 5th of November 1822, to come forward with his “*full justification*.” Knowing the man, I was apprehensive that he would not meet me fairly, and that he would preserve the most profound silence; I therefore wrote to a friend of mine who has lived at Plymouth Dock since 1809; and who was acquainted with Mr. Reed in London, (with whom I lived in Warnford Court, and who can substantiate the relation respecting the division of our wine and my *exporting* my share to Hackney,) to ascertain when this reverend gentleman was in that place. The following is an extract from the reply to my letter:

*Plymouth Dock, November 15, 1822.*

My Dear Barnett,

In reply to your question, Mr. Reed preached his first sermon here *on the*

*1st of February 1819, and has not been  
here since 1811.* Yours, &c.

James Corrin.

Since the publication of my letter, Mr. Reed, for the first time, after having denied himself verbally, and in writing, and even in a letter to my sister-in-law, in confidence, when I was ill in January, 1821, which I shall publish hereafter, has put his name to "No Fiction," as the author. In consequence of that avowal, in a second edition of my letter, I addressed him personally, calling upon him to fulfil his pledge, to bring forward and substantiate his charges; and, as a thousand persons who purchased the first edition, may not have the second edition, in justice to them, I now republish that letter to him:

To the Rev. ANDREW REED,  
*Spring Gardens, Nov. 21, 1822.*

SIR,

Nearly a month has elapsed since my reply to the letter of Douglas. Receiving no answer, I summon you as the author of "No Fiction," to bring this Douglas forth: and I hereby challenge him to declare the *nature of the crime*, alleged against Lefevre, in pp. 208, 215, Vol. i. and pp. 54—57, Vol. ii. in "No Fiction;" the time when, and the place where, it was committed, and with whom; and likewise to publish the *real* letter sent to Lefevre by Douglas, from Ply-

South Dock; with Lefevre's Reply to that letter.

If you, sir, do not bring Douglas forward I shall hold you responsible, not only for the *infamous slander* contained in those pages, but for all the exciting causes and concomitant effects of that letter, and the long train of miseries, both moral and physical, to which Lefevre has been subjected, by the creation of that most extraordinary charge, the invention of Douglas's *fertile but polluted imagination*: and I now appeal to the public as a body, and individually to demand of yourself, a full and complete explanation of the statement made by Douglas in the above-named pages, and which has been so painfully distressing to me and my friends; and attended with ills, too numerous now to relate, for the *last twelve years of my life*. As you have also declared that you have the full means of justification in your hands, you are now called upon publicly to redeem that pledge. I demand it of you, and justice demands it, that Douglas be brought forward to answer for the falsehoods he has uttered: and should Douglas attempt to justify these falsehoods by other fabrications, I will never cease to contradict them, till the truth is elicited, and the mystery developed.

Although the public may think my letters betray a vindictive and intemperate spirit, I feel assured, when the whole affair is laid before them, they will justify the measures

which I have adopted. I am not to be frightened into silence by your threats, nor to be deluded by your sophistry ; "truth shall set," and my character, *which I hold dearer to me than life, I am determined to vindicate.* You have stated in your last letter, "that you cannot furnish a key to the work without opposing yourself to me." I am ready, sir, to meet you before all the world : let the key then be immediately produced ; but should you still remain silent, the world, with me, will consider it as a confirmation of your guilt.

I remain, Sir, Yours, &c.

Leyvra.

But although I thus fairly end *by name* challenged him out to produce his "key" and his "full justification," which, had he fairly met this challenge, would have brought this controversy to a speedy conclusion, without my having to go into detail to expose the sophistry and baseness of this writer, yet, he has remained silent, and thus tacitly acknowledged to the public, that he has no means of justification, and that that letter was written to frighten me. However, he attempted other means of justification, of which I shall give an account in another place.

Now as Mr. Reed dates his letter containing this charge from Plymouth Dock, in December, (1812,) "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 210, when the *above document proves that*

*He has not been in that place since 1811;* it is obvious to infer that he who can indirectly falsify dates to answer his own purpose, when he is in possession of documents which, when he produces them, will shew it could not be from ignorance, but from *evil intent*; can be entitled to but little credit, when he proceeds to state *what he calls facts*, even though they appear in work dignified with the title of "No Fiction."

To prove that it was not in 1811, the charge was brought by him against me, I beg to insert the following letter. I am conscious that, with regard to my personal narrative, it is rather out of place; but I find it necessary to ascertain the time of the charge as it has an important bearing on the future branches of my history.

To MR. F. BARNETT.

*Plymouth Dock, July 6, 1811*  
My Very Dear Friend,

I forward this hasty note, chiefly to inform you of my safe arrival at the chapel-house last evening, and to solicit you to join with me in blessing the kind Providence, which is perpetually watchful of our interests and ordering every thing for our advantage. The journey was not attended with the slightest accident, and I believe I have accomplished it without making any ~~accession~~ to my cold; yet it has been very

travelling. Instead of getting to Exeter by 12 o'clock, we did not reach it till after 12 ; consequently the night's rest I anticipated was nearly destroyed. This news be so kind to communicate to Mamma, as it will be very acceptable.

I need not say I was sadly disappointed in not seeing you at Mr. Brooks's, and again in not meeting you on the Wednesday morning. The latter, however, I suppose you could not effect ; and the former you declined for some reasons unknown to me. I wish you had been there, and I think you yourself would not have repented.

I am,

Yours most affectionately,  
A. REED.

From this time the reader will view me through the following narrative, as labouring under a horrible charge, until May, 1822 ; of which the fictitious account during this year will be found from Vol. i. pp. 120—136, chap. xi. "No Fiction." The real account I shall give as nearly as I can recollect.

As there was now an evident *change* in my conduct to this gentleman, as he has related himself, in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 212, so there was in *that of this gentleman to me* : a conduct, apparently, at once *mild* and *affectionate*, but cautious ; and *such conduct* as the public would suppose an individual would pursue to one against *whom*

he had brought *a serious and injurious charge*; and by which he wanted to convince *the individual accused*, that the *accused himself* had been deceived *by his own conceptions*; for thus Mr. Reed expresses it in Vol. i. p. 211.—“However, as there was the *mere possibility of my being deceived*.” From this remark the reader will, of course, be led to see; that it was *only on a bare supposition that he put the charge*; and that *so much was he at a loss* as it regarded the actual *occurrence of the crime*, that he nearly *three months* after its *stated occurrence*, (as is acknowledged by himself, as he makes me to say, which I believe were my real words, “how could you let *days and weeks* pass away without accusing me, while you *believed me to be living in so abominable a practice?*” p. 289,) alluded to it, among other things, “merely as a glaring impropriety;” and *put it to me* in such a manner, that “*my solemn denial was quite sufficient*,” and that by that denial “*he was governed*;” because on “*my frankness*” he “*could rely entirely in a much weightier case than this*”; p. 211, and that *utterly impossible was it for him absolutely to bring home the charge*, or to be satisfied of its occurrence, that in the *reference to the suppressed letter*, p. 208, he observes, “*he had every reason to think I had fallen into the glaring impropriety.*” And so sensible was he, as he states himself, of his own un-

*ertainty as to the fact of it*, that he says, "he closed the letter, by referring the **FREEDOM HE HAD TAKEN** to their habits of friendship, and **TENDERLY** expostulated with me on the error of my ways;" p. 208. The mild and apparently *affectionate* conduct he manifested on his return from Plymouth, he invariably *shewed* to me, up to the time I *fairly challenged him before the public.* Nor has he *since* he made the charge to me, ever mentioned or *alluded to it*, either in writing or verbally, (excepting in a letter herein after published, dated Nov. 26, 1810,) until in October, 1822, when he alludes to it, by reminding me, "that he has all my correspondence in his possession."\* The motive for writing *in this way*, then, will be *evident* to every unbiassed person.

To shew identity, and *the manner he wrote to me after this charge*, I shall publish the remainder of his letters to me, in this year; and, after having adverted to some circumstances connected with him, I shall proceed with some particulars as it regards *my connexion with other individuals alluded to at this time in "No Fiction,"* particularly the heads of the office to which I belonged, and my brother officers; which becomes an imperious duty, in consequence of the unwarrantable and *shapeful* account Mr. Reed has written of them.

\* Threatening Letter, p. 2.

Until the month of October in this year, my connexion with Mr. Reed was as formerly, with the forementioned exception. I returned to the Academy at Hackney, (which he remained *two years beyond the limit of time, on the establishment*, by the kind indulgence of Mr. Wilks,) and in October went to preach at Lancaster; and I insert his letters from thence, which would not have been worthy of notice, were it not that they will shew the falsity, yet the sophistry and cunning of the Rev. Andrew Reed, in reference where he says, he was on the western side of Lancashire when he received my note on *my brother's death*; p. 11, Vol. i. On that *beautiful and novel description*, but *false and imaginative account*, I shall offer some remarks in my view; but I cannot pass over these letters without calling the reader's attention to the serpentine cunning with which he has made the greater part of the public acquainted with the *original of Douglas and Lefevre*. Above, he alludes to Lancashire, because he knew several at Lancaster could recognize him as *Douglas*, and me as *Lefevre*; as son of Mr. Jackson, of that place, who is the principal manager of the chapel there, is well acquainted with *both Reed and myself*. He has displayed the same cunning in putting in *Plymouth*, to one of his letters alluded to, as he knew we should there be similarly recognized; as also in South Wales. In all

these places and parts he has been, and from whence we have corresponded ; and where, from an introduction to gentlemen from those parts, when in town, and from my name having been frequently mentioned, he knew I should be as immediately and as completely recognized as Lefevre, as in London.

But although he has adopted this plan to ensure recognition at *Plymouth, Lancaster, Bristol, &c.* ; yet he has not dated any of his fictitious letters from Petersfield, Cheltenham, or Selby ; and he has carefully abstained from alluding to them, to prevent being *recognized as Douglas* in these places ; because he knew that hundreds of persons in those towns, would immediately have *detected his artful sophistry, nonsense, and falsity*, relative to his assertion in “*No Fiction,*” Vol. ii. p. 8, which he wishes the public to believe ; and wherein he says, “he had a prospect of being united, in a few months to his **FIRST**—*the dearest object of his affections.*” These places and the people, I dare say, had he the power of Jove, he would hurl into chaos, to prevent their laughing at him, after they have read my book. I cannot help sometimes being a little facetious, where it is not at the sacrifice of truth. I therefore would recommend Mrs. Reed, after she has read my account, to get, if she has not got it already, (as I have no doubt from the specimen she gave me when she sang “*Auld lang syne,*” she has a

goodly number of songs,) a song, the burde  
of which is "*my first and only dear*," as  
sing it to her modest husband, as after mi-  
*true statement*, he will want other music to  
cheer him, than the music of prayer, and the  
consolations of the Bible. For "*the prayer*  
*of the wicked*," we are told, "*are an abom-  
ination to God*." And what in Scripture is  
represented as more wicked, than that of  
raising false reports against a stranger?  
"*Thou shalt not raise a false report*;" Exod  
xxiii. 1. What then must be that man's de-  
merit, *who raises reports, even to a charge*  
*of felony, falsely against his friend?*

In the letters from Cheltenham there is  
nothing remarkable, as bearing on "*No Fiction*" at this period, excepting a passage in  
the one dated the 26th of November, which  
passage I shall print in Italics; and from  
which, the reader will at once perceive that  
it alludes to the charge he had brought against  
me; and it will shew the reader that Mr.  
Reed perceived *the influence* it *then* was  
having on my mind; his desire to *shake it*  
from its *dangerous possession*; and the re-  
petition of his desire to persuade me to "*sink*  
*it in oblivion*." But in one of them, his  
allusion to "*poor Lyndall*," with whom he  
found it now convenient to break, is at once  
vulgar, cruel, and unchristian.

*Lancaster, Oct. 6, 1810.*

My Dear Barnett,

I was much astonished at not finding a letter at L. from you. I hope one is on the way. If not, pray send one, and a long one. Will you be so kind as write a note to Mr. Wilks, in the name of my mother,\* (she will use too much ink,) saying that I am unexpectedly detained, and shall not be able to reach London before the 17th or 18th. Peter can leave it.

Will you also forward a note to Mr. —— at Mr. Constable's, Wandsworth, Surry, to the same effect. I am most truly yours,

A. B. REED.

*Lancaster, Oct. 10, 1810.*

My Dear Barnett,

You have rendered me much your debtor, by your long and candid letter. I am obliged to you for opening the whole of your mind on the subject. Some parts of it I could comment on, would time permit; but this is Saturday; and I now write in the midst of the greatest confusion. Chit-chat, however, will soon supply the place of a letter, I hope. I am now strongly pressed to

\* From this request, the reader will see he even had the cunning "to gull old Mat," as the students call him. If Reed outlives his prototype, he will inherit all the cunning qualities of his forerunner; but he will not wish for his mantle of activity. Mr. Wilks is an active man, Reed is indolent.

visit the lakes in Cumberland. Were you here I might be induced, but as matters are, I do not design going. I long to get home I must not however be expected so soon as Wednesday. I preach three times to-morrow, and shall not be disposed to start early on Monday morning. Tell mother not to be uneasy should I not arrive before Thursday or Friday evening. You, I know will excuse the shortness of this, as your request only extended to my sending a note to inform you when you might expect me.

Yours affectionately,

A. B. REED.

N. B. Kindest love to all in 25, Chiswell Street.

*Cheltenham, Nov. 14, 1810.*

My Dear Barnett,

Being deprived, by the badness of the weather, from taking an *airing* on horseback with *Dr. Bradshaw, Rev. T. Knight, and B. Wells, Esq.* I resolved to send you a long letter; but have been so interrupted by calls and chit-chat, as only to be able to send an apology for a letter, and a promise, if possible, of sending you a longer when I hear from Mr. Wilks; as I shall then be able to say more. At present my mind is distracted: I know not what to do, nor which way to turn. O that God would judge me, and qualify me for usefulness! O that you would supplicate his throne on my

mount! As for a reply to your "long andandid" letter, I have it not with me, and cannot do more than remember the substance, the whole of which I approve. If I had made my critiques, it would have been on collation or deductions. I acknowledge I am debtor; and wish to be more so, by receiving your thoughts on those questions you have proposed to me.

At Cheltenham you would find much to amuse you. My hearers are folks of title: my Curate is a Bond Street beau: my doorkeepers are powdered squires, &c. &c. I fear I shall not do much good amongst them. They are very kind; and I am quite comfortable, considering *all things*.

Yours to his uttermost,

ANDREW REED.

N. B. Thanks for your trouble for Gildard's foolish letters.

*Cheltenham, Nov. 19, 1810.*

My Dear Barnett,

Oppressed with more than usual lassitude from the ensuing day, and entertained with idle chat, I attempt to tear off my attention, and give you a few minutes. And let me first assure you, if you do not get so many nor so long letters as may be expected, it does not arise from any abatement in my regards.

You ask me how I come on at Cheltenham? I think I answered this partly in my

last: the folks appeared pleased; but I am quite the contrary: my mind is so distract-ed I cannot fix it on any subject; my heart so hard as to be impressed by nothing; my soul so carnal as to esteem the service of God slavery. Indeed I often question my state, my motives, my principles; my feelings and my conduct are so mixed with sin! You ask, what are your future prospects? They are none at all. I am indeed enveloped in *November mists*; I cannot see an *inch* before me. O the depth of Divine wisdom! Pray for me. You ask, What are your views on church-government? On this subject I have said very little to you, for obvious reasons. Let me now say, I am still a thorough-paced *Noncon*: not a Methodist; not a Presbyterian; not a modern Dissenter; but a Dissenter of the sixteenth century. Give me your views in relation to this subject. As to Jewin Street, what shall I say? I cannot like to harness in with Tim. But will you be so kind as to send me speedily Mr. Stone's Directions. I will write to him and tell you the result. I wish you also to send me the particulars of Sam. Lyndall, with all the other valuable news London produces. Do write, much and often. I am so perplexed and confounded, I am fit sometimes for Bedlam. Your letters will prove a partial antidote; but faith in Jesus is the only sovereign one.

Should you be at all at the west end of the town, it might be well to see how many

of the Poets that *imperfect* set has complete.  
To end to my letter writing;—to you it is  
my scrawl.

Yours most truly,  
ANDREW REED.

*Cheltenham, Nov. 26, 1810.*

My Very Dear Friend,

I was just beginning to suppose you had forgotten my solicitations, when I was happily relieved from dire despair, by the reception of your long and interesting letter. The length and value of your epistles ought certainly to apologize for the paucity of them. *A sow brings forth ten at a litter, but an elephant but one.* I assure you, your remarks in reference to my tendency to despondency, have been highly beneficial to me. A word in season from a friend, how good it is; “it doth good like medicine.” It has also served to shew me, that all bands have no strength in preserving friendship and cordiality when compared with those which spring from religion:—

“ And after summing all the rest,  
Religion ruling in the breast  
Is the chief ingredient.”

Let us be more concerned to make this the main bond in our attachments, and then they shall be a threefold cord not easily broken. If any coolness has at all subsisted, may it not be in a great measure referred to

this cause. How prone to a deficiency is Christian correspondence! How subject we expect the enjoyments of friendship, while regardless of its chief ties! I am indeed aware there must be other ingredients, and these I do hope exist. *If any of them have appeared to want existence on my side, beg you would open your heart and inform me.* There was indeed a time when manifested a coolness, and foolishly concealed the cause; but this has been explained, and sunk into oblivion by me.

The sentiments on discipline, being similar to mine, must please me; I really guessed it was so:—Be assured of silence on the subject. You have promised to resume the subjects, and as you have not fixed the time I hope you will think no time like the present. Sorry, very sorry for poor Lyndall. Mr. Wilks is trying to get me to New Road. What do you think of it? Pray dont say a word even to *Mamma*. Cannot engage to preach for the Samaritan Society. Told Gilbard I should not be at Dock. I have been obliged with four letters from that place. Sent a respectful note to Dr. Winter, saying I submitted reluctantly to the necessity of refusing him, as I should not be in London at the time he wants my service. I have received a letter from T. Priestly: I confess it softened me a little. Dont let what I have done prevent you expressing your mind tell me how they take it. Give me all par-

ulars about S. L.—. Tell me who G.  
est is if you can. Never mind the broken  
s. Am very sorry you and Martha are  
well, and am rather sorry to say I bear  
resemblance to you. Praying you bless-  
ness adapted to body and soul,

I am yours, Most affectionately,

ANDREW REED.

My Dear Barnett,

I am much obliged to you for  
forwarding Mr. Gilbard's letter, not how-  
ever because there is any thing in it. I  
wonder he should, without any compulsive  
use, write so empty a thing. He might  
easily as well have made me a present of a  
sheet of paper. One thing to be sure it de-  
monstrates, that Sammy is leaving Dock  
with a grace. Did I tell you he is turned out  
of the lecture at Orange Street for bad beha-  
vour? Shall we have much cause to wonder  
if he at last "rots on a dung-hill?" As you  
have said nothing concerning your health, I  
hope it is better; but write and let me know  
as soon as possible. I have been hindered  
from writing sooner, having been travelling  
with Mr. Wilks towards Exeter. He is  
now gone on to Dock, and will return again  
to Bristol. I do not exactly know when I  
shall return, but I think of leaving on Thurs-  
day, and supplying Warbern on the 8th.  
Direct to me at the Tabernacle house, Bristol.

Yours affectionately, ANDREW REED.

While at Cheltenham, his vanity was puffed up by the different kind of hearers whom he had been accustomed to preach "they being folks of title;" his curate being "a Bond Street beau," and his door keepers "powdered squires," that his brain became addled; and, in consequence of taking "airings on horseback" with such men as "the Rev. Dr. Bradshaw, Rev. T. Knight and B. Wells, Esq." were so completely turned, that, forgetting his *origin* and *family*, as well as that he was *then* only a student sent down to supply at Cheltenham for a few weeks, from the most inferior Dissenting Academy in England, he absolutely selected *another first love*; a Miss B——, a lady of high accomplishments and connexions, and of a family unconnected with business, to whom he paid his addresses.

But at this time he had no occasion to advise with Mr. Wilks, how he was to put an end to the courtship, or how he should proceed. He wrote to her direct. She was then with a brother-in-law, a gentleman of independent property. On the receipt of Reed's letter, this young lady, with a degree of discrimination which perhaps he did not expect, handed it over to her brother-in-law who wrote a respectful, but rather smart letter in reply, returning his letter. At this Reed was rather hurt; but his arrogance and vanity impelled him to write again; which called for another reply from this gentleman

in which Miss B. united, threatening to expose his vanity and presumption if he sent any more letters. This letter was of so sweetly a cutting nature, so repulsive, and much to the point, that I believe Reed never completely recovered from the blow which it gave him, to the present day. He directed his attention to the duties of his office; to the preaching of the Gospel; and to humility and modesty. When he was thus so completely repulsed, he *appeared* to carry it off very coolly, *as he does every thing*, although revenge was rankling in his breast; and said, when he found she would not attend to his addresses, that she was surely one of the *fashionable* and *accomplished* professors of the day; a description of whom, I suppose, he intends in Vol. i. pp. 125—127, “No Fiction,” as *that part* of “No Fiction” bears upon *this period*. Should any one think that this is fictitious, refer them to Mr. Fyfe of Holborn, and of Cheltenham, and to Mr. Wells, if living; both of whom, as well as others, are well acquainted with this business; for “it made a small stir” among some at Cheltenham. The account of this courtship I should not have thought worth relating, were it not for that ridiculous account of his *first* and *dearest* love, in “No Fiction,” Vol. ii. pp. 7, 8.

But I turn from this reverend gentleman to myself. My mind being overwhelmed

with the charge alluded to, which necessarily destroyed my peace and rest, my health was in a precarious state, as may have been observed from some of the foregoing letters; and for temporary relief, I went thither to my native place. But what rendered this burden more powerful, was, that the time had unoccupied was considerable, and afforded too much opportunity for thought, which I mostly spent in gloomy reflections. However, at the latter end of this year, I entered into engagements, which required, excepting at short intervals, nearly the whole of my leisure time, and kept the energies of my mind in almost continued action. In November 1816, when I was taken severely ill. Had it not been for these extra engagements, it is possible the baneful influence of the charge would have operated so effectually, as to have caused a complete disorganization of the whole system, and have rendered me in an irremovable and perpetual melancholy. These engagements, however, diverted my thoughts from continually dwelling upon it; and the imperious calls of duty and obligation, left but little time at once for it to prey upon me. But notwithstanding these multifarious engagements, this charge "had drawn me aside from the paths of peace," broken my spirits, subdued my piety; and it preyed "upon my life," until it utterly disqualified me for my duties. Nature thus giving way to its corroding and over-

whelming power, I sunk under its weight; and reason staggering, at length gave place to imperious disease; which settled in a slady, which (and none but those who have been subject to so awful a calamity as the deprivation of reason, can form any conception of its operative effects; it is beyond the powers of human language to describe;) drove me in the midst of kindness and sympathy from my friends, and my superiors in office, to leave them and my situations, keeping them in anxious doubt of my destiny, for nearly twelve months; when the kind Providence of God so operated, as to cause circumstances so to transpire, that I communicated to my brother the place of my abode, when means were immediately adopted to restore me to my affectionate family and friends.

Of this period I shall have to give an account in the proper place; but I cannot pass over any opportunity of reverting to the trials, privations and dangers I have undergone, without recording my gratitude for the wonderful care of that Spirit which pervades the universe; operating by given laws as well as secret agency; by things revealed, and by things hidden, for the protection, support and good of *every individual* it has brought into existence.

The fabricated account which my *voluntary* and *calumniating* biographer has given of me, from 1810 to the close of the nar-

tive, renders it necessary that I should go into, otherwise unnecessary detail.

During these years, this writer has blended, in his fabrications, my official duties, my extra employment, and my private connexions, that I must either give a full and true history of my real character and engagements, my real connexions and business, with dates and names; or leave him to exult openly in his secret and supposed victory, from presumption that *I dare not* give a real account of our transactions at the above period. Were I to pass this over in total silence many of his friends might be disposed to say "Had you met Mr. Reed's statements fairly with documents and facts, the public might be convinced by your observations; but from your profound silence, it does not appear that this reverend gentleman has either degraded his office, or done you any injury. We cannot therefore but conclude, that he has not imposed upon the public, even though he has stated in his preface, that "the truth is often lowered" rather than heightened; and more especially as he also asserts, that the facts which he states are not *exaggerated*; which word he has printed in Italics, to shew its importance, and to command the confidence of his readers." These are consequences which Mr. Reed's ingenuity, and that of his friends would deduce from my silence; to ensure which, he insinuates that he has been actuated by tender motives to

wards me, by *suppressing the bad, and consigning to oblivion the villainous parts of my history.*

On finding that I was about to expose his fabricated tale, he boldly asserted to me, in the most unequivocal terms, that where the relation bears upon fiction, it was out of compassion to me, that my villainy might not be exposed; and that where disgrace attaches itself to my character in "No Fiction," a real statement would be "worse, much worse," had it been given in its full extent; and that my conscience must subscribe to the truth of this expression. But he now finds that I am not to be intimidated.

From the confident manner in which Mr. Reed's assertions in the preceding passages are made, the religious public may reasonably suppose, that agreeably to his boast, he "has the means of full justification in his hands." It will be natural for them to say, "Surely a gentleman of Mr. Reed's high religious profession, and sustaining as he does the character of a Christian minister; who dissent from the established church because of her supposed impurities; and whose business is to teach others, that religion, whose basis is truth; and whose superstructure must totter if kept up by falsehood and fabrication; the tenor, the soul and body of which is, not to revile, not to calumniate, not to injure, not to create falsi-

ties; but to do good to our neighbour; and to "cover as with a mantle" any little failings in his fellow creatures; when he says I am "worse, much worse" than *the character described of Lefevre*, must have facts to produce to substantiate so heavy and overwhelming a charge."

Without entering into the whole of the charges, a task I shall endeavour to perform in going through this "*truth which does not always bear the semblance of truth,*" as expressed in Mr. Reed's French motto to his work; I will just advert to a few, which form a very powerful and extraordinary conjuncture at the period of my illness, in November 1816.

Mr. Reed, in "*No Fiction,*" Vol. ii. pp. 23—44, gives an account of my courtship with a young lady; inserts a *professed* letter from that lady, stating that *she had returned me my letters*; introduces "*her grandmother as deputed to break off the correspondence;* declaring that it was *owing to a letter sent by a Mr. Simpkin;* and *blames Wallis for deceiving them, &c.*" Now I am bound to say this is *all false*; *injurious*ly so to me.

Mr. Reed also says, that my conduct was such in the office, as "*to have subjected me to the displeasure of my employers,*" and that I was so utterly *depraved*, so lost to every sense of feeling, and so *contemptuous* withal, that I treated this manifested dissat-

infaction with *indifference*; insomuch, as to cause a "regular communication from the PRINCIPALS of the OFFICE" to be sent to me, "reprimanding me for my neglect," and "couched in threatening terms;" and that so sensible was I of my misconduct, and so full of fear to meet my superiors, that I *feigned* myself ill; and "dreading more messages," that I sent "two notes," stating *my indisposition* "as an excuse." And he says to me in his threatening letter, "I know it," *only* that I was "worse, much worse" than the above statement; whereas I know the statement to be made up of the *grossest falsities* that ever issued from the pen of the *most vindictive individual*; and that the *whole is utterly false*, and that there is no foundation for it. The truth—the simple and unvarnished truth, is, I had been fifteen years in the office on the first of October, 1816, six weeks before I was taken ill, during which time, I had never once been suspended from my duty; and that so far from my being reprimanded previously to my being taken ill;—so far from any messages having been sent to me;—any "threatening for neglect of duty," or my having written "two notes" in excuse, that I performed my duty *regularly* and *satisfactorily*, on the very night I was taken ill, when I went in a *state of derangement* to Mr. Reed's house. And to confirm my statement, my salary was paid

*three Quarters of a year* after I was ~~taken~~ ill, and for *months* after my friends had given up *all hope* of finding me; and not until then was my vacancy filled up; and when it was filled up, so *satisfactorily* had I fulfilled the duties of my office during the *fifteen years* I had been there, and so honourably had I conducted myself, as to have excited so great a sympathy in my superiors, in consequence of my dreadful malady, that it was understood, in the event of my being heard of within the limits of a reasonable time, and in a fit state to resume my duties, even my *being thus absent*, should not be a bar to my resuming the same station and rank I held previously to my affliction.

Mr. Reed also asserts, "that at *nearly the same time*, I received a regular communication from *the principals of the office*, and a request *to balance and present my accounts* connected with the *agency*;" that "*I was not in a state* to comply immediately with the requisition;" that "*I had borrowed* a sum of money from my *agency account*;" and that "*as I could not pass my accounts* properly, the summons I had received, therefore, *literally confounded me*." Vol. ii. pp. 48—52. All this is *positively false*. The *truth* is, *I had absolutely overpaid* my accounts the week before, and that they were not called for at all; and in fact how could they, when I had

overpaid them, and when we settled every week?

Mr. Reed asserts ALL his statements above *as true*, which I assert to be *false*. But *testimony* and *facts* only, can go against *fiction* and *fabrication*. How then am I to do this but by a reference to the situations alluded to, and the persons with whom I have been connected, and by publishing such documents as are in my possession? And, I trust, as character is the most valuable thing a man can possess, those with whom I have been connected will forgive me; this being the only way in which I can repel the base and injurious statements in "No Fiction," aggravated by the deliberate and bold assertion, in the language of defiance, of the author in October, 1822, that "the bad parts are *worse*, MUCH *worse* than they are given." And this, likewise, must be my apology for entering so largely into detail.

I had now been nine years in the office, and having gone through its gradations, in my twenty-fifth year, I found myself in possession of a salary only sufficient to pay my board and lodging, and procure me necessities. At this age most young men think of altering their condition in life; but such were my dreary prospects, and those of my brother officers, that we saw some vigorous measures must be adopted to procure an addition to our slender incomes, or we must

doom ourselves to isolated and unsocial existence, be deprived of connubial bliss, & subject our families to ill-fated poverty and unseemly privations.

Actuated by these feelings, I suggested to several of my brother officers, the propriety of submitting our respectful claims to the notice of our superiors. And, strange as it may appear, some individuals were so apathetic, that we could scarcely awaken within them a desire to benefit themselves. Whether this arose from a fear of offending their superiors, or from a cowardly content in their present possession and future prospects, I cannot tell, but with the fact I am well acquainted. I do not, however, mention this to place them in any unfavourable light, but merely to shew, what "No Fiction" has rendered necessary, that I must have had some difficulties to contend with in my fellows, or else there could have been no grounds for the testimonial presented to me afterwards; and I with pleasure note here, that those gentlemen, who manifested so much indifference at the commencement, were the first, as I understood, to propose some lasting testimonial of respect to me.

But I was sensible, that, whatever might be the result, our superiors were possessed of too much good sense to be offended with us as a body, for laying our respectful requests on their tables, and had too much discernment and equity to feel displeasure

at any individual, however prominent he might render himself; and at all events I determined on making the experiment. The result was, as I expected, that so far were our superiors from taking umbrage, they sympathized with us in our privations, and united in the representations, and even sanctioned our endeavours. And as an evidence of their satisfaction at our proceedings, and that they felt no displeasure at the part I had taken, but rather applauded the attempt, I was in December, 1810, selected and appointed to an extra situation, which occupied only a few hours in the day; but for which I received nearly half as much as my regular salary. I particularly mention this voluntary, liberal and kind appointment, as Mr. Reed's misrepresentations might injure me in the estimation of those gentlemen, leading them to suppose I was chargeable with ingratitude and falsity through the statement in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 201, where he has recorded a pretended *fact*, but which in reality is *one* that has no relation to truth; could it be imagined that I was concerned in the following account? "That they invited me to their tables, and intimated in language that might be made to mean *something* or *nothing*, that I *ought*, and *must*, and *should*, if at all *possible*, be raised to higher duties in the office." This false statement, and those *contemptible insinuations* throughout, is the more inexcusable in

this author, as he was well acquainted with this voluntary appointment, and well knew that they could not do more for me than they had done. But this writer's mind is so perverse, of so strange a cast, and his disposition of so unaccountable a nature, that, were he to become the biographer of the most unblemished individuals within the whole pale of the Christian church, they would scarcely escape his censures, especially if they were *superior to him* in degree.

Haunted as I was at this time, with the dreadful charge which Mr. Reed had brought against me, and of which I have already taken some notice, I found my spirits sinking beneath the overwhelming pressure, especially as it left me no other means of defence, than that which my own denial, founded on a consciousness of my innocence, supplied. Labouring under these most dreadful feelings, arising from the accusation, and arguing with myself on its improbability and even impossibility, I began to relax in my religious duties, and was frequently on the verge of giving up religion altogether. But even here, through the compassion of God, the dictates of conscience came to my assistance ; nor could I execute my half-formed design of relinquishing all attendance on places of public worship. This dreadful feeling was kept in constant operation, during the four following years of my life, through which I endured

agonies of mind, of which no one but myself can form any adequate conception.

Abandoning myself to these melancholy agitations of soul, I soon began to think that I had been reprobated from eternity, and doomed to inevitable destruction ; and, that under these circumstances, it would be impious for me to pray. Thus was I driven from the consolations of the Gospel ; and, instead of confiding in the merits of a crucified Saviour for salvation, and leaving this charge for the light of eternity to unravel, I sunk into despondency, and gave myself up to despair.

But although these gloomy feelings almost overwhelmed me, yet rays of hope sometimes illuminated my soul ; and notwithstanding the baneful influence which the high Calvinistic sentiments, that I had learned from Mr. Reed and others, had upon my mind, a reflection upon the attributes of God caused me to reason, that He never could have *created beings merely for destruction* ; or, more properly speaking, it appeared very extraordinary, that a good Being, should have made such decrees, as that the state of all human beings should be inevitably fixed before they were born. Still the gloomy doctrine of reprobation predominated ; and as I am stating my *actual feelings* at that period, those who never have been subject to the operation of such terrible apprehensions, will, I hope, bear with me

in the relation. By those who have walked through the deep waters of affliction, language cannot be misunderstood. To them, and to others who are now treading this gloomy valley, the detail may prove instructive, by warning them of those rocks on which I had well nigh suffered shipwreck, and of those abysses into which I was plunged. Hereafter I shall relate in what way, through the abundant mercy of a long-suffering God, I was delivered from the captivity occasioned by this tremendous doctrine, and state the manner in which the awful apprehensions resulting from its influence were removed.

It will naturally be supposed, that Mr. Reed, observing these gloomy impressions, (arising from the powerful workings of *this charge* ; and *not*, as he fictitiously states, from being *drawn aside* from the paths of virtue by *his fictitious and infamous Wallis*,) was always reasoning with me on the subject ; but those who make this supposition, will be grossly deceived. He never wrote to me in any other way than that of the most perfect indifference at my conduct, so long as I was on friendly terms with him : nor did he endeavour to remove these overwhelming impressions on my mind, in any conversation. By referring to the irreversible decrees of God, in the real letter which he wrote to me on the death of my brother, which I shall publish in the

proper place, (instead of the "No Fiction" one, Vol. i. p. 176, in which he alludes to my *tendency to despair*, which I suppose he found by referring to my *real letters* at this period,) he says, "Is it not ours always to say, 'WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT,' 'ALL IS WELL?'" The reason why he did not give me that friendly advice, which it may be supposed a *minister of the Gospel* ought to give, was *known to himself*, and *himself only*. He knew what charge he had brought against me, and from its *past operations*, he *perhaps dreaded* its future effects.

In 1811, Mr. Reed came to live in Chiswell Street, where he remained till October 1814, during these years, the reader must therefore view him, not *merely* as taking "*a bed occasionally*," as is stated in "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 227, "with Mr. Russell," but as the occupant of one of my two rooms, for which I was paying his father, unfurnished, one-and-twenty guineas, *i. e.* eighteen guineas a year for them, and three guineas a year for cleaning; and not only as an occupant of one of my rooms, but absolutely as having my bedroom to himself *in toto*, subjecting me during all this period, to the great inconvenience and unpleasantness of sleeping in my front room in a press-bedstead. \*

As this forms an important era in my history, I trust the reader will allow me here

to make a digression, which is rendered necessary, as it is incumbent on me to give a fair statement of my connexions with a family, various reports being afloat, injurious to my character; false, cruel and unfounded; not originating from the old people but from the "household," and "junior circle" of the young people; the unfairness of these secret and calumniating attacks when I have fairly and boldly challenged him before the public, will be acknowledged by all my unbiased and liberal readers. In reply to those secret attacks, these "te party" calumnies, I refer the candid reader who wishes to ascertain *the truth*, to Mr. Reed's father and mother for my general character while with them; my conduct towards them and their son Andrew; and also as regards the truth of my statements so far as they have fallen under their notice. I am making this reference, for the authenticity of my declarations, to the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Reed, sen. I think it proper to inform all who wish to ascertain the facts that they now lodge with Mr. Harris at Barking in Essex, where any letter may be addressed to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed being desirous of doing the best they could for their children, and incurring heavy expenses for their son Andrew, while he was at the Academy, (for his mother's hand was almost always in her pocket for him,) for books, clothing,

pocket money, &c. they kept no more sums for their own use than they absolutely wanted. In fact, so bent were they on this *one object*, that they not only deprived themselves of those little comforts which their station and business would have afforded, and their age required ; but they put themselves to great personal inconvenience ; insomuch that the back garret in which old Mr. Reed, who was a watchmaker, worked by day, was in the night converted into a bedroom for poor Martha ; and the kitchen, in which we lived and had our meals, became a bedroom at night for poor Peter ; there being only four rooms in the house. independently of the shop, besides those which I occupied. The family being thus circumstanced, on Andrew's leaving the Academy, they had no place to put him, unless he chose to have a *turn-up bed* in the *dining-room*. To this small personal inconvenience, neither his *pride*, nor his love of indulgence could submit, although he permitted *me* to do it, as before stated ; and, what is still more degrading to him, suffered *me*, while thus inconvenienced, and while he was in the receipt of nearly three times my income ; to pay his own father for his indulgence and convenience. Yet his parsimonious disposition, inclined him to take shelter under the roof of his mother, well knowing that neither money nor pains would be spared (which often

was the case to the ignorance of the father, which I dare say Mrs. Reed has informed him since) by his affectionate mother, to procure him those little niceties of which he *is so fond* ;\* but for which he *appears to be indifferent*.

\* In general when he had been preaching, his mother prepared a boiled fowl and oyster sauce, ready against his return; but the father scarcely looked at it until his son had eaten the breast and wings; and when poor Peter and Martha got the bones, they thought themselves lucky if they found any meat on them. The warmest seat in the kitchen ~~alone~~ (even to the exclusion of his pious, aged and venerable father, from his corner chair) was given to him by his mother, who, with the anxiety of an Eastern tyrant's slave, used to listen for *his rap at the door* with "lively trembling," which was like an electric shock upon her nerves. I have often laughed, and so has she, almost to hysterics, when I have seen poor Peter (for he was a good-tempered, open, facetious lad) jump up in imitation of her. When a knock similar to young Andrew's, was made at the door, Peter would, continuing his imitation, jocosely cry out, "Here he comes—take care—get the slippers—now the supper—get out of the way!" &c. This young novelist's taste, although much altered since that period, as it regards his mind, it being turned from solid and useful reading to flimsy and romantic writings, is the same as it regards his physical appetite. When Mr. William Bridgman called on his father to settle my account with them, in November 1820, (they then lodged in part of their son's house in Cannon Street Road) a thundering knock at the door, announced the approach of some great personage. His anxious mother flew to the door, it was her son, she immediately said to him, "What shall I get for you, my dear?" He answered as abruptly as a Siberian boor, "A sausage," and then shut the door, but opened it again and exclaimed, "Mind! let them be

The manner in which young Mr. Reed was introduced to Chiswell Street, and the reason why I surrendered one of my own rooms, and my comforts for him, arose from the following circumstance. His mother, one day in conversation with me on this subject, by which I perceived she was only repeating the substance of a previous conversation with him, observed, "To be sure it would be very awkward, in case any gentleman of note, or any *Dissenting minister of importance* were to call upon him, to have a *press bedstead in the dining room.*" and I recollect she particularly alluded to the Rev. John Clayton, sen.; with whom Mr. Reed had become acquainted, in consequence of an introductory letter from Mr. Clayton's sister-in-law, Mrs. Dawson of Lancaster; whose countenance and sanction he courted, from an expectation that it would be useful to him. These difficulties to his coming to live at Chiswell Street, I offered to obviate, by removing to other lodgings, until he got settled. This however his mother objected to, not only on the ground of what I paid

*nicely done!*" He did not know Mr. Bridgman was there. Often since then my generous friend and myself have had a hearty laugh, when his kind mother Mrs. Bridgman has asked me when I have called in, what I would take, when I answered, "A sausage, nicely done." For the information of his friends who may be at a loss what to get to please him, and may not know what sausages he likes, I beg to inform them, he likes "the Epping," and not "beef sausages."

her; but, also, as she stated, which I believe was the truth, that both herself and Mr. Reed, sen. had a great regard for me, and wished for my company. But notwithstanding the inconvenience it would be to me, as they would not agree to my leaving, to evince my friendship, and to furnish an accommodation which his mother hesitated in accepting, and a sacrifice, which no other person except Mr. Reed, jun. I think, would have suffered me to make, I voluntarily offered to give up my back<sup>t</sup> room to him, until he had a habitation of his own, which, I supposed would not be long; though it actually lasted nearly four years. Should any one dispute that I paid for both rooms (for some persons, professed friends of young Andrew, can hardly believe he could be so mean as to suffer it,) during the whole of the period, I refer them to Mr. and Mrs. Reed, sen. or even to Mr. Reed, jun.: yet, I must acknowledge, that, for this act of profuse generosity, I have been blamed by several who are the avowed friends of the Rev. Andrew Reed.

I have thought it necessary thus fully to state how it was, and why it was, that Mr. Reed took up his abode with us; not merely to repeat the fact, that he occupied one of my rooms, while I paid the full amount for both; but to contradict what some of his friends have asserted, that "this, as well as all the rest of the statements in my letter, was

fictitious ;" and thus to prepare the public mind for another imaginary narrative, which, at the font of imposition, might be baptized "No Fiction."

It will be necessary for the reader to keep in view, that *the charge which he brought against me*, and to which I have already more than once alluded, is stated to have occurred, about a year and a half prior to his coming to reside at Chiswell Street; and also to compare these facts, with his statements in "No Fiction," Vol. i. pp. 137—252, as an account of me from a man who had ample opportunity, during that period of nearly four years, of noticing and inquiring into my conduct, as his pastoral engagements at New Road, required his constant attendance; so that, excepting a month or six weeks each year, he never (save the time of his Petersfield courtship,) scarcely was a night from home. And that this period is brought to p. 252, he *himself* substantiates, by a relation of my walking in my sleep one night, (p. 227;) which may be *false* or *true*; for I am as unable, and equally deprived of the power to contradict this related *fact* of his, as I had been to *contradict* the *serious* charge he brought against me from *Plymouth*. I only refer to this now, (reserving my observations on his statements, in my Review of "No Fiction,") that the reader, in perusing the letters from 1811 to the conclusion of our correspondence, until

I went to live at Lambeth, may view them as *not* coming from a man who only knew my character from hearsay ; *but* as from a *man* who was nearly all the time living on the same floor with me, excepting at the intervals when those letters were written ; and the same observation applies to the narrative, which renders the falsehoods and misstatements doubly reprehensible.

During this year, (1811) nothing remarkable occurred worthy of perusal, until Mr. Reed's ordination ; excepting that in the interim he wrote me other letters from Plymouth Dock, which it will be proper to insert, as they shew the terms in which they are couched, and that he had then received a call from New Road. The reader will bear in his recollection the passage in his letter dated November, 1810, wherein he says, "*Sorry, very sorry* for poor *Lyndall* ! *Wilks* is trying to get me to New Road, dont say a word even to *Mamma*." Mr. Lyndall had only the month before that letter, left New Road ; to which pulpit he himself was now desirous of succeeding. These pious and hypocritical lamentations, of a spiritual son over a spiritual father, *look well*, when contrasted with a preceding letter, wherein he says shall we be surprised if he "*at last rots on a dung-hill* ?" an expression at once cruel, vulgar, unmanly and unchristian ; and *particularly ungrateful*, as he himself has acknowledged that it

was through the instrumentality of Mr. Lyndall's preaching, that he was converted, which conversion has put *him* into the receipt of *three times* the income he otherwise could have procured. From this circumstance, I conceive, it would have been better for him to have said, "*Poor fellow! I am sorry, very sorry for him; but he shall never want a guinea while I have one.*"

There were, however, some powerful obstacles to Mr. Reed's going to New Road; one arising from his having originally given offence to the church, by not submitting his talents to their approval, previously to his going to the Academy, as it is a regulation, (perhaps some of my readers do not know the fact, and may be as ignorant of Dissenting churches as the wife of a popular novel-writing doctor is, who when he was lamenting some time ago the loss of his deacons, answered "Can't you *advertise for one, my dear?*") in Dissenting churches, that all *young men*, who *think themselves* called to the work of the ministry, shall submit their gifts to the approval (not the criticism) of the elders and the brethren; which is a wise regulation, when administered by proper, good, common sense Christians, such as those of former times; and not such as our new, mushroom, young Christian judges, who, from spouting at such societies as our *wonderful "Literary Society,"* get to spouting in our Dissenting churches, to the annoy-

ance of both minister and people. Another arose from his presumptuous and boyish interference in December, 1808, when he united with Mr. Lyndall, (and even went so far as to write a dictatorial letter himself, which I took to Mr. Turner, the Treasurer of the Lecture,) in dictating to the managers what lecturers they should choose; and absolutely refused to accept of the honour the managers had conferred upon him, in electing him, (out of respect to Mr. Lyndall, and because of his high doctrinal sentiments,) even while a student, as one of their lecturers, *unless* they would *strike off* their list *an aged minister*, of the name of Weston, whose moral character was unimpeachable, and who had been a lecturer there for several previous years; but who had unfortunately given some offence to the bold spirit of Mr. Lyndall. However they might *bend* to the dictum, age, and pastoral obligations of Mr. Lyndall; and however sparing they were in making observations on him, they shewed no mercy towards Reed; and uniting his conduct in this business with the contempt with which he had treated them on entering the Academy, they openly and boldly pronounced him, one of the 'most arrogant, proud and vain individuals that ever was connected with society.'

On reviewing this business, I do not know which to blame most; the *folly* of the *managers*, in choosing a *boy* at the *Academy*;

or the *presumption* of this ignoramus. It made, however, a lasting impression on the minds of the people ; and it "hangs heavy," I believe on some of them to this day. Mr. Wilks, as will have been seen, was working with all his might, ingenuity and cunning, to get Mr. Reed to the New Road meeting ; and no man is more deserving of praise for the perpetuity and activity of friendship, than the Rev. Matihew Wilks. Whether the objects for whom he interests himself are deserving, or whether he always pursues the most proper means to accomplish his purposes, are propositions which are open to discussion ; but far be it from me to impugn his motives ; and where I offer any observations upon him, which may appear harsh, it is when the ardency of his conduct, in endeavouring to serve others, who are worthy of no mercy, has driven him to diverge from the line of conduct he ought to have adopted relative to those, who, although not his enemies, differ from him in their views. The attempts of Mr. Wilks were *heartily* and *steadfastly* seconded by me ; and it so happened, that at this time I possessed considerable influence with the church, arising from the following circumstances, which resulted in Mr. Lyndall's leaving, and made room for Mr. Reed. In September, 1810, Mr. Lyndall having joined himself to a junto in his church, they brought some serious charges against the treasurer of

the church, Mr. Brooks. As his brother-in-law, Mr. Walker, travelled down with me to Enfield Highway, he acquainted me with the whole of the circumstances, and said Mr. Brooks would publish a pamphlet, having the time and ability to write one, to accompany a statement of his accounts, which he had printed, from the time he became treasurer to that period; and he would be much obliged to me, if I would draw up a short address. Sensible of the justice of my cause, of the integrity of the treasurer, (which had frequently heard from Mr. Lyndall's lips,) and above all, being desirous of obliterating my old, my worthy friend and travelling companion, I took up my pen, and *one night* wrote the address, which is entitled "An Address to the Church of Christ assembling at the New Road, St. George's East." A meeting, consisting of Mr. Hullock, Mr. Turner, Mr. Walker and Mr. Carr, took place, at the house of Mr. Brooks, when it was read; and having passed the critical ordeal, was ordered to be printed; this was done immediately. A thousand copies were struck off, and, with this *little stone* was this *mighty Goliah slain*; he never attempted to answer it. However, he met me one day, when he said, he would put all of them into the *Old Bailey*, who had signed the pamphlet: these were the twelve trustees.

I cannot help here remarking, what an itching the preachers of the New Road have for the Old Bailey. Mr. Lyndall threatened to put all the trustees there, because they *had signed* the address I had written ; and Mr. Reed was going in a hurry to put my publisher there, because he *just* authenticated the identity of his letter to me. But how wonderfully were they both foiled ! So will every one be who fights against truth. Mr. Lyndall knew what I had written *was truth* ; and Mr. Reed knew what I had written *was truth*. If infidels want to know what God is, I will tell them : He is *Truth* ; and those who fight against *truth*, fight against God ; and those who fight against God must ultimately perish. They may reign for a season ; but then it will be, that their fall may in the end be more dreadful, and that by it those that remain may be more powerfully impressed.

Not having received any thing for writing this pamphlet, except the thanks of the friends, and the satisfaction of seeing equal-handed justice still holding the scales, which was more grateful to me than the gold of Peru, the fame of an Alexander, or the glory of a Marlborough ; I had a treasure of gratitude deposited in the bosoms of some of the weightiest and best men at New Road ; and never having had occasion to impoverish it by drawing any thing out on my account ; I was determined now to probe it to its very

bottom in behalf of my friend, and said I would consider myself, not only amply paid but ready to become debtor to them, if they would exercise some of their gratitude they acknowledged due to me, in behalf of my friend. To Mr. Brooks, I used every argument that reason could dictate, or friendship suggest. Mr. Brooks, to all I said, answered, " You know how enraged the people were with Reed ; in the first place for going to the Academy, without *treating the church with common respect* : and then again in that very improper interference about Weston, and the presumptuous letter he wrote at that time ; in which I was implicated." I pleaded his *youth* ; that would not do ; and in fact, he said, his youth is no objection. I took a different position : I laid the blame, in the *first instance*, upon the Rev. Matthew Wilks. I said, you know him ; and he *would* and *did say to Reed* " Never mind about appearing before the church : I will put you into Hackney without them." As it regarded the second business, I told him it was Mr. Lyndall's fault entirely ; as Mr. Reed would never have written such a letter, only Mr. Lyndall when up at Hackney, the first time he ever had been there, took him into the fields and talked to him, and persuaded him to write it ; and what is more, he put *a guinea into his hand*. Can Mr. Reed *deny this*? (Mr. L. has got a large family ; send this guinea)

*back to him ; it was a bribe, Andrew.) A* thing, Mr. Reed said he had never done before. Mr. Brooks candidly said, " You have greatly removed my prejudice ; but there is Mr. Moore, who is a good preacher, affable, and open, older than Mr. Reed ; of so different a disposition, and without any prejudice against him, so that he is beloved by all ; we shall have great difficulty." I said, " Will you oblige me." " My dear fellow," he answered, " I would do any thing in the world for you. I consider myself under such obligations to you, as I can never repay." This I believe he spoke from his heart.

It however happened, just about this time, that a twenty paged pamphlet came out, as a reply to our little bark, which we had floated about four months before ; and which had terrified all the Corsairs, Vandals and Greeks for *four months*. When Mr. Lyndall's party put out this twenty paged skiff, which was neither water-proof, nor fit for sea, I saw it would soon sink without our firing *a gun* ; I mean, a 5th of November cracker. This I told Mr. Brooks, and although he was desirous of having it answered, I objected to it on the grounds stated, and because it was too late ; we having got possession of the citadel, and having received the gratulations of all our independent neighbours, the Dissenting churches. These arguments quieted, if they did not convince Mr. Brooks. However, as I thought it could do no harm, I told him

I would give them a little chase when the weather was fine : this I did, that I might get *firmer hold of Mr. Brooks and the church, for the benefit of my friend Andrew Reed.* Thus, after having had to contend with innumerable difficulties, we succeeded with a good deal of *tact* and *perseverance* in getting a *call* sent to him ; but notwithstanding all our endeavours, influence and caution, united with his *superior abilities* to the other candidate ; we only succeeded (I was not a member, however, I believe, I dictated part of a speech for one or two of them,) in getting *this call* by a very *small majority*, although they call it a *large one*. The following letters will corroborate my statements, and give substance to the truth of my observations.

MR. F. BARNETT,  
Chiswell Street.

*Glass House Street, March 5, 1811.*

My Dear Friend,

Your very kind letter came safe to hand ; its contents are quite agreeable to my views of the subject ; your arguments are very cogent ; they have a powerful influence on my mind. I still think it needful to prepare an answer to their nonsense, although we do not publish. It is true, to a demonstration, the pamphlet is full of dissimulation and falsehoods ; and how far we act consistent in not answering it, am not

able to say. I have not experienced much anxiety about an answer; though I think it needful to give them a reply. My mind dictates to me that silence is the most prudent answer which can be given: *after all if you could spare time to prepare an answer at your leisure, should feel unspeakably obliged.* I beg you to accept my *heartfelt thanks* for your kind attention; *rest assured I feel the obligation.* Shall be happy to see you with brother and sister any Thursday evening you may appoint. Be pleased to present my best love to Mr. Reed; I have a great affection for him. My earnest prayer to God is, he may preach *Christ* with *energy*, love Christ, and live Christ. I hope to see him when he can make it convenient: we dine at one o'clock. Should be glad to see *him and you at the same time.*

I am, my dear friend,  
Yours most sincerely,  
R. L. BROOKS.

*Sherborne House, Friday, May 19, 1811.  
Cheltenham.*

My dear Barnett,

Yours I received yesterday afternoon, just as *my curate* and self were about to mount our horses to visit a neighbouring town and dispense the word of life. I have now just returned, and take up my pen, at once to thank you for your letter, and the *paper*, which *I suppose* came from you.

There was nothing in my journey, either worthy of my time to narrate or yours to read, or you would have all particulars. I could have indeed told you that we breakfasted at one inn, baited at another, got dinner at a third; my ride was wearisome, the road bad, and *the women guerrulous*. [It is sure to have a slap at them wherever he can.] But where would have been your interest in all this? The dapper gentleman to whom you refer did not travel with me any farther than to Charing Cross. Oh satis fuit!

Thanks for your remarks relative to New Road. But what can I consistently do more than I either have done or design to do? Write me full on this subject, and say whatever you think. I hope it is in my nature to be *friendly* but I cannot be fulsome. I can stoop from a conviction of inferiority, but not from the hope of advantage.

I have written to Plymouth; but have yet received no response. You say Mr. Moore is engaged for four Sabbaths *in July* at Jewih Street. Is it not *June*? Send me word in your next, which I hope will come by *return of post*. I have not time at present to collect my thoughts on the subject you mention, but will bear it in memory. The subjects which most engage my heart now, are involved in these questions. How may we discover the will of Providence? What is most conducive to a close walk with

God? Both have peculiar interest with me. The former arising from the state of my circumstances, and the latter from the state of my heart. *Give them your thoughts and your pen.*

I am yours affectionately,  
ANDREW REED.

N. B. Perhaps you will let the folks at Chiswell Street read this, and I will trouble you with another to-morrow for mother.

To MR. F. BARNETT.

*Cheltenham, May 15, 1811.*

My Very Dear Friend,

Three times three for your kind and long epistle. I should have answered it yesterday, but it was impossible to save the post. To-day I feel desirous of answering it at some length, but am prevented by the long tittle-tattle of two ladies. [At the ladies again. I dare say he appeared very much pleased when they were with him. Perhaps these two ladies may recollect this interview.] Not that I should have been very anxious to answer the questions,\*

\* As far as I can recollect, the questions I put were relative to his attending the prayer-meetings and visiting the sick; two of the most important branches of the pastoral office, and which Mr. Lyndall had completely neglected. However, he did not consider himself as neglecting his duty, not having, when he accepted the pastoral office, entered into any engagement relative to those important duties, which the people

as to have enabled you to have yielded them to the inspection of others. This I feel desirous of avoiding, because I think it looks too much like *manœuvre* to be consistent with my *avowed integrity*. The thing indeed is perfectly harmless and good ; and had *you* simply proposed the questions, without acquainting *me* with *your design* ; [But would this have been *fair* and *friendly*? No. I never acted as he has invariably done ; on a sly, cunning, selfish principle ; always was open and candid, and

supposed would follow of course. But now they were determined that his successor should make some agreement. Hearing this, I put, I believe, some questions to Mr. Reed, with a view of shewing his answer to some of the people, and allay their fears. I told them, however, *I knew he would be sure to visit the sick ; and attend the prayer-meetings*, as I had often heard him blame Mr. Lyndall for this neglect : and state that it appeared to him, not only the most important, but the most pleasant part of a minister's duty ; and so satisfied were the people, that *even in the invitation*, they asked for no stipulation ; which omission he notices, in his letter dated July 11, (as will be seen,) with satisfaction. How far he has fulfilled the stipulations to his own conscience I cannot tell. But I know many of his people are dissatisfied, and have complained frequently to me. And how is it possible he can fulfil these duties properly ? *His house* (for he has only lodgings in town,) *is at Cheshunt, where all his family is, fourteen miles from his church.* Was the question offensive I put to him in my letter, p. 12. ; wherein I say, “ *I indulged the hope* (speaking of this time) *that hereafter you might become the kind, attentive pastor. But have I not been mistaken ?*” I dare say it was ; but the question is, is it not truth ?

never made any secret movements.] I could with consistency, and should with pleasure, have given you my responses. However, the knowledge is a felicity. Had I given regular answers to your questions and had you shewn them, I am inclined to think they would have created some suspicions of which you are not aware. Those persons know that "*we two are one.*" They would have indulged impressions the most unlawful. As things now stand, I do not hesitate in saying, that they (at least many of them,) *regard you as my paw.* In fact it is difficult for either of us to act, that we had better rest: at least *the only mode of action is for me to preach to them, and for both of us to be kind but not cringing.* Certainly— (Being interrupted I have forgotten the sentence I was about to write.) It cannot be supposed that my being *made too dear* will deter them from application, if they are really desirous of applying. Let all *you say be said with indifference,* and in a cursory manner. I do not entreat this because I doubt your prudence, but to put you in remembrance. *I know your warm, well wishes towards me; and I know that fervour of heart may stimulate fervour of conduct.* Let us mutually aim to embrace those sentiments which will endure resignation without torpor, and confidence without presumption.

I should suppose, if I give *three Sabbaths on my return, it will be regarded a probational.* I do not know how I shall be able to stand a longer time. I must in August come to some decisions and make some settlement. As to New Road, my connexions with the church, you know, give me some interest in it, otherwise it has no claims superior to others; as to emolument it cannot be equal to some.

I determine to decline Cheltenham; [Yes because Miss B— would not have him, otherwise he had made up his mind to accept of that call; “so much” for the attention to a call of a Dissenting church!] (dont say a word.) I have not heard yet from Plymouth: this is the reason I have not written to Mr. Brooks. Wishing you the presence of Jesus to direct you.

I am, most truly yours,

ANDREW REED.

*Sherborne House, Cheltenham.*

My Dear Barnett,

I give you thanks for the paper I received this morning, and greatly congratulate you on the rejection of the bill at so early a stage, and with such a shew of triumph. It is now lost, lost, lost for ever! “God hath not dealt so with every nation, praise ye the Lord.”

I have sent a letter to Mr. Brooks; in which I have informed him of my inability

to supply the first Sabbath in July, as Plymouth would be destitute. They expected me for the last in June, but this I have declined. I have also sent a negative to Mr. Stone. I wonder I have received no letter from you in reply to my last. Pray write and send me all the news. I am driven to great haste. With reluctance I am out all day.

Yours, equally in haste and leisure,  
ANDREW REED.

After he had fulfilled his engagement, there were several very much dissatisfied. In fact, he carried himself so haughtily, although he *put on*, from what I had told him, of the danger of such conduct the appearance of affability and condescension, that there were a party determined on giving a call to Mr. Moore. At this he was "very much hurt with the turn of things," as he expresses it in the following letter, and especially as *he presumed*, "that if he gave three Sabbaths on his return from Cheltenham, it would be considered as probational." I wrote him the state of the business, and the following is his reply :

MR. F. BARNETT.

*Petersfield, [June] 15, 1811.*

My Very Dear Friend,

Your kind packet was received this morning, for which you have my thanks,

It was a great omission to neglect giving you my address. It is now vain to insist on it, as I shall leave before another can reach me.

I am *very* [much hurt, I suppose] means, only he has left out a word, and will not insert one presumptively, I leave the reader to put in whatever he thinks appropriate] with the *turn* of things at Finsbury Road, *but must endure them*. I do not know whether Mr. Walker's plan is the product of consummate wisdom, but still I have no wish to stop it. I wish to be perfectly inactive. Without giving an *impetus* to any designs or a check to any proceeding. And yet after all, I suppose some dear friend will be ready to say "*Reed was at the bottom of it.*"\* O my dear friend, what a world is this; I long to do all I can for you, and then die out of it. [*He had not even Cheshunt palace and bowling-green.*]

*As to the combination to bring in Mr. Moore, I have no objections to it, if the church be for it.* They have a right to whom they please. Should they choose unanimously, he shall not want my support [I should think not,—*how could Mr. Moore want his vote, if the church chose him unanimously?*]

\* I was at the bottom of it, and had it not been for Mr. Walker's plan and perseverance, by which opposition were outvoted, Reed would have lost the day.

Committing all to that God who operates  
on the minds of men as the winds on the  
waves of the sea and the standing corn,

I am, my dear friend,  
Yours, most truly,

ANDREW REED.

With a good deal of manœuvring how-  
ever, we succeeded in getting a call, of  
which the following is a copy :

(COPY.)  
*New Road Meeting,  
St. George's in the East.  
July 5, 1811.*

Dear Sir,

*After four evenings' solemn  
prayer to that gracious God, who has given  
us his promise that where two or three meet  
together, unite and agree to ask of him  
direction, he will kindly answer and direct,  
(we firmly believe he has granted our re-  
quest;) under this influence, we conceive  
that God in his infinite mercy will deign to  
bless those meetings which have been set  
apart, for the express design of calling forth  
his almighty aid; in enabling this church to  
elect a pastor *after his own heart*, which  
is now clearly ascertained by that which has  
taken place this evening.*

The trustees, deacons and members of  
this church of Christ assembling at the New  
Road, St. George's in the East, have ballot-

ted, and do declare a large majority of members to be in your favour, and we have the unspeakable satisfaction of informing you, that we cordially assent in giving you an invitation to the above-mentioned place of worship, on the Sabbath after your return from Plymouth for two months preparatory to a call as pastor. We now anxiously wait your answer; begging the hand of all grace would in his great kindness guide you his divine instruction, we wish you every consolation in Christ our common Lord. We remain,

Dear Sir, on behalf of the church,  
Yours, in Christian bonds, &c.

Signed, JOHN GREEN, J. ROSE,  
S. COLE, R. L. BROOM,  
J. F. TURNER, P. WRIGHT.

On the foregoing document (which to me who had seen all the secret springs of action) appeared almost like *solemn mockery*, the *tricks* and *manœuvres* which had been played off, as the letters will have shewn, shall only ask my reader a question, What does he think they had most at heart to know it was the palladium to the result of the discussion,) *a single eye*, (in choosing their pastor) *to the glory of God*, or *desire to select one* who was likely to rule the largest congregation; to the annoyance of Mr. Lyndall, who, on his separation, took five-sixths, at least, of the congregation along with him?

*Plymouth Dock, July 11, 1811.*

My Very Dear Friend,

In conformity with your request, I send you a copy "*verbatim et literatim*," of the official letter which I received on my arrival at my residence last evening. I wish you to shew it to no one, nor let any one know you have it, except our common friend Mr. Walker. But send me your thoughts in relation to it.

You will see that the two months are not as you supposed, "preparatory to ordination," but to the reception of a call as pastor. This does not materially alter the state of things with me. Indeed it will allow me more time in coming to a decision, but still it appears like a departure from the resolutions of Tuesday.

*The invitation contains no stipulations in relation to attending prayer-meetings, &c. and I am happy it does not. To any such stipulations I could never have subscribed. I hope I shall be anxiously concerned to fulfil at all times the various duties of the pastor, according to the ability given me of God, but it must be freely and not by restraint. Those who have confidence enough to elect me to the pastoral office, ought to have confidence that I shall aim to discharge its functions.*

As the letter is simply an invitation, you will not wonder that nothing more specific is communicated. Let me inform you that

Mr. Brooks, however, has told me that the deacons propose in relation to salary, to offer £200 for the first year, and £300 ever after. In this case, on the event of my going to New Road, an opportunity will be afforded of shewing that money is not my object, as I shall decline four stations which propose to exceed that sum. So far it will be pleasing; at the same time I hope it will be kept secret by the friends, as it might be a source of exultation to the Brown's Lane people, [that was the separation from the New Road, where his spiritual father Mr. Lyndall preached.]

Yours, in haste,

ANDREW REED.

To MR. F. BARNETT.

*Chapel-house, Princes Street,*

*Plymouth Dock,*

*Saturday, July 20, 1811.*

My Very Dear Friend,

I will write you a few hasty lines this afternoon, in preference to Monday, when I might have afforded you a greater allotment of time, because I know you will be in expectation of hearing from me. I received your last kind letter. Be assured no apology is needed for writing often. The neglect of it, on either side, is what I hope will require it.

The conduct of the friends has by no means nonsuited me, nor has it produced

any unpleasant feelings. My decision will be the same, and I shall arrive at them at an earlier period, than I otherwise should have done. But although no alteration will be produced in the *nature* of my answer and decisions; yet I am compelled to change the *modus* of it. And here lies my difficulty. It appears to me, from all I can collect, that some of the friends suppose *a call has been sent*, and that those who have joined in forwarding an invitation for two months now agree to make it a call, or as good as a call, to the pastoral office. Now the *first class* of persons, thinking that I am replying to *a call*, and not to *an invitation* for two months, will be ready, probably, to condemn that reply as *cold and listless*; and the *second class* of persons defining the invitation "as good as a call and meant for it," will never think of presenting a regular call from the church. Thus you perceive my difficulty, and also the impossibility of altering or removing it. You will ask then what is to be done? *We must* I think let it rest until I come to London. In the mean time, I shall give an answer probably complying with the invitation, only shall hope it will not be confounded with a call or substituted for one. I must indeed close all other doors, but this gives me no tormenting concern. "God will provide."

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to give a separate answer to Mr. Walker's last letter.

Make my kind regards to him, thank him for his affectionate letter, and tell him things had better stand *now* as they are, and that I feel no sensation but perplexity, in adopting my reply to the *different impression and expectations* of the church. I shall certainly answer it as *simply an invitation*, if this should disappoint some, I only beg that he would exonerate me. Probably on Monday I shall have fully decided and shall write *officially*. Pray give my duty and love to our family and charge my mother to write *more frequently*.

I am, My Dear Friend,

Yours, most truly,

ANDREW REED.

After Mr. Reed had completed his probationary invitation, a regular call was given to him; and in the following November he was ordained over the church.

There was nothing remarkable at his ordination, or previously to it, excepting that he and I had a deal of *trouble* in preparing his responses to the questions to be put at the ordination, the most *difficult* part, however, was with regard to his *experience*. But in his reply to the period and time of his conversion, although he had acknowledged to all his acquaintances that it was through Mr. Lyndall, and from the following words, "And the door was shut;" yet *now*, having of course, most completely terminated

his friendship with Mr. Lyndall, and not wishing to let Mr. Clayton, sen. who took a part in the ordination service, and the other respectable ministers, *know*, that *he* was converted through Mr. Lyndall's preaching, he *absolutely* in the manuscript copy after the above words, instead of putting in "by Mr. Lyndall," put in "from a sermon preached in this place," which caused the Rev. John Townsend, boldly and manfully to say in the vestry, "You ought to acknowledge the instrument, put Mr. Lyndall's name in by all means," which he did in pencil immediately. If any person doubts this statement, he may have his doubts removed, as the rough copy of Mr. Reed's *responses* in his *writing and mine*, from which draft he made the *copy* he read publicly, I shall leave with the publisher, which will verify my statement.

A short time after his ordination he began to think and talk of matrimony; or at least he begun to talk of getting married. As it regards love, I never saw him shew any "feverish anxiety from the *familiar touch of woman*," (as he describes me, *delicately truly*, to manifest, in Vol. i. p. 120) in my life. For whatever temptations he may have been subject to, such as vanity, pride, selfishness, deception, &c. there never was any danger of his "listening to the voice of strange women," or being taken in their snares; "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 250. They were

not his “besetting sin,” nor does it require a personal acquaintance with him to ascertain this fact. His *cool* and *deliberate* work shews that the soft delicacy, the lovely carriage, the attracting charms of woman, have no power to prevent his envenomed darts much less to attract his sympathy; and that in him they have lost the privileged protection of their sex: as a specimen let the following quotation suffice. Speaking of some young lady, who I dare say had been very attentive and kind (for I always found them so, and if others do not, the error must be on their side) to him, he says, and I would have the reader to remark its *delicacy* as well as its *propriety*. “There is but *one* object that *disconcerts* me, and that is their *daughter*! She is an only daughter, and a spoiled daughter. She thinks herself *pretty*, and, in this *conceit*, idolizes her sweet person. She cannot *use* her *fingers*, lest they should *lose* their *whiteness*, nor her *eyes*, lest they should *lose* their *brightness*. She will not *go out* when it is cloudy, lest it should rain, nor when it is sunny, lest she should be *tanned*. She *studies* how she shall *sit down*, and how she shall *rise again*; and, moreover, *plagues me* with her essences, as you know I am of Seneca’s opinion, “*That of all smells, no smell is the best smell.*”\*

The above quotation, I hope, united with my knowledge of the writer, fully justifies

\* “No Fiction,” Vol. i. pp. 125—127.

me in the boldness of my language. But whatever opprobrium it may subject me to; I am determined to be explicit; for when I hear a man not only speak against "that sex which civilizes ours," but observe that he has gone out of his way for the purpose, and, deliberately attempts to hold them up to public ridicule by an exposure of those *harmless niceties*, which the lowness of his birth prevented him from seeing, until he became a preacher, and thus got introduced to "powdered heads" and elegant females; and professing in a pretended real, (but actually fictitious) letter to me, in confidence thus to speak of them, and afterwards throw the *onus* of its publicity on me, and thus, through the press making "a hit at them," when it was a fictitious creation of his own, for the intent of feeding the vanity of the "*blue-stockings ladies*," who are as indifferent to the *comforts* of the *family-circle* and the *family-calls*, as they are to the *nicety* and attraction of their dress and persons, I am justified in making pointed and forcible observations, as a warning to all future *religious novelists*.

What I mean to convey then, when I say Mr. Reed talked of marrying, is, that he talked of it more as a matter of business than of love. The reader will of course bear in recollection, that this gentleman had made two official applications previously. One in 1808, and the other in 1810. But

now as he was settled in a church, the business became momentous and important. I was, of course, consulted, and those who know the Rev. Matthew Wilks need not be informed that it was necessary he should also be consulted.

I am sorry that Mr. Wilks's conduct has rendered it necessary that his name should occur so often; but I cannot avoid it in fulfilling my pledge "to unfold the character" of my calumniating biographer, which I can only do by relating his "different courtships," which relation will open the eyes of many parents and guardians and make them *on the alert*, when there is *too much prying* into the *secrets of the family* by any persons connected with our Academies.

It is a lamentable fact, that our young ministers in latter years, are not so *anxious* about the genuine piety and domestic habits of the ladies, as they are particular in inquiring "*how much.*" This, however, is not done by them direct; but in general is performed by graver heads, and more *unsuspected persons*. I do not mean this observation to apply to all the dissenting Academies; I am only relating what has come within my own observation; and I am bound to say, that there is a gentleman of high respectability, and, who, no doubt, is actuated by a good motive, so far as benefitting the students go, connected with one Academy, of so prying and inquisitive a disposition that he is, by

*way of distinction*, called "The Registering Officer" of all the families within the circumlocution of the Association to which he belongs, and who is, I dare say, well acquainted with what is technically termed in the Academical language, "the disposable property" of every family in his connexion. But whether this "weighing," this inquiry into "how much," "how many of the family," "what relations, and grandmothers, uncles or maiden aunts," and "what expectancies," united with the hundreds of other similar inquiries, does not save us more of this world, than of that kingdom which is in heaven, a few more years will make manifest. At all events it evinces, that many of the *candidates for the highest seats in heaven*, do not live on faith only, but are willing in their passage, to be burdened with a little of this world's dross.

In the different journeys I had taken to oblige the Rev. Andrew Reed, twice, if not three times I had been to Reading. At this place lived a wealthy citizen of the name of Holmes, who had a daughter who was noted for *her literary taste*. When Mr. Reed had been at New Road a few months, and had, as before stated, made up his mind to get settled, he mentioned this lady to me; and from the account he gave of her, I advised him to offer himself to her, which was agreed on, and the determination was to put it into execution at once. However, one day,

to my great astonishment, he told me, had been hesitating as it regarded writing to Miss Holmes, and the cause of this hesitancy he soon informed me, arose from conversation he had with Mr. Wilks, which he related to me, and which is as follows. Speaking of Miss Holmes, Mr. Wilks said, "She went down to her father give her? why not above thousand pounds; and what is that? you will have a young family, and he depends on your people! Now here is the sum at Petersfield, she has got from six thousand pounds. No one to ask leave! No family! You will have enough to depend upon, and you will be independent of people, and can do as you like."

In the substance of the conversation that followed between them, as related by Mr. Wilks, and let him deny it if it be possible, I represented to him his preference of a young lady to a widow, particularly, as marrying a widow, who was much older than himself, without some personal attractions, while she, possessing a large fortune, would subject him to the censures of the church and the world, would begin to question the purity of his motives, which perhaps might render usefulness abortive. Besides possessing a beautiful young lady (*I thought then, she was, for I never had seen her,*) I observed, her father is in wealthy circumstances,

will probably give you something with her, which expectations are sufficient to counterbalance the widow's purse. These arguments, honestly and affectionately, yet powerfully and vehemently pressed by me, Mr. Reed related to Mr. Wilks. He was obstinate; however, my reasoning prevailed, and it was now settled that Mr. Reed should marry Miss Holmes; and as she was under age, it was thought most decorous that the marriage should be inclosed to her father. This was done, and in the communication to him Mr. Reed made out a pretty good tale, as regarded his income, prospects and position; in which grand aggregate he did not forget to include his library, which I may say Mr. H. recollects. The tale was well told, but Mr. Holmes was an old bird; and was not, as we say in York, to be caught with chaff. He had, notwithstanding, higher views for his daughter than a country minister. He returned the letter, and forbid the correspondence *in toto*. But he was of so high an origin. He is a kind of man, and as to business, he had been a cheesemonger in Newgate Street; so, if regarded rank and origin they were on a level; yet Seneca, I should think, according to your elegant novelist's account of him, would have preferred the crockery to the cheesemonger's shop; as "of all smells, none is the best smell." And I notice this, as often thought Mr. Holmes assumed too much

In the hasty refusal he sent to Mr. Reed ; but since I have seen his daughter, I thoroughly applaud the bounce he took, as I have no doubt he thought it was *cash*, and not his daughter, Mr. Reed was anxious for. I was quite astonished at the indifferent manner this negative was received ; and much surprised that he was so easily pacified ; but then I was judging from my own feelings, and not from observing the conduct of cool and cautious calculators. But my surprise arose to astonishment, when I found that the same *inkstand* had not wanted *replenishing*, nor was a new pen required, only the same one cutting and nibbing, to enable him to write to the widow, in expressions of *love* the most *ardent*, and in terms the most *adoring*. In fact, the letter he had written to Miss Holmes underwent but very little alteration, (although the widow was nearly double her age,) and then despatched in regular course.

This affair however, was proceeded in with caution. As soon as Mr. Wilks became acquainted with Mr. Holmes's refusal, he renewed the business about Mrs. Cave-Reed was ordered at once to write to her, which he did, but she refused him. At this Mr. Reed was somewhat chagrined, as Mr. Wilks had told him she was in love with him ; and "that he could have her by holding up his finger," all of which Mr. Reed believed, as he fell into the common

error of most vain young men, who think they can have any woman merely by asking. When Reed took the answer to Mr. Wilks, he sent him back for a copy of his own letter. What! (exclaimed this acute physiognomist) do you call this a *love-letter*! why it is like *milk and water*! It won't do to write this way. Cool, calculating, whim-wam stuff! Why an old man like me would not write in that way! I will write to her, and you must write again." Reed used to relate the conversations to me; and I have no doubt, whatever Reed may aver to the *contrary*, that Mr. Wilks will do me the justice to say it is *substantially correct*. Mr. Wilks did write to her, and a pretty letter it was. Almost immediately *after the receipt of it*, she went to a friend's of mine at Portsea, a particular acquaintance of her's (at whose request I forbear at present to mention many particulars relative to this courtship and other things she has told me,) saying she was almost hunted down by Mr. Wilks to have Reed, but she did not want to marry; and she shewed her Mr. Wilks's letter, which was at once a *severe admonition* to her, and an excuse why his protege's ungallant mode of writing, notwithstanding it was in Mr. Wilks's *blunt characteristic style*. The following words I dare say she recollects: "You are a *fool*:—And as for Reed he is a *Lump of Piety*." Reed

made his second attack, just after this admonitory and soothing epistle of Mr. Wilks. However, now they could not shake the widow's fortitude ; she was neither to be frightened by Mr. Wilks's appellations, nor soothed by Mr. Reed's dictated assumption of *dying love, overwhelming disappointment, inconsolable sorrow, or imperishable and unhealable wounds.* Nor was she to be beaten into consent by the powerful arm of this mighty *spiritual Ajax* ; nor won by all the winning strains of a youth, who, although the vanity of a *Narcissus* united to that of *Niobe* were concentrated in him, now approached this wealthy widow with the professed ardour of a *Leander*. *What inspiration does not wealth engender !* In proof of the correctness of my assertions as it regards her conduct to them ; and to shew how early after Mr. Holmes's refusal, these *disinterested and overwhelming tenders of affection* were offered at the feet of the widow, I quote two passages from two letters to me on the death of my brother, which will be published in their proper place. In the first of these letters dated March 25, 1812, he puts, "N. B. Have received a letter from Mrs. C——," and in his second letter to me, dated April 9, 1812, in answer to my question, Whether it was an acceptance or a refusal of his tenders, he says, "But to your question, the letter from Petersfield is only a confirmation of Mr.

Wilkes;" which of course I knew was a negative, as he had made me acquainted with the contents of Mrs. Cave's letter to Mr. Wilks previous to my leaving London. I cannot refrain from again calling the reader's attention to the very laconic and indifferent manner in which he speaks of this refusal.

As it regards myself, to the conclusion of this year I have little to say, excepting that, in consequence of Mr. Reed's being settled at New Road, it led me into extra expences on his account. So that I might unite the young people, and as his friend also to keep up my scale of respectability, I subscribed to almost every thing connected with his chapel, such as the Sunday-school, the evening lecture, and for a regular seat in the chapel distinct from the lecture, the Benevolent Society, the Missionary Society, the Book Society, &c.

By these Associations and connexions my attention was in some measure kept to religion; at least to its forms; but its consolations were gone. In my conduct, however, I was very different from what is related in "No Fiction," from pp. 137—168, which brings it up to the death of my brother; and as I shall publish the two letters Mr. Reed wrote to me on that occasion, I will leave my readers to judge if the letters bear any affinity either to the account previously, or to the fictitious letter from pp. 176—181, Vol. i.

Before I relate the facts, I would just notice what an extraordinary inventive power this reverend author possesses; not only for creating falsities, but for exactly accommodating them to answer his own purpose; and to carry on his wonderful fiction, he invariably makes even Providence come in to his aid. After having detailed an infamous account (on which I shall say more in the proper place) of a supper that was given to me, my being *put to bed drunk*, &c. he makes *God kill my brother* to reclaim me; p. 168. Now will the reader think it credible that my brother had been *dead fourteen months previous to this supper*? His own letters compared with the *real documents* which I shall publish, will prove it.

As my brother's death makes a conspicuous figure in "No Fiction," I shall pass now to that period. He was my youngest brother, and my only relation in London excepting my brother Robert; his name was William. There is nothing particular relative to him worth noticing. But perhaps, it may lead to serious reflection in others of a similar age to be informed, that he was snatched from mortal hopes, joys and expectations, at the early age of *twenty-one*, and after an illness of no more than ten days; he having, only about a fortnight previously met a few friends to celebrate his coming of age! "Be ye also ready!" He breathed his soul into the hands of his Cre-

tor in the adjoining room to the one in which I am now writing, in March 1812, and I trust I shall not be chargeable with vanity, so conspicuously shewa by my biographer of puffing off his living relations, in simply stating, that, during his illness he was treated with the utmost attention by my brother Robert, who spared no expense in procuring the best medical aid this metropolis affords, soothing his sorrows by his own personal attention, and administering with his own hands the prescribed medicine, in the hope that he might by a strict attention to the prescriptions, hold one, on whom, from his being the youngest, he doated as a brother and a son. The will of heaven, however was, "Thou shalt no longer stay," and my brother Robert's sorrow for his loss, only found consolation in the consciousness that he had neglected no means, either possible or probable, by which hope could be held out for his restoration to health.

On the day of his death I left London for Knaresborough. This was suggested by my brother, as being the most likely means of consoling and sustaining my mother under so unexpected and so severe a trial. With her, by the indulgence of my superiors in office, I remained a month. My brother, a few days after my departure, buried William at Sevenoaks in Kent, at his own expense; for (notwithstanding what that fabricating gentleman, the Rev. A. Reed states to the contrary)

neither himself nor I had any money—our parents after the first year or two; the time we left home; and we even took some little things that were outstanding against William, so that they should cause no additional sorrow to that which ~~this~~ occasioned.

While at Knaresborough I received the following letters from the Rev. Mr. Reed, the dates of which will show ~~himself~~, how true that ~~astonishing~~ it is, of my going on "the second evening of my stay there," to see "nurse Grand," but more particularly ~~her~~ after his own of "the third and last evening" is, which states, "that I bent my footsteps to the walk which my friend Douglas ~~and~~ self had so fully enjoyed," and which previously "avoided, as I knew it would affect me painfully;" and when, after an astonishing rhapsodical soliloquy, the moment when I was in the midst of it, exclaiming, "O Douglas! could you see me, how altered would you find me! ~~a~~ thing without hope, without joy, a ~~w~~ailing—a—yes,—a drunkard!" p. 174 i. "I heard a rustling among copse behind me, I turned, and (what think reader did I see? not a lamb, not "a ~~re~~lamb in the thickets," not a poacher, some of whom a common-sense man would expect; nor these, however, would have done for a ~~na~~reader; therefore) Douglas stood before me,

175. On this astonishingly miraculous  
or nothing but a miraculous interposition  
of Providence could have placed him before  
me and the next instant two hundred miles  
(and in London) and coincidental account  
from pp. 169—176, I shall have to offer  
some observations in the Review; and I only  
now, in passing, just request the reader to  
compare the following *real* letters with the  
*felicitous extract of one*, as given from pp.  
176—181, from which he will form his esti-  
mate of what my conduct at that period was.  
I however, just observe, that for the *first*  
*fortnight* I was at Knaresborough, *I never*  
*left the house*, and afterwards, till I returned  
in the middle of April, scarcely at any  
time more than two hours at once.

MR. F. BARNETT, Knaresborough.

*London, March 25, 1812.*

My Dear Francis,

Our folks informed me on my  
return home on Monday, that you requested  
a letter from me. I do not offer this as  
assigning the origin; although it may have  
had some influence in *accelerating* the applica-  
tion of pen to paper. I hope this will find  
you in some measure recovered from fatigue  
of body and that distress of mind to which  
occurrences have necessarily exposed. You  
will perceive what I am now feeling; that  
there is a difficulty attendant on writing  
you under present circumstances. The bare

attempt of applying a remedy, reminds us that we have a wound, and makes us "alive" to those pains which seemed to have received mitigation. But as the very arrival of a letter, at this time, will effect this by your anticipations, may I advise you not to yield too much to the force of sorrow. Your sorrows can do no good; they may do harm. And is there not every reason, as Christians, for resisting their influence? Is it not ours always to say, "Whatever is, is right."—"All is well."—Can we dictate to Infinite wisdom?—*Ought we to control asserted sovereignty?*—Ought we to doubt of immutable love? Forgive me my friend; I know with some degree of indignation you will say, "God forbid;" but I was only referring to the oblique consequences of unbelief; an evil very likely to tyrannize in the hour of calamity. You will not think that I am becoming the partisan of insensibility. This is not probable whilst I am daily yielding to too great an indulgence of feeling. I fully believe that Christianity increases the sharpness of feeling, and renders humanity itself more humane; but whilst it does this, it places feeling under the direction of the judgment, and hence, at the time the heart is bleeding beneath some bereavement, the reason submissively says, "Thy will be done." As antidotes to your sorrow, may I recommend reading the Word: study of Divine providence; comparison of

line with eternity ; and frequent approaches  
to a throne of grace ?

You will be as ready to allow, as myself, that such seasons should be fraught with practical improvement ; and perhaps you have been much more on the alert than I, in impressing on the mind those *practical* lessons which spring from the event. We must admit the truth as well as admire the beauty of Young's line on a friend's death ;

"For us they sicken, and for us they die."

And surely we must tremble, at their deaths occurring for our benefit, and yet we remaining unprofited ! O my dear friend, how much I wish that those impressions and views I possess at dying beds, would remain with me and regulate my conduct and conversation ! What different persons should we be ! How little the world ! How precious the Saviour ! How important eternity ! How valuable the soul ! How ignoble our earthly anxieties ! How contemptible earthly enjoyments ! But, alas ! the liquid waters do not sooner efface the impression made by the floating vessel, than the *print* of these salutary convictions wears away ! But even these miscarriages I would convert into a cause of humiliation, and as a reason for supplicating that grace, which is adequate to *make* and *preserve* all suitable impressions. I should be extremely happy in obtaining a very, very long letter from

you : perhaps your situation will allow you time for this ; and you will certainly be eased by committing your feelings to writing. A question in one of mine from Reading could receive your attention, you would grant me. I do most sincerely hope your grandmother will be supported : say all the kind things you can, and your feelings will add Tell me how she received the shock.

Yours, in unbroken bonds,

ANDREW REED,

N. B. Have received a letter from Mr. C—.

MR. F. BARNETT, Knaresborough.

*London, April 9, 1812.*

My Very Dear Friend,

I thank you for the copious epistle you have been kind enough to forward to me, and as there are some parts of its contents to which you request my notice and reply, I shall dismiss it paragraph by paragraph.

I am extremely glad to hear your grandmother (of whom you know I am fond) bears her sore trial like a Christian ; and sincerely hope it arises from Christian principles. O talk to her much on these subjects. The vanity of the world and the uncertainty of life should excite us to this. Pray give her assurance of my kind esteem ; and dont forget our quondam friend, Mr. Parr.

But to your questions. *The letter from Petersfield is only a confirmation of Mr.*

Wiles's. I am engaged to go to Reading, in June, for three or four Sabbaths. Our congregation, I am happy to say, is as good as ever. Last Sabbath evening I improved the death of Dr. Van der Kemp, and had a crowded house. *The Sunday-school goes on well; but we want you sadly. Nothing can be heard of your declining office.*

I believe I may pronounce my health better : riding is the means. I have a new horse, and can now dispense with my whip and spurs. My little gentleman is gone to face Buonaparte.

Thus I have endeavoured to satisfy all your inquiries, although you have declined at present to answer mine : I am delighted with your reasons for it, as illustrative of your principles ; but think they should by no means *create that silence you now observe.* My dear friend, have we the powers of communication ? On what should we communicate so cheerfully as on spiritual and divine subjects.

Pray write directly, and let us know when we are to expect you. *I am anxious to get you home.* I am now shillingless, but manage by borrowing of Mamma, and while I am so, have an excuse for getting my monies from the students. Wont trouble you for a check.

Yours, most affectionately,

ANDREW REED.

16\*

Death, at any time, is awfully distressing; but when he strikes his dart at the young and the healthy, it generates, or ought to generate an inquiry in all, "Am I prepared to meet my God?" But however strange may view the stroke, when he enters the habitation of our friends and relations, hard and impenetrable as the human heart is, he must make an impression on them; but his operative influence is in accordance to the views each individual has of that "world of spirits," whither our departed friends are gone.

On the death of my brother, a thousand thoughts rushed into my mind, which generated gloomy reflections. My soul was overwhelmed with darkness, and seemed *impervious to any blow*, which, under different circumstances might have had a beneficial influence, from a thorough conviction that I was *reprobated*. And instead of turning my thoughts to the consolations of religion, and the hopes held out in the Gospel, they were impiously turned into a retrospective wish that I had died at his early age; as *then*, I recollect saying to myself, no gloomy forebodings penetrated my mind, and, by anticipation plunged me into eternal woe. A strict regard to truth compels me thus fairly to give the real state of my mind then; and I relate it to shew how powerfully nature and religion work on the human mind, even in opposition to the spe-

native sentiments of the Necessitarians, which I had been taught. Nor can I conceive that an opposite state of mind is indicative of any thing but insanity ; for surely every man must be insane, who concludes that even whilst he is living, he is shut out from all hope of the favour of God, when his own declarations in his Word, our only guide, are so clearly expressive to the contrary.

Now, that I am restored to my senses, (for how long, the great God of heaven and earth only knows,) or, more correctly stating it, to a proper sense of God, and a more scriptural view of his moral government, I cannot but look with amazement at the inconsistency of my feelings and views at that period ; because, if it could be supposed, that every *act of man* is ordained as well as his state, it is not only *folly* but *insanity* to repine. Nay, it becomes almost impious, as it appears like questioning the wisdom of God's arrangements and plans. Therefore a repining and sorrowful Necessitarian *cannot be* ; and the only consistent men are the fatalists and stoics. Some of those characters have come under my notice, who live up to what they call their privileges, and even pretend to draw *consolation* from their *mishaps* and *declensions*, by resolving all into the decrees of God. But however some of them may retain their *firmness of hope*, when they have departed from the moral

law of God, and may be the subjects of joy even in their fall : yet chequered, gloomy and desponding as my life has been, I had rather be subject to increased gloom, than presumptive speculation ; thinking, as I do, that a state of penitence, sorrow and dependence, which generates prayer and circumspection, preferable to a state of delusive hope. In the ears of some such, I would just whisper a verse of Cowper, who, I have no doubt, does not now regret his trials and sufferings when on earth.

" Come—a still small whisper in your ear,  
He has no hope, who never had a fear ;  
And he that never doubted of his state,  
He *may* perhaps—perhaps he *may* too late."

Oppressed and bowed down as I was almost to the grave, yet I sometimes thought, Why, I am not dead, and perhaps *yet* the Spirit of God may operate upon me. At all events I will keep in the path of duty ; and if I do not pray, I will at least attend the preaching of the Gospel : but then this shall be all. I will not act the hypocrite. I will give up the Sunday-schools both at Enfield Highway, and at Mr. Reed's at New Road, where I attended the alternate Sundays when I was at home.

Acting on the state of my feelings, I wrote Mr. Reed my intention of resigning his Sunday-school ; in reply to which in the pre-

eeding letter of the 9th of April, he says, "The Sunday-school goes on well; but we want you sadly. Nothing can be heard of your declining office." Yet I should think the reader will agree with me, that, had my conduct been such as described by my biographer at the period of *my brother's death* and *previously*; had I been that dreadfully degraded individual he wishes the world to think, it would have been more proper for him to have advised me to withdraw from the Sunday-school, in which I was connected with the young females of his church, than to have said, when I proposed it from the state of my feelings, and not from my conduct, "Nothing can be heard of your declining." But although I retained my situation in his school, as secretary, at his particular request, in which capacity I was not called upon to take any religious part; yet in the following May, I sent my resignation to the Rev. Mr. Platt, the kind and indefatigable secretary of the London Itinerant Society, which it is probable this reverend gentleman may recollect, whose testimony would confirm the fact, although he could not be aware of the cause. To this resignation Mr. Reed did not object, but rather urged, as he thought it would enable me, which actually was the case, to devote the whole of my Sundays to his school.

As I wish to be as brief as possible, I pass over the remainder of this year, as nothing

particular transpired, excepting that Mr. Reed renewed his correspondence; and, that his "addressees were accepted," not by Miss Holmes; but by Mrs. Cave, of Petersfield.

Page 216, Vol. i. "No Fiction," closes Mr. Reed's account of us for the year 1812. The year 1813 opens at the xvi. chap. p. 216, and begins by stating, "In the ensuing spring, *Douglas* was called to suffer great domestic trials." That this chapter commences with the year 1813, he puts beyond dispute, as his minute description of our being thrown out of a gig, in May this spring, brings it to demonstration, as I can appeal to living witnesses to substantiate my statements:—to Mr. Gosbell of Chiswell Street, whose gig we were in; to the Rev. Mr. White of Southend in Essex; but who then was supplying at Petersfield; to the Rev. Matthew Wilks; and to his father and mother, I fearlessly refer, in case my statement should be disputed, as it regards the month and the year. And it is of importance for me to call the *particular* attention of the reader to *this* fact, as, according to *his narration of facts*, *it was only* a few months after he brought the serious charge against me, from Plymouth; and I am able in this instance to bring his *narrative* to something like a tangible shape, as he not only puts Plymouth in his letter, p. 210, but also December; the only instance in which he has put *time and place* in his fictions, yet

he has left out the year; but in p. 219, he states, after we had been thrown out of the gig, "*This is the 25th of May.*" That he intended the reader should perfectly understand what he wished himself to be comprehended in this way, is more than substantiated by the following observation at the close of the xv. chap. as will be seen, after he had brought the charge, and just before we were thrown out of the gig; "The *hand* of Providence was once more about to extend itself to *co-operate with Douglas*, in executing his benevolent purpose," p. 216, which he *puts in*, as a *providence co-operating with him* to reclaim me. I have thus been particular, as Mr. Reed, by referring so pointedly and unequivocally to our being thrown out of the gig, has enabled me to bring our narratives close together; and therefore his real letters in this year, must be compared with his fictitious ones, and with his still more than fictitious narrative.

The readers of "No Fiction" will naturally suppose, that "the *domestic trial*," which caused so much "grief," must have been a heavy one; but however heavy it was, as it regards himself, it appears by his own account above, as only secondary in the arrangements of Providence; since from the statement, his "*benevolent purpose*" was to throw me out of a gig, and endanger my life, and Providence was uniting with

him for that purpose. A pretty excuse for the badness and ignorance of his driving, in which his vanity was concerned, as I wanted him, when we started, to let me take the reins. Surely this manner of bringing in Providence to cover our follies, cannot tend to give disbelievers a very high opinion of the judgment of the Dissenting ministers who resort to such expedients, nor does it give any correct views of the moral government of God. The great domestic affliction alluded to, was the indisposition of Mrs. Cave of Petersfield!

I have before stated, that Mr. Reed at the end of the year 1812, renewed his solicitations to Mrs. Cave, and that they now were accepted; and therefore it will naturally be supposed that he spent a portion of his time at Petersfield. But his attention was more than commonly required, as her indisposition assumed rather an alarming appearance at the commencement of 1813; in fact, it was the evidence of a liver complaint, which had some time been lurking in her constitution, and which ultimately brought her to the grave. But however severe the trial might be to him, many persons thought that it would have been more prudent had he not gone there so often. Indeed too much of his time was spent at Petersfield, considering his more *weighty* and *important duties* as a minister of the Gospel; the neglect of which duties became so evident, that several

the members of his church spoke to me of his absence and neglect of duty. Accustomed to give him an outline of the observations I heard made on his absence, and in general to point out to him in strong and forcible language, the *danger* as well as the *impropriety* of neglecting his people; and that he might not take any offence at either *his people*, or his father and mother, I then adopted their observations, and gave them as my own, not being a member of his church. And although I was suffering a martyrdom day by day, in consequence of the mysterious charge he brought against me, (I then felt no anger towards him for bringing it; as he so fully stated to me, and as he has printed in "*No Fiction*," "that it must have arisen from mistake; and wished me to bury it in oblivion;" and this he repeated in the letter, November, 1810.) I could not forget my duty as a friend; and as a *real friend* expressed my fears and apprehensions to him as forcibly as I possibly could. And will not the intelligent and candid reader be *surprised* to find, that, at *this very time*, when he is representing me, in "*No Fiction*," p. 224, as having gone *beyond* the *final* temptation; as having laid hold of hell; and as being so depraved, as to have called into action the miraculous interference of *Providence* to unite with him in reclaiming me; p. 220. I say again, the candid reader surely will be struck with

astonishment, and be led to give evidence to his report, and that of his friends, that I really now am deranged, when I inform them at this very time, I absolutely was my monitor; trying every means in my power to call him to a sense of his duty as minister of the Gospel; hiding from the congregation the real cause of his absence making illness a plea to them; yet urging him to return to his charge, in the most affectionate, yet the most firm way I could. Strange and bold as my assertion is, by the following letter, dated Petersfield, May 14, 1813, it will be substantiated.

*Petersfield, May 14, 1813.*

My Dear Francis,

I am greatly obliged by your letter which I received this morning. Its length, its sentiments and its speed only give a new illustration of what I have never yet been induced to question, for a moment; your attachment for my interests and concern for my welfare.

It now becomes my duty, and will occasion me some degree of pleasure, in attempting to regulate those anxieties you indulge for your friend, or at least affording you that information which the subject will allow. I can then state that things have not been going altogether retrograde since I wrote you. To advance on evidence here, in the first place, I must inform you that my health

greatly improved within these four days. Now sleep tolerably; and have a good degree of appetite which I regard as a kind of evidence, for had I not speedily altered for the better, I must have soon been confined to the house if not to my chamber. Secondly, and perhaps as one principal cause of the former amendment, my mind has arrived at a higher degree of composure. It seems to feel more of the influence of religion, and yet, alas, it feels but too little. I have certainly made some progress in the article of *self-knowledge*. My conflicts have been sharp, but I hope they have been salutary. Thirdly, I hope I have it in my power to state that — is somewhat better. I speak with trembling; I don't know what to say. And yet it is perhaps the feeble hope that, there is some improvement, that I have the resignation of which I have just been vaunting.

*I read the closing parts of yours with great concern. I do this, because, I know not how to regard your advice, good as it is. Nor must you think I am unaware of its importance to myself. But how can I tear myself away from the object of my attachments? Should I, think you, be more happy at a distance? If absolute sorrow were taken, would it not be more than counterbalanced by anxious suspense? I will, however, do my best. What I cannot from inclination, I must do from necessity.*

Next Thursday I must leave, and hope to  
sup with you that evening.

Other duties in the *capacity of nurse*  
(don't be startled at my novel character, so  
you must know I left the Rev. A. Reed in  
London,) now call for my attention.

With thanks for all your kind offices, and  
begging a continuance, especially just now  
in the letter way, as it cheers me, by em-  
ploying my mind,—

I am, my dear friend,

Yours most truly,

ANDREW REED.

In a true and real narrative, it is necessary to be minute and particular in the relation of facts, as well as dates; I am therefore now necessitated to notice the result of the petitions from the office I belonged to alluded to so pointedly in "No Fiction," and in my "Memoirs" in 1810. This, the erroneous statements in "No Fiction" render necessary. I find from some memorandums on the very back of the preceding letter, that on the *very day* I received it from Petersfield, or the day after, a favourable answer was received to our memorials; and I hope the public will exonerate me from the charge of *vanity* in the relation of what followed; which, but for this fictitious writer, would not have been noticed by me. I would, however, just call the reader's particular notice to what I have slightly allu-

ed to before ; the artful sophistry of this writer. He states some of the facts, so that every person could identify me ; and then either throws back these facts, or puts them forward, or unites them and *fills in* his fictions and infamous fabrications to answer his own mean, contemptible and base purpose. Nor is this language too strong ; he cannot have done it from inadvertence ; his motive is known to God, to whom he will have to answer at a day, perhaps not very far distant.

By the letters printed from himself to me, on the death of my brother, it will be seen he died in *March*, 1812. By the following account it will be seen, it was in June, 1813, the cup was presented to me : and, that the *distance* between these *periods* could not have escaped his recollection, is evident, from our being thrown out of the gig in May, 1813, which made such an impression on him, when I was going with him part of the way to Petersfield ; which I did, "at considerable inconvenience to myself," as stated by *him* : and at more inconvenience by going the next day to Petersfield, (which he has *intentionally* neglected stating,) it being in a moment when my attention was required to a business of considerable importance to myself and brother officers. But although this business was of a nature that required my personal presence, yet I went at the risk of offending my col-

legacies; which I did, and which (as was expressed to me by one of the gentlemen) threw a damp on the presentation of the case until I entered into an explanation. Having made these preliminary remarks, I now proceed with my real narrative.

When the list came down, of an additional grant to several of my brother officers, I was, of course, as truly stated by Douglas, "lamented that it was not universal; and especially that I did not share the benefit;" "No Fiction," p. 162, Vol. i. As many of my readers are unacquainted with the regulations of public offices, and are ignorant of the satisfactory, personal explanation which I gave to this reverend *calumniator*, at the very time, might conceive, from his statement, that there was *some unfair division* of the grant, by the heads of office; and particularly as this said gentleman, in the very page where he records this "*lamentation*," casts *some unwarrantable insinuations* on my superiors, which I have already noticed; I beg leave to inform them, that the division of the increase did not rest with the heads of office; nor was it *personal*, but it was given according to the six first numbers of the different classes, by rotation and *length of service*. Nor could any part of it have been given to me, without infringing on the rotation, which rotation never was violated in any one instance, in the office I belonged to, or attempted to be in-

disengaged upon; which fact is highly creditable to the heads of office, as well as a matter of great satisfaction to the clerks, and their friends, as they may rest satisfied, that after they have been fortunate enough in procuring an appointment, there is no danger of any one who is appointed afterwards being put over their head, notwithstanding the interests that *procured* their appointment may have ceased to exist, and those that follow them are the most powerful in the state. This fact makes the statement and reflections of the novelist ridiculous, or rather infamous, for it displays both ignorance and perversity.

To state that I did not feel disappointed at not participating in the grant, would be to relate an untruth; but then my sorrow did not arise from a supposition that I had been *cajoled* by my superiors, as is falsely insinuated by this novelist, in p. 162, Vol. i.; but from the smallness of the grant, over which our superiors had no control. This writer, and many others of a similar stamp, who are actuated, *not* by the fine and generous feelings of uncontaminated human nature, but by a spirit of envy and malevolence against all those who are elevated above them; represent the heads of government offices as endeavouring to thwart the petitions of the subordinate officers; and that the difficulty to their procuring a more adequate remuneration of their services rests

with them; but such statements derive their origin from ignorance and ill will. At least in the public office I belonged to, we encountered no obstacles; but on the contrary, we met with sympathy and aid: and when a meeting was called after we received the answer referred to, to propose a vote of thanks to the heads of office for their kind attention; at this very meeting, about the 17th or 18th of May, so sensible were we of their feeling for our distresses, resolutions were then proposed and carried, that another memorial should be prepared forthwith; relative to the heads of the department giving up *some of their* emoluments, to a certain portion of the more junior part of the establishment. And I record it as an instance of unparalleled disinterestedness, and to shew how different the character of these gentlemen was, to what this mercenary writer has represented, that, although these resolutions, and the solicitation drawn from them to the heads of office *now*, were not for an increase from government; but absolutely for them to give up a portion of their emoluments, which were derived neither from government, nor from perquisites connected with government, but from employing a capital at their own risk in business, in which any one can embark: yet our representation, although of so novel a nature, so far from being treated with indifference, was taken into serious consideration immediately, and

a plan was proposed by *themselves*, and came into operation before I left, whereby emoluments which previously were confined to six, will, in the course of a few years extend to between thirty and forty. An account of this voluntary and liberal surrender of a portion of their emoluments, was laid before Parliament last year; and this noble and generous trait, this ancient virtue in modern times, will be handed down to posterity, for ages beyond the life of the Rev. Andrew Reed and his Fiction; yet "*his works will follow him.*" This the Rev. Andrew Reed knew, that we were all particularly wanted in this business, as there necessarily required some strong arguments, and powerful appeals to induce a class of men to give up a part of their income to those who had no claim except that of brotherhood, and being in the same office; which, however, after a time was accomplished. In corroboration of this account I just insert a letter from one of my brother officers, who wrote to me at Petersfield, in reply to one I sent him, when I was obliged to employ the pen of the Rev. Mr. White.

## (EXTRACT.)

May, 1813.

Dear Barnett,

I am sorry to find by the letter I received this morning, that the effects of

your accident are so bad as to disable you from writing. I was indeed afraid that you were not aware of the extent of the mischief when I saw you. I would advise you to remain quiet where you are for some days, if you can have the benefit of good advice and nursing, which are particularly necessary if you feel any internal bruises; although you are much wanted here to assist in a business which I think will require not a little address and perseverance. You will therefore get back as soon as you can with safety. Your colleagues went up to-day. Many anxious inquiries have been made after you.\*

\* Andrew Reed, this letter you saw when at Petersfield, and you knew all that it referred to, and spoke highly of the disinterestedness of my brother officers. How durst you then, as a professed minister of the Gospel, write of them in the way you have done? Let me give you a word of advice. You have got four hundred a year stated salary at New Road. You have got an estate at Epsom which you bought of your friend Andrew Burt. You have got a house, garden, and a lawn which you convert into a bowling-green and shrubbery, at Cheshunt (which you told me yourself you had purchased,) fit for any country squire, and which, as you informed me, was let for ten pounds a month, previously to your purchasing it. What money you have got in the funds and otherwise, besides additional prospects, I know not; and care not; but let me just refer you to this conduct of my brother officers, whom you have *infamously and shamefully traduced*, and now call your attention to your brother labourers in the ministry, many of whom, by an account in the Evangelical Magazine, have with families only £60, £50, and £40 per annum. Learn generosity and goodness from the example of those you have traduced and who

, Justice compels me now to notice the part pursued towards me by my brother officers; and this is rendered necessary, as this reverend gentleman, to set off and sell his wondrous tale, has given a *partly real* and an *infamously fictitious* account of them, as the real statement will shew.

Shortly after our general meeting to return thanks for the attention and aid we had received from our superior officers, and when the resolutions alluded to were proposed, I was informed, that there was a meeting of those, (which did not exceed eighteen) who had derived benefit from the grant, to propose some mark of testimony to me. The Chairman informed me of the result of this meeting, and that I was to hold myself in readiness to meet them at a supper, when a token of respect would be presented to me. Reed returned from Petersfield a few days after he wrote the preceding letter, and in the very week after the meeting relative to myself took place. On his return, he told me he would remain *two Sabbaths*, which would satisfy his people, and then go down again to Petersfield, for a *fortnight*. Notwithstanding the engagements referred to in the forementioned letter, which were of importance to us at that period; and notwithstanding

never injured you. Give what it costs you weekly for post-chaise to and from Cheshunt, and that would cheer the hearts of several of your brother ministers, and their families!

standing I had communicated to him the very handsome testimonial my brother officers were about to present to me; and the necessity of my not being out of the way; yet he *pressed* me to accompany him to Petersfield. The reason of his thus *pressing* me, was *not* that I might have a pleasant jaunt with him; and recruit my health; or that when I got there I was to go to Mrs. Cave's; no, but quite the contrary; it arose entirely from selfishness, as the following *true statement* will shew, which I call upon him to *contradict* if he can. Sensible that an appeal to my assistance would be available, he threw off some of his real abstraction and *secrecy*, but only so far, as to insure my complying with his *then* unreasonable request; nor is this language either incorrect or too strong; for what he makes his fictitious Wallis say of him in p. 111, Vol. i. is so true a description of himself, that every person, even his friends and enemies will unite in giving him credit for having in this instance, drawn his own portrait *fairly*. "I suppose I have to blame Mr. Douglas for robbing me of a friend. He is a **CRAFTY** fellow, he knows how to hold a friend, and he's a lucky fellow to meet with such a friend as you."

On his return, after the preceding letter, he informed me Mrs. Cave was not *so bad* as some persons supposed; and he thought a change of air, and a little exercise would

soon recruit her, so that he should be able to marry her in a few months. And, when married, he intended to keep his horse and gig, and live a few miles out of town, it being not only more pleasant; but would prevent the calls and visits of his people; he should like to try if his gelding, "a spirit-ed creature," as he calls him would run in a gig; if so, he would borrow a chaise, and drive him down to Petersfield, and take Mrs. C. about the country for a fortnight. His *object*, however, was to be *kept secret*. Yet he said he did not like to drive his horse down at a risk, and should, before he started, like to have him tried. Mr. Cason's man; at whose stable Mr. Reed's horse stood *in my name*, (for a purpose which I afterwards found out, but which I shall not mention, as the relation would be injurious to dissenting ministers in the event of another war, and which relation would shew Mr. Reed had not attended to the command of his Lord and Master; Matt. xxii. 21. "*Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's,*" ) all the time he lived at Chiswell Street, and myself tried him in a break, and we found that he would go in a gig, but would require a good deal of management and caution. Of this I informed Mr. Reed, and stated to him the impropriety of driving Mrs. Cave out with a horse like him, *in the dangerous state she was in*, when he informed me she was not timorous, nor

so ill as to be unable to ride out with him. When he found that the horse would draw pretty quietly, he sent to hire a gig of Mr. Gosbell of Chiswell Street, for which he was to pay so much per week. He now stated that as his horse had only been tried one day, he was fearful of going through London with him by himself, and would be much obliged to me, if I could get leave of absence for a day or two, and go with him about half way, if not the whole, to Petersfield; in which distance we should be able to see how he went, and if it would be safe to trust the weighty (bullion weight I mean) and infirm widow behind him.

Although I could not go the whole of the way, that I might evince my friendship and allay his fears, I procured one of my brother officers (all of whom, not only then, but previously and afterwards, were ever ready to oblige me) to undertake by the permission of my superiors, the duty for two days, agreeing to go with him, at least as far as Cobham; and return the next day. On the 25th of May, 1813, (I suppose it was the 25th, at least it was within a day or two of it) we had the horse and gig brought round to Fore Street, about eight o'clock in the morning. Before we got in, I wished Reed to let me drive, as I told him it was dangerous for a *good driver* to pass the narrow streets with a strange horse. However he objected to this, as he thought he was an

*excellent driver*, (he is concealed in every thing) and said he could drive as well as me or better, and that besides, he wanted to practise driving now. When he got in I told him to be careful, and hold the reins so as not to give the horse play ; but he unfortunately forgot my advice, or rather did not heed it. In turning the corner of Wood Street he gave the horse a slack rein, and "the smacking" of some "whip" (I do not know whether it was a "carman's" or not) as stated by him, set the horse off, so that, it was impossible from the power he had got to hold him in. The account of this disastrous accident from pp. 217, 218, Vol. i. is substantially correct, excepting a little error about Mr. Russell, which it is proper I should just set right before I proceed.

Mr. Reed states, p. 219, "Mr. Russell came into the room, Ah ! my dear James ! taking his hand, Well ! God moves in a mysterious way—judgment and mercy—but let us acknowledge them on our knees. They knelt round the bed, and the venerable man offered up suitable thanksgivings and prayer to the great Preserver." This, I believe, is nearly true ; but will the reader believe, that the person who said this, and offered up this prayer, was not his father, but the Rev. Matthew Wilks, sen. of the Tabernacle ? (but perhaps he will say he means Mr. Russell for Mr. Wilks) and a very good prayer the old gentleman

~~offered up~~; but whether "the tear of affection and piety moistened his cheeks" or not "while" he prayed, I cannot tell; as, since I have read Dr. Watts's excellent work on Prayer, I have always *closed my eyes* when uniting in so solemn a worship.

The following *real* account of him and myself after that *prayer* to the end of the year should be inserted in "No Fiction" from pp. 220 to the end of Vol. i. instead of that *false, cruel, ungenerous, and unchristian account given* of me; and which is the *more infamous, as*, according to *his own statement*, I had only just before *risked my life for him, even to the preservation of his own*. To his own father and mother—to the Rev. Matthew Wilks—(who, I really think, after he has read my real account of this and other things, will shed a tear for me, a real, genuine tear,) to Mr. Gosbell of Chiswell Street—to the Rev. Mr. White, the Dissenting minister, at Southend in Essex, but who then was supplying at the chapel at Petersfield; and who dressed Mr. Reed's wounds at the widow's, and then mine at the Dolphin Inn every day while we stopped at Petersfield; nay, to *himself*, I again fearlessly refer the candid reader, as it regards the truth of the following *real* statement of this year, a corroboration of which, in the absence of such an inquiry, will be found in the *tenor* of his letters compared with his account.

After Mr. Wilks had concluded his prayer, he turned to me (Mr. Reed was in bed) and said, "What's to be done now—he must go down—recollect Mrs. Cave, poor thing;" I reasoned with him on the danger of his going down in the state he was in, and objected to it, as did also his father and mother, *Mr. and Mrs. Russell.* Mr. Wilks said, "Cannot you go with him?" I told him it would be inconvenient to me, for I was unable to attend to the duties of my office in consequence of my arm being disabled, yet my tongue and head would be wanted; but if he must go at all risks, I would accompany him. He said, "Well, he must go;" and after a great deal of *pro* and *con* it was agreed, in the event of his being able, that we should go off at six o'clock in the morning; and places immediately were taken accordingly. The next morning we left, and I, at great risk of my life, *went outside of the coach* to Petersfield with him, for fear of his being taken ill on the road, or on his return; and, independently of the danger to my health, as may be seen by his own statement, and by the preceding letter, subjecting myself to the displeasure of my brother officers, who justly remarked, that although *my arm was tied up* neither *my brains nor my tongue was*, which were all they then wanted of me from my personal attendance.

On our arrival at Petersfield, Mr. Reed went to the widow's, and I went to the Dolphin Inn, where I remained at considerable expense nearly a week ; for although it was *on his account* that I went down, yet, *as Mr. White can testify*, I never, during the whole time, was invited to Mrs. Cave's house. This accident—expenses to and from Petersfield—at Petersfield—paying for having my duty performed by substitute, &c. cost me from £10 to £15. Yet although occasioned by his bad driving in the first instance, and in the second, at the voluntary risk of my life, and although his income then was nearly *four times* the amount of mine, without the *deductions* to which I was subject, yet he suffered me to pay the whole of my expenses and even took a five-pound note back from me at my Quarter-day in July, which I borrowed of him to pay my coach-hire to and from Petersfield, as his mother, who cannot but recollect the circumstance, was short of cash at that time, and I had not a sufficiency. And I would just note here, that I cannot recount the number of journies I have taken and expenses I have incurred to oblige him : twice or three times to Reading ; once in company with Mr. Brooks, when we absolutely paid *between us* for a horse for him to ride on, &c. ; and many other places ; yet I defy him to prove I ever had a pound of him, in repayment ; or even a pound *loan*, except

big fourteen pounds which I borrowed of him at the death of my brother William, in March 1812, that I might not trouble *my* mother for any money; and which I repaid him on the 14th of April, on my return, when I received my quarter's salary. Gratitude and thanks, however, have undergone a complete revolution since the mighty birth of the Rev. Andrew Reed; and

Ingratitude, a marble-hearted fiend  
More horrible than a sea monster,

as expressed by Shakspeare, has been ravaging the peaceful and generous bosoms of unsuspecting man. It ought as another *memento* of Mr. Reed's gratitude to be related here, that, when the accident happened, he was taken into a gentleman's warehouse in Wood Street, was treated by him with every mark of kindness and attention, and that afterwards, this gentleman sent frequently to our house to inquire after his health, for which kindness and attention, Mr. Gosbell told me, in December last, this gentleman had stated in company only a few days before, that Mr. Reed has never returned him even the civility of thanks to the present day.

The week after I returned from Petersfield, I was invited in form to the supper alluded to in "No Fiction," on the following Saturday evening. As I had of course no control, voice or choice in the selection

of the evening, I could not object to th night; however, I determined on leaving by half past eleven o'clock, to which resolution I strictly adhered. As Mr. Reed has given so false and unjust account of this supper, an account so infamously untrue, as to place him in a light the most degrading in the eyes of every candid and liberal man, who has become acquainted with the facts, even in the eyes of his own friends, who scarcely can believe him to have acted so base a part in justice to myself and others, I am bound to contradict it. The truth of those facts which I shall relate, I can substantiate by forty witnesses, and by his own father and mother, as well as others of my own friends, which I will certainly do, if his conduct compels me to go into a court of justice to call him to account for this and more grievous and dangerous libels.

In the mean time I most sincerely request and entreat some such Dissenting ministers as the Rev. Messrs. Claytons, Burder, Colby, Cox, Cloutt, &c. to call upon Mr. Reed in writing to say whether the account given by him of this supper, and the reflections on my brother officers from pp. 163—166, Vol i. "No Fiction," is not *completely a fabrication*, excepting that part which refers to the presentation of the cup, &c. (which he calls a medal;) and if my following account is not correct. I thus appeal to these reverend gentlemen, *not on my own personal*

account; but as it regards religion, and particularly the religion of the Dissenters; this work of "No Fiction" having done immense harm to the character of the reallyious ministers of that order; for since it has been ascertained that "No Fiction" was written by a Dissenting minister, and has been sanctioned by the great body of the same denomination, those gentlemen who invited me to the supper, and their connexions, who had been held up so impro-  
perly to public ridicule, have not been sparing in their observations on a minister, who could traduce them in a pretended religious work, and on those who could sanction such fabrications, nor can it be expected that they will be very mild in their remarks, to which they have been goaded by insult and injury. While making this appeal, I beg leave to inform any of the reverend gentlemen whom I have taken the liberty of naming, or any other reverend gentleman whom I have not named, that I am ready, and will with pleasure at their request, any time wait upon them personally, and shew all the original documents, and answer any questions which they may be pleased to put, as it regards this or *any thing else* in "No Fiction;" and that I am ready to meet the Rev. Andrew Reed before the *whole* or *any part* of the Dissenting ministers in London, at any time with my documents, and in vindication of my statements, and will not ask the

favour of being permitted to have one friend to accompany me; being satisfied that I shall find one in every generous and candid gentleman present.

At half past nine o'clock about forty-four of my brother officers sat down to supper after supper the following resolutions, which had passed at a previous meeting, were presented to me.

At a meeting of the clerks \_\_\_\_\_ deriving immediate relief by the arrangement of salaries, May, 1813.

\_\_\_\_\_ Esq. in the Chair.

Resolved,

That this meeting in grateful recollection of the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Francis Barnett, in preparing the several memorials to the \_\_\_\_\_, since November, 1810, praying for increase of salary, mindful too of his persevering endeavours and appeals by which he has been the means of uniting and energizing his brother officers, do offer him our sincere thanks. And although we cannot attempt to remunerate Mr. Francis Barnett for those exertions, we should not do justice to our feelings in suffering the present opportunity to escape, without presenting him with some lasting testimony of our gratitude.

Resolved,

That a silver cup, value twenty-five guineas, be presented to Mr. Francis Barnett, and that he be invited to partake of a supper with the gentlemen composing this meeting, when it shall be presented.

Then follow the names, and the cup with the following inscription :

"As a testimony of the high opinion entertained by his brother officers of the conduct of Mr. Francis Barnett, during a course of continued and indefatigable exertion for their welfare, and as a memorial of their grateful esteem ; this Cup was presented by those who benefitted by his zeal in their behalf, 1813."

This valuable present was accompanied with an appropriate speech from the gentleman who had been in the chair when the resolutions had been passed, and who of course now took the chair at the supper, but whom I believe Mr. Reed *never saw*. He is equal to Mr. Reed in talent, superior to him in integrity and generosity, and strictly moral and regular in his deportment. It is to this gentleman, whose name to Mr. Reed is unknown, and who is still in the office, that the reverend novelist has applied and fixed the infamous character of Wallis, which

character in *toto* is as much a *fabrication* as his account of the supper.

This present I considered the more valuable, as it was an act of disinterestedness on the part of my brother officers, having no difficulties to contend with in our superiority; and it was more grateful to me, as it arose from a spontaneous feeling, and when no further service from me was anticipated, which renders the testimony more honourable and noble to themselves. Had they however, been of a similar disposition to their reverend traducer, they would have pocketed all the arrears and presented me with a bare letter of thanks. No one can draw up such a token better than himself. But I much doubt if he ever gave a guinea away in his life from a principle of benevolence, though it cannot be denied that his name has been registered in several public charities.

The speech and the presentation, with my reply, occupied a considerable portion of our time, till I believe eleven o'clock; so that in the interim I do not think more than two glasses of wine each were drunk. After this, I believe I took two glasses more, one of which being mixed with water; and left at a quarter or half past eleven o'clock, and went home to Chiswell Street, *his own father*, Mr. Russell opened the door to me at a quarter before twelve o'clock, when I sat and chatted with him for some time, during which, he particularly observed to me, that I had done very

want to get away so soon on such an occasion. Next morning, being Sunday, I was up two hours before the Rev. Andrew Reed, which I spent in reading, until I could go into my back room, in which he slept, to dress, and before which, I did not like to disturb him, as he used then to be so fond of his bed, not going down for the last two years he was at Chiswell Street, to family worship with his parents, excepting occasionally when an engagement called him up earlier than usual. After breakfast I walked with him to his chapel, went and checked, ~~as secretary,~~ the attendance of his Sunday-school teachers; then attended his preaching in the chapel; afterwards dined with my friend Mr. Bridgman of New Road, a few doors off his chapel, and returned to his afternoon service, and after tea attended the evening service. In walking to the chapel recollect Mr. Reed saying to me, "I wonder you did not bring the cup home with you." Hence the public will see, that so far from my being so *beastly drunk* as he states, "put to bed in a strange place," &c. that I absolutely did not drink more than four or five glasses of wine; and that his own father opened the door to me, and that I slept at home and walked with this traducing novelist to his own chapel the following morning; nor did my brother officers press me to drink, as I then was ordered to be

very abstemious, it being only about a fortnight after I had been thrown out of the gig, and the least departure from strict temperance would have caused inflammation. I will only refer ministers of the Gospel, but the readers of "No Fiction" in general, to make application to the reverend gentleman himself, or his father or mother, as it regards his account and mine. Some of them, perhaps, have children in public situations; how would they like to have them held up so unjustly and so cruelly to public scorn, as this reverend gentleman has done with my brother officers? Let this plain statement be compared with Mr. Reed's account of the supper in "No Fiction," and the reader will be at no loss to draw his own conclusions of the author from this and other *equally false and more lasting monuments of his folly*.

I pass from the supper, and proceed in my history and connexion with Mr. Reed after we were thrown out of the gig in May, 1812. The author says, in allusion to my confinement arising from this accident, "My better thoughts as if *encouraged by the presence of Douglas* endeavoured to assert their rights," and adds, "as I recovered to my engagements I withdrew from him," and that, "the remains of this year bear no favourable testimony to the career of Lefevre. All his worldly compliances were persevered in, and opened *the way to others of a less questionable character.*" Vol. i. p. 220; and

from that to the end of the chapter I suppose  
means for an account of me to the con-  
clusion of this year. Now instead of with-  
drawing from his presence, Douglas con-  
tinued occupying my room from that time  
October, 1814; and in consequence of  
a Cave, and her removal so near London,  
spent a great deal more time together  
than previously, and from his spending a  
large portion of it with her, his mind was  
distracted from close-thinking and study, and  
all effects of which versatility were evi-  
dent by his barrenness in the pulpit. As  
the year, according to his fictitious account,  
was the climax of my *depravity*; at least, as  
I went on "step by step" from one degree  
of depravity to another, until I not only  
"held on hell," but even *went beyond*  
it according to his account, "no tempta-  
tion is final," pp. 223—224, and as he has  
terribly drawn the picture as to make  
"lynx-eyed in detecting the faults of  
ministers" of the Gospel, p. 222, and  
"skeptical" withal, so that the ministers of  
the Gospel might be terrified from approach-  
ing so horrible a monster, in case they should  
dare to ask me any questions; all of whom,  
he knows, I highly respect and revere, (ex-  
cept such novel-writers as the Rev. Andrew  
Shed, and others of the same stamp, who  
have done more harm to the cause of reli-  
gion than twenty pious men can do good.)  
Let them, as well as the public may form a

proper estimate of the justice of *this minister Lefevre*, and that they may know who were *his associates and companions*, and how he was employed during this awful year, I shall give a *real detailed account* of the remainder of it, and print some of Mr. Reed's letters in corroboration of my statement.

I am induced to give a more detailed account of the *real transactions* of this year. In his "*full justification*,"<sup>12</sup> which he has pledged himself to the public to produce, he cannot, by any *artful sophistry* get away from this time, unless he can prove that *he was not in May, 1813, we were thrown out of the gig*. And I trust the public will see that I am necessitated thus to act, not from a spirit of recrimination, but to shew that I must have been the very *opposite* to what he has described me: at least, if *I was not*, how can he *justify himself* for making *me*, while such a character, his confident and inseparable companion and friend in which capacity I became acquainted with facts concerning him, which I even now (notwithstanding his infamous threatening letter to me, when I *only* called upon him through Messrs. Teape and Sheffield, to *rectify* the falsities he had stated of me,) tardily though necessarily, in *justification* of myself proceed in relating.

In the first place then, as to *my companion after this accident*: they were the Rev.

Matthew Wilks; and the Rev. Andrew Reed. As to my leisure hours, the greatest portion were spent with the latter gentleman, sometimes in reading, and occasionally on his business and for his benefit ; in corroboration of which fact, and of my following statement, his letters are collateral testimony.

Shortly after our being thrown out of the ~~big~~, Mrs. Cave's disease assumed a more alarming feature, insomuch that it was thought advisable she should be removed to the neighbourhood of the metropolis; to have the benefit of the medical gentlemen in London. In her removal there was a great deal of *caution* exercised, not as it regarded the *mode* of conveyance ; but respecting the *place* to which she was to be conveyed ; and this was so well and so secretly managed, (for Douglas, as he says of himself, p. 111, "*is a crafty fellow,*") and what must he have been with the experience and aid of the Rev. Matthew Wilks, who is termed, very harshly, by way of reproach, the "*old fox?*" that none of her friends, (to not Mrs. West of No. 63, White-chapel Road, though they were like sisters, yet received letters from her, without any address. They were put into a *twopenny post-office* in London, so that she might *not* be able, by the post-mark to *trace the place of her abode!* to whom I freely refer, although I have not spoken to her these eight years, for the *truth of my assertion*;) excepting the

Rev. Matthew Wilks, a Mrs. Mather himself knew of her abode; save and except myself, which was rendered necessary to me to know, as every letter from Petersfield was directed to me, and hers were directed by me to her, so that her friends might suppose that she was carrying on a correspondence with a reverend gentleman, while on the brink of the grave; and who were, of course, anxious about the disposal of her property.

The place in which she was deposited, I believe, in a fictitious name, (I wonder what was *Nurse Graham*?) was a small wooden house, beyond the Bird Cage, Stamford Hill, and so cautiously did he weigh every point, that when he put the horse up at the Bird Cage, it stood in the name of *Francis Bennett*. He told me, no person, on Earth, should trace him. Even his own son and mother were kept in ignorance, under the following circumstance. One day, Rev. Matthew Wilks drove a lady to our house in Chiswell Street, in the gig, his son, Mr. John Wilks, (not the author of the *Life of the Queen*; but the father of that author,) the attorney in Finsbury Place, and called out to Mrs. Reed in a great hurry, to get her husband down, to put on his coat. When he came down he said, "I am obliged to go to a public meeting, jumping this gig, and drive this lady where she will direct you." The old gentleman (who told the whole of it in the evening, when we

were smoking our pipes,) immediately complied; for he is not like young Andrew; he is very polite to the ladies. It so happened on this very day, I was riding Reed's horse towards Stamford Hill, (perhaps to take a place for his return in the evening stage,) and on my return I happened to meet them; coming upon them so unexpectedly, I caught a glance of her countenance. This was the first time that I ever saw her; and the reason was obvious, why I had not previously been favoured with an interview. She was considerably older than himself; but she had money; and this can embellish age with the features of youth, and give attractions, where nature has been parsimonious of her bounties.

The illness of Mrs. Cave continuing, engrossed much of Mr. Reed's attention, and being attached to his interests, I experienced much trouble on his account: and justice compels me to state, that under all the circumstances which then existed, the remaining part of this year bore no very favourable testimony to *his career*. So far, indeed, was this perceptible, that his mother frequently was under overwhelming fears on his account, which silently preyed upon her, and only found relief in the relation of them to me, fearing if his assiduous attentions and visits were known, it might excite in the minds of his flock, suspicions of an unpleasant nature. In addition to his daily visits to Stamford Hill, where he remained almost

every night until 9 o'clock, every *Sunday*, when the afternoon service was concluded, he repaired thither, where he remained the same time as on a week day; and on some occasions, I was employed on branches of this expedition. One Sunday in particular, I well recollect, the weather being wet, I was despatched on his horse to Stoke Newington, to take a plate for him to return by the coach in the evening; in consequence of which, I was so drenched with rain, as to be unable to attend the *Sunday-school*, and also, I believe, was too late for the morning service. For the correctness of this statement, I refer to his own father and mother. Thus was I *employed to break the Sabbath*, to expedite his courtship, at the very time, when, in "*No Fiction*," he represents me as sunk in the very depth of depravity!

It has been justly observed, that the *example* of ministers is *more influential* in producing lasting impressions, than their *preaching*; since, by the solemnity of their office, and from their expected abstinence and self-denying mode of living, keeping their eye fully fixed on the *solemn renunciation of the world to God*, before their assembled congregations at their ordination vow, and their professed devotion to his cause; they are not so liable to have the unruly passions excited as private professors, who by their employ are necessarily sub-

ject to greater temptation. In courtships especially, it is necessarily expected that ministers will be an example to their flocks. And if it be requisite that a strict watch should be kept over the passions *every day*; surely on the *Lord's day*, a restriction should be put on those interviews, which on a week day may be proper and seasonable. I have known several instances where this is made an article of agreement between the parties. This was done by one lady of my acquaintance, whose piety and steadiness induced her to keep her affections under her better judgment, and, although adoring the object of her love, so far as adoration was just, never on the *Lord's day* did forget the superior and undivided claims of her infinitely adorable Saviour, who is altogether lovely and the chief among ten thousand. Those who act upon this plan, will have the consolation of pointing out by their example, the proper line of conduct; and if, after such instructive objects of imitation, young people will not "acknowledge God" on his own day, the fault is their own, and cannot be traced to bad example. I have thought it necessary to notice this, and to call the attention of the religious public to it, as it was well known by many, that Mr. Reed used to go a *courting* somewhere, after the afternoon service of a Sunday was closed, and as an excuse, from that example, might be made to open the way to a greater breach of

the Sabbath than at present. For, if it be excusable in ministers of the Gospel, instead of preaching on Sunday evenings, to dying and perishing sinners, to spend them in courting; I do not see how they can blame young people, of ardent passions, for taking a walk together on a Sunday evening, instead of attending places of worship. Surely it neither required the keenness of a lynx, nor the eyes of an "Argus," in detecting the faults of such a minister; however, so far from exposing that in him, which was visible, even almost to blindness itself, I shut my eyes to its impropriety, assuaged the fears of his mother, and hid it both from the church and the world up to this day. Gentle, candid, and liberal reader, has he not well repaid me for my friendship and caution for him at this period, by exciting, in p. 186, the *indignation* of the ministers of the Gospel against me, (all of whom, with the forementioned exception, I respect,) for being at that *very period*, "*lynx-eyed* in detecting *their faults.*"

But to return, and, as presumptive evidence that I could not be the abandoned wretch this year, after the accident, he describes me in the pages referred to, I publish the two following letters from *him to me*, in August, when he was at Petersfield, in the interim of Mrs. Cave's return to that place.

To MR. F. BARNETT.

*Petersfield, August 21, 1813.*

My Dear Francis,

Compliments between friends are always needless, and sometimes ridiculous ; but I am bound to give you my sincere thanks for the promptitude you have displayed in the present emergency. I knew indeed it would be so, and therefore did not put the arrangements amongst my anxieties. I hope Mr. Barton will please ; but I have some fears : I know he will not please you ; *but still I wish you to be there.*

I did write to Mr. Brooks, and supposed I had told you of it ; it is no wonder, however, that I blunder under present circumstances. I am glad you have written him of the results of your labours, as I am sure it will please.

I shall now remain as composed as things will allow. But, alas ! how little of composure does my breast know, or can know.

This is the worst trial with which I have been assailed, or with which perhaps any one can be assailed in this state of woe. And I am surrounded with a set of wretched comforters, who by their insensibility and awkwardness, give poignancy to the arrows which are ordained to penetrate my bleeding heart. But enough :—you *can* feel, and *will* feel, or I should not have gone so far.

Do write me constantly, 'tis such a relief. Almost any thing is a relief, yet nothing

relieves me. Send me word how the committee of the Asylum, and Missionary Society went on. I expected the paper left behind, this morning. I write this on Saturday, but shall keep it open, that in Postscript to-morrow I may give you the latest account of —— health.

I am, my dear friend,  
Yours most truly,  
ANDREW REED.

P. S. I can now inform you that Mrs. —— is better. I do not however say essentially so. *Will you see Mr. Wilks*, and tell him this. Also say he must by no means depend on me for Ponder's End, nor wait till he sees me, as I shall probably stay here till Friday morning. If there are any doubts about the time of my return, let me be given out on Wednesday evening. Adieu.

### Sunday Evening.

Say also to Mr. W. that Haytor will return, but not till *Friday*. See mother early enough to say, Mrs. —— prefers peaches to grapes. Do you direct them as usual, on a card.

To MR. F. BARNETT.

*Petersfield, August 25, 1813.*

My Dear Francis,

I feel no difficulty in rolling some of my little cares upon you; nor shall I,

Will you assure me they are an unwelcome  
udden. Will you copy the above, and send  
to J. Valentine, Esq. 32, Bun Street,  
over East Smithfield. I shall be glad if  
you can see Mr. Easum to-morrow, and say,  
in consequence of my necessary absence  
at Sabbath, I am obliged to decline going  
to Ponder's End, and shall not find it neces-  
sary to trouble him. If you cannot see him,  
write a note; but I had rather you should see  
him, as you can best explain by the tongue,  
and some explanation is proper, as the disap-  
pointment has been repeated.

But you are expecting tidings on a dif-  
ferent subject: and what can I say? O, I  
have not courage to say what my judgment  
would almost extort from me. I am obliged  
to hope, and yet I cannot but tremble at the  
shaky basis on which it stands: *was ever*  
*wretch like me?* O my dear friend, how  
easy is it to say fine things on self-denial,  
resignation and acquiescence; but how hard  
is exemplify them in the circumstances  
which call for it. With all the aids reli-  
gion affords me I have found it a sharp con-  
flict for these three days to suppress the  
risings of a rebellious heart. However,  
come what will, I think its bitterness is past.  
*Humanity perhaps cannot sustain much*  
*more than I have sustained.*

You have undertaken to let Mr. Wilks  
know, which will save my writing. The

gift of the peaches was like him.\* But I perceive I have said *nothing* after all in my last paragraph. Mrs. —— then, appears much the same as when I last wrote. I cannot say she is any better: O that I could! Please also to inform my parents of her health. They may fully expect me on Friday evening.

Yours most truly,

My dear Francis,

ANDREW REED.

I now pass on to the year 1814, and chap. xvii. pp. 225—238, must of course be considered as Mr. Reed's fictitious, but pretended real account of me for this year.

Mrs. Cave's illness continuing, we were of course, fully employed: the following letter from him in January of this year must still speak for me, in contradiction to his fiction.

To MR. F. BARNETT.

*Petersfield, January 24, 1814:*

My Dear Francis,

My sincere thanks to you for all your kindness in the letter way; and for the additional one of last Saturday. It went

\* I wonder if Mr. Wilks sends peaches and grapes to the poor, afflicted widows of the Tabernacle, when they are ill? That would be a real charity. They have no money: Mrs. Cave had plenty. I know Mr. Wilks's Master would; for when he was on earth, he related

try far to relieve my anxieties, as I did  
for the mail itself might not get up in time ;  
and yet it was all I could do. Indeed it is  
now said that on that night the mail actually  
had run out of the road, and was overturned  
at the Punch Bowl ; if this be true, they  
must have forwarded the bags through another  
channel. Certain it is, that the day before,  
one of the coaches determined to proceed, and was overturned two miles from  
hence.

I am now designing to return on Thursday, and greatly hope I shall be able to accomplish my wishes, as I have three times  
to preach on Lord's day. But it is difficult  
to decide. Should more snow fall, the roads  
will again be impassable : should a sudden  
thaw come, I imagine some parts of them  
will be wholly overflowed. However, there  
is a providence, and I mean not to touch the  
reins by which it governs all things.

I hope before this a good supply is provided  
for Wednesday ; otherwise give my  
duty to father, and ask him to preach.

Mrs. C. remains, I fear much the same as  
when I last wrote. I have been visited with  
my old complaints, tooth and face ache ;  
but am recovering. As you will be kind,

it is an evidence of his mission, that "to the poor the  
Gospel was preached ;" and noted with his approbation,  
the "widow's mite," more than all the riches that  
were put in besides. What a happiness to the poor,  
that their Lord notices them !

enough to convey the *information* this contains, to our family. I shall decline writing them.

Yours most truly,

ANDREW REED.

Before I proceed to a complete narration of this year, I would just notice, that God in the following February or March, was pleased to relieve the Rev. Andrew Reed of his weighty and overwhelming trial, protracted and distressing, by taking Mrs. Cave to himself, so that the reader will not be troubled with any further account of her. Mrs. Cave has made a conspicuous figure in my narrative, rendered necessary, as the reader will perceive, to set my real conduct in opposition to Mr. Reed's fictitious account, but if it should be thought I abruptly close my relation of her, and that I ought to make some remarks: these I will leave to the reader. However, he will naturally suppose that as I, according to the statement on both sides risked my life twice, when he was going *wooing* to her, and that as I was put to considerable expenses, in one journey to Petersfield from £10 to £15, at other times in journeys and hiring a horse to ride out with him, to sooth him as he could not study, it will be supposed, although he might suffice me to pay all such expenses, well knowing that I would not take any thing in return yet, at *her death*, at least, he presented me

with a ring, as a token of respect and as a remembrance. But alas ! reader, thou knowest not the Rev. Andrew Reed, if thou makest such a supposition ! Neither his father nor his mother, (this his mother *noticed to me*, and laid a particular stress on the slight, as she went into mourning, and put Martha into mourning also, at Mrs. Cave's death,) nor myself, had any such token ; whether Mr. Wilks had or not, I cannot tell. But as it regarded myself (although I care not a farthing for a ring, it never was intended that I should wear rings,) this was the more inexcusable, as my brother Robert, (yes, my brother Robert, Andrew Reed, whom you have cruelly libelled,) sent and had him measured, as can be proved by the undertaker's bill, and presented him with one as my friend, when I was at Knaresborough, at the death of my brother William, although my brother Robert *then* had never seen the Rev. Andrew Reed, the pompous author of "No Fiction." This, however, made no alteration in my friendship, though I could not be insensible to his meanness.

But the public, perhaps, may say, he had been at considerable expense on Mrs. Cave's account, and that probably he had no ring himself. But he had a ring, (which made his mother feel the slight to her the more acutely) and a very dashing one it was ; none of your common ones, such as our old fore-

fathers used to have; but one lettered him  
 "to the memory of his dear Mary,"<sup>1</sup>  
 wonder if he has shewn it to his "*first*  
*dearest object of his affections*;"<sup>2</sup> "*Fiction*," Vol. ii. p. 8. And as it regards  
 his expenses previously, they were very trifling, for his mother, as will be seen in  
 his letters in August, 1813, used to pay the fruit. But whatever trifling expense  
 might have been put to on her account, public, with *her family* will grant she  
 fully repaid him, for *she left him ONE HUNDRED POUNDS!* as may be seen in the C.  
 mons, proved March, 1814, "*Mary C. widow, county of Southampton.*"

After Mrs. Cave's death, Mr. Reed continued with us in Chiswell Street, until the latter end of October, when he took lodgings in Cannon Street Road, near his shop. From the time of her death to the period of his leaving, however, shortly after his leaving, he sent me an extraordinary letter, relative to a sum of money I was indebted to him. During the whole of the period he lived in Chiswell Street, he never said a word respecting what I owed them, which was partly occasioned by the smallness of my salary; but more particularly, in consequence of journeys I had taken *on his account*, and the expenses I had otherwise incurred in my connexion with the societies at the chapel, &c.; and, as he knew that a few

ances in my office would nearly double my income, which I had been expecting, but did not obtain from the paucity of vacancies ; I was much hurt at the abruptness of this communication, and I think the public from this information, will hardly justify the mode he adopted. On the receipt of it, I waited upon him, saying, I was surprised that he had never mentioned the subject to me before ; when he said, he *absolutely did not know of it* until one day a short time before he left, his mother went to his room, and said she was very uneasy at what I was indebted to them. He declared in the most solemn manner he did not know it until that period, or else he would have advised me not to have kept on the *two rooms*, and would also have persuaded me to have reduced my expenses in other things ; and he made such a *plausible tale*, that I forgave him the insult he had offered me. He said that he was far from wanting to injure my feelings, he should be glad to aid me, &c. In consequence of this, I shewed him the rough draft of an indignant letter I had drawn out, which he read and kept, and which, let him produce ; the whole of it I mean ; not a portion to suit his own purposes. We did, then, sit down and calculate my expenses, to which he alludes in "No Fiction." In the review of chap. xvii. I shall enter more fully into this, and the fabricated part of it. After this interview, I altered my beha-

viour to his mother, and treated her not only with coolness, but with marked indifference, in consequence of which, she asked me for some explanation ; when I shewed her son's letter, (I have mislaid the letter, or else I would print it,) and told her what he had said, when she as *solemnly declared* to me, that so far from having gone into his room *unasked and voluntarily*, that he had frequently *asked* for the book in which I entered every item, as also in a duplicate one of my own, in case of my death ; and she further observed, that his statement was a complete falsity, and wished he would mind his own business, as she was satisfied of my integrity ; and she observed, in case of my death, the books and furniture would more than cover my debt, which actually was the case. I then became enraged with young Reed, for his duplicity and falsity, and said I should have nothing more to do with him ; when she entreated me for the sake of "the cause," not to quarrel with him, and that she would rather be considered as having stated a falsity than her son. To oblige her, I said no more about it, and still retained my friendship for them, and in the following months of this year gave evident proof that so far from this misrepresentation having shut up my desire to serve them, that I manifested an increased, rather than a diminution of my services, as the following account will shew ; for the truth and accuracy

of which, and the above, I willingly refer the reader, (and entreat them for the sake of truth to oblige me by inquiry,) to his mother, Mrs. Reed:

For months previously to young Andrew's leaving Chiswell Street, his mother had manifested an indifference and neglect to her business, the china-shop, (old Mr. Reed never interfered with it, all his time was devoted to watchmaking in the back garret.) This did not arise from indolence; but in consequence of her mind having taken a different direction after the settlement of her son at the New Road. As *his mother*, she wished *always* to be at the chapel, and in addition, liked to join the various institutions connected with it, and to visit with his people. As during these attendances there was no one to take care of the shop, as Martha then occupied the station her brother Andrew filled previous to his going to the Academy, *viz.* to carry out the goods, she was never sufficiently clean to attend and serve persons of respectability; nor did her knowledge, in the absence of her mother, extend to the value of the different articles; so that the business was rapidly on the decline. Nor could they derive any assistance from the exertions of Peter, for he was apprenticed to a watchmaker this year, and only came home on a Sunday. The declension of the business became evident to the father and the son, and, as the mother, as they

stated, had lost her energy and her fire for the business, the best way, they thought, would be to dispose of it before it got *too low* for the acceptance of a successor, and before any acute tradesman, who from seeing this neglect should be tempted to open a shop in the same line of business in the neighbourhood, which they foresaw would draw off the remainder of the trade, and destroy their hope of procuring a successor, who might otherwise give a fair compensation for the goodwill, and who would take their dead stock at a fair valuation. Under this impression, they agreed to dispose of it, whenever an eligible offer could be procured. At that time, with the produce of the stock, and their other property, they could not calculate on an income of above £150, per annum. There was a son an apprentice, and a daughter totally unprovided for; and instead of giving her a good education, or putting her to some business whereby she might gain an honest and honourable livelihood, and to provide against contingencies, her time had been employed in the degrading way of carrying out pipkins and delf, that when they left Chiswell Street, she could scarcely write legibly. The ill effects of this neglect was evident when going to keep a school at Cheshunt with the aid of Miss Newell, in 1820, at which time to *hide her deficiency*, and to shew off her *good writing*, she made a request through her

Mother Andrew, which I readily and cheerfully complied with, to write circular notes to scholars in her name, in a small handwriting; some of which circulars, I dare say, are still in existence; the *truth* of which, I suppose Mr. Reed will not dare to deny; if he does, let him give a *fac-simile* of her handwriting, to shew her qualifications as a schoolmistress, in contradiction to this statement.

As soon as it was known, among their religious friends, that Mrs. Reed was about to retire, several applications were made. It was presumed the business *must* have been a *good one*, which had enabled her to keep the family decently, and to lay by a sufficient sum to live independent, and provide for the increasing necessities of the junior branches of the family. Mrs. Reed was a Calvinist of the old school, and she thought it most proper that an offer from one of the "household of the faithful" should be attended to *more particularly* than one from out of the land of the Philistines, all of whom she so denominated, let them be either churchmen, or Methodists, or profane, who were not "sound in the faith," and her faith may be ascertained by the information that *all* who were not on *par* in *high doctrine* with such men as the Rev. Samuel Lyndall, old Mr. Martin the Baptist, and her son Andrew, she considered as in the "gall of bitterness;" in evidence of which, (even to what I consider an exclusion from

the privileges of the church,) she gave *absenting* herself from the church of which she was a member, the Rev. Dr. Winter, and not only absenting herself, but absolutely procuring a *transfer sacramental* from his church to partake of the emblems of her Saviour's sacrifice at Mr. Lynde's, as she supposed even the *emblems tainted* by men lower in doctrine or in portion of Baxterianism.

As "forty summer suns (according to son's account of them, "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 43,) had united the *distinct characteristics* of Mr. and Mrs. Reed, so as to make them one," and as one characteristic, which runs through "No Fiction," was saying a prayer on special occasions, when any action in their circumstances, or in the family was to take place: the reader need be informed that on this occasion, at once anxious and momentous, they not only did not relax, but rather were more composed and urgent. Mrs. Reed, although forbidden by the apostle from engaging in a public assembly, was neither deficient in words, nor wanting in confidence, she used to enter audibly in family prayer when her husband was absent, and now united with the "fire of one book" in his "sacrificial flame;" although her "fire of devout affection" might on some occasions "linger on earth, (according to her son Andrew's account, "No Fiction," Vol. i. p. 42,) to

“lighten and animate those around her,” it flew shot through the vast expanse, “and came immediately to heaven;” and that in these petitions, there was nothing “earthy,” he appeared to be as fully convinced, as the people were in good Elijah’s time, when the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, “and the dust,” for a man “after her own heart,” a real, thorough Supralapsarian, applied for the business; and what gave additional evidence that “the finger of God” was in it, arose from his being a member of the own church, the Rev. Dr. Winter’s. She was, however, a more consistent member than she was, being of opinion with the good old Christians, who believe that God is not confined to place, nor circumscribed by man’s limitation; but “present wherever two or three meet together in his name;” though he did not think the Doctor went too far, as it regards doctrine, yet he remained with him, because he found *his God* there. But there was another rather remarkable circumstance, he was a namesake of mine, which elicited from the vituperous tongue of their son Andrew, the following remark to his mother, when his name and the business were talked over, “*That is a name I love much.*”

These friends were well known to each other; the business was therefore proceeded in directly, and as they belonged to the same

church, and were of the same faith, shortly must reach the same goal, and sure of entering the same heaven, it was thought necessary to be very particular weighing the perishable ballast of this world's goods. They did not think it necessary with such a proposer to have those guards, which from a person of a different faith would have been required. But young Andrew considered he might after their transmutation, and that was no promise that in passing through dreary wilderness, our earthly substance to be kept up by manna from heaven, bearing in mind, that none but God "the elect," he advised with me on the propriety of having some agreement drawn. It is true I was not within the "pale of church," yet it was thought I might be advantageous to them for the scaffold, which "the elect" call all except a few, that few only confined to certain families, which they include their own; and who have frequently heard from the lips of Reed: the rest, when they are done or performed the part ordained for them, scaffolding, they say, will be thrown as useless, if not cut up for fire-wood.

The appeal having thus been made to me, I proposed to have a regular agreement drawn up and stamped. The first suggestion was agreed to, the latter rejected. I was deputed to draw up the agreement, and it was

submitted to, and received the *approval of*  
 Rev. Andrew Reed, (then a student at  
 Hackney,) with a flattering compliment from  
 him to me on the *ability* it displayed, with  
*lamentation* that I *had not been educated*  
 in one of the learned professions, as then I  
 could have made *some figure* in the world.  
 A little thought then I should make such a  
*figure* in "No Fiction," much less, that in  
 consequence of this book, I should afterwards  
 be obliged to make *him* *cut such a*  
*figure*, as to induce him to wish he could  
 retire anywhere except in old England!

The penalty of the agreement was £50,  
 but at my suggestion £10, was deposited on  
 non-completion of the agreement, which  
 was to be fulfilled in a few months. No  
 suspicion for a moment, could be entertained  
 of such a thing; for had he been an Ar-  
 minian, a churchman, or a Philistine, there  
 might have been some danger. But alas!  
 How futile are human certainties! and how  
 little are we guided in our full sight of "a  
 evidence," more from our passions than  
 judgment. The time drew near when  
 the business was to be ratified; a shyness  
 then appeared to manifest itself, and from  
 calls almost every day, they dwindled to  
 twice or thrice a week; and from that mani-  
 festation of Christian love and affection,  
 which was displayed by my namesake's wife  
 even to disgust, (as she always kissed her  
 dear father, old Mr. Reed when she came,

and when she went away,) a cold shake of the hand, and a "good bye," were substituted for a kiss, and a "God bless you, my dear," and "May our Jesus be with you."

Before a storm it is said there is a calm; but then this calm too often presages a tremendous hurricane. (This I have literally witnessed on the banks of Newfoundland, which gave me a most awful idea of the wonderful deep; but a still more terrible idea of the God of the deep, who can by a breath in a moment create a storm, or all the agitation of the universe.) This verb, in the experience of these beloved low-pilgrims was literally verified. The time for fulfilling arrived; but instead of appearing to fulfil the agreement, a letter came, stating that they had made inquiry, and found the business *was not so good as it had been represented*, and consequently they begged to decline taking it. It passed and repassed; recrimination succeeded recrimination, and the battle became stronger and stronger, until Priam appeared in the person of young Andrew Reed, who, to put an end to the contest, wrote four "foolscap" pages full, to convince my namesake, that he ought to pay the £50 forfeit, although the agreement *was not stamped as "bonds"* (as he politely told him) "we only made for rogues and vagabonds." However, my namesake retorted upon him,

by saying, as a friend to his country, he should abide by its laws. And so, after swiving in threats, put-Shyloeked Shylock himself, they were obliged to pocket the £10 and be quiet.

Although this unexpected and awful defection of their Calvinistic brother, prevented the completion of Mrs. Reed's desires, yet, her energies being gone, it was deemed necessary that notice should be given of their determination still to retire, and to accept of the next unobjectionable offer; and they had not long to wait, for a Mr. Harvard, a steady and pious man, a book-keeper to Messrs. Fry the type-founders, thought it would suit him, as his wife and daughters could carry on the business advantageously, with the aid his leisure hours afforded. To this gentleman there was no objection, although he was an inveterate Arminian. The mother was rather out of countenance with the *Calvinistic* men of business. The proposer's ability to pay for the stock, derived strength from the information that he could still retain his clerkship, the income from which was sufficient to defray his family expenses; the sale and profits of the trade, would then go to pay the interest and liquidate the debt on the stock which would remain, after paying over the ready money he and his friends could raise. The whole family now united in submitting every thing to my suggestion, and they heartily

concurred and approved of every thing I proposed; and I am sure, and I think his father and mother, nay, even himself will grant, that, had I been one of the family, and in expectation of deriving benefit from the arrangements, I could not more earnestly, steadily and perseveringly have entered into, and gone through the business, than I did on that occasion.

In looking over my papers, I have found the identical sheet I sent by Martha to the Rev. Andrew Reed; in which is inserted questions for the responses and approval of him, on the Saturday previous to an appointed meeting on the Monday, to draw up, and sign articles of agreement with Harvard. Not knowing whether he could attend on that day, as the representative of his mother and the family, I was anxious to have his views fully on the subject; and although the paper is rather long, I will give a verbatim copy of it, that the reader may judge of my precaution, as well as be convinced that their leaving the business, and the preliminaries met his entire approval, some of his friends having stated that the mother hurried out of this concern, not only *without his consent*, but *in opposition to him*; which is very cruel on the mother, as her sufferings in consequence of taking this indiscreet step, have been quite sufficient, without their being aggravated and increased by such reflections.

I would just request the reader to bear in recollection, that these questions, and the answers to them, by the Rev. Andrew Reed, were in November, 1814, only a month after the offensive letter to which I have alluded, which was so galling to me, though his conduct had been much more so.

To the REV. ANDREW REED.

*Chiswell Street, Nov. 1814.*

I would not trouble you to-day, only for fear of not seeing you on Monday; and, as I conceive that what is then settled, will be *final*, it is a *matter* of great importance to deliberate and to be well prepared. Will you oblige me by writing an answer to the following questions on *this sheet*, it will save you time.

Will you take his } own acceptance, or re- } require another person's? } Another person.

Do you intend to } have any agreement } signed on Monday for } failure in the contract? } Yes.

If so, what amount? £50 on either side.

If so, I will draw it } up and send it by the } girl on Monday morn- } ing for your correction: } What time? Shall you } meet them on Monday } at 1 o'clock? } Be with you by 12.

If not; shall I be } Yes.  
there?

Did you say any }  
thing about the £5 a } No.  
year, ground rent?

Who is to pay it? To be settled..

Did you say any }  
thing about the insur- }  
ance on the house: it }  
is regular for the last }  
lessee to pay it?

Shall I say any thing } Yes, name it.  
about it?

Your mother wishes }  
for herself and Mrs. }  
Harvard to take the }  
running stock between }  
themselves?

This plan is liable to serious objections,  
as they would be liable to pass several arti-  
cles, and likewise cause great confusion in  
the accounts, &c. I propose that every thing  
shall be got into the greatest state of readi-  
ness against a certain day: that previously  
I prepare a book with three columns, as  
under—

The Quantity when taken.	The Price.	Quantity sold during the pro- cess.

This would have a double advantage, it would prevent errors, and ensure you the profits during the process, which you certainly are entitled to; because, instead of consigning the goods over, as taken, we could leave it uncast, and then, when all is concluded, deduct the number sold, from each total as when taken. If you agree to this plan, I will undertake to enter every article myself, as I can easily get leave of absence from the office a week, if necessary ?

Mr. Harvard has called and wishes to have a lease of 21 years. Any objection?

It was to be for 7, 14, or 21 years.

If you intend an agreement to be signed probably you will draw it up yourself. If you have not time, you will be so good as to send *Martha* back immediately, as your mother has requested Harvard to meet you at 12 o'clock, and every thing on your part should be ready.

You would do the family a vast service by fulfilling this proposal.

My Dear Francis,

Do be so kind as to prepare every thing; and when Mr. H. comes, proceed independent of me, as I am writing an Address for the Orphan Asylum, and must not rise till it is accomplished.

Yours, &c.

ANDREW REED.

Notwithstanding Mr. H. was an Arminian, he did not swerve from his agreement. In the middle of December I proceeded and fulfilled my proposal. I entered every article in the shop and cellar in a book; which was no small task, as the reader will naturally suppose. To accomplish this, I got leave of absence from my office, and did not accept one invitation, although it was Christmas time; nor was I ever scarcely an hour absent from the house, until we had completely gone through the business. On each side there was an appraiser; and, to save expense, (as they had one or two guineas a day each,) I entered the amounts in the book prepared, as they called the articles over. For all this I did not receive a shilling, nor any present. During the proceeding, I not only subjected myself to privations and confinement, but *absolutely paid a sum of money out of my pocket* to one of my brother officers for doing my duty, and *paid Mrs. Reed all the time for my board*. By what I proposed, (and more extendedly ful-

(illed,) Mr. Reed said I should do the "*few*  
*by a vast service,*" yet I never met with  
 May return, until I saw this obligation cap-  
 telled, and myself laid under indelible and  
 irreparable obligation, by the account which  
 the Rev. Andrew Reed has given of me in  
 "No Fiction," at the conclusion of this year,  
 in chap. xvii. pp. 225—238. For this, and  
 all my sincere, and I am sure disinterested  
 endeavours to serve him and his family, the  
 public will think, in that account wherein  
 he has so *exalted his friend*, he has *more*  
*than amply repaid me!* Allow me to re-  
 quest the reader, before he proceeds, just to  
 peruse that chapter, and compare it with  
 this real account, which *I defy his family*  
*to contradict*, and which I can substantiate  
 by Mr. Harvard's family, and the appraisers  
 on that occasion.

After the stock was taken, and all things  
 amicably settled, they removed to Bethnal  
 Green, and I went with them. Now re-  
 moved, in some measure, from the "busy  
 sum of men," I had ample opportunity for  
 reflection. On leaving, I balanced my ac-  
 count, and gave Mrs. Reed a *promissory*  
*note on demand* upon me, for all my debt,  
 and to bear interest; which interest, with  
 the intermediate liquidation of the debt, I  
 continued to pay until I was taken ill, as I  
 shall shew in my future account. Every ex-  
 planation had been given by Mrs. Reed, as it  
 regarded the letter sent by her son respect-

ing the money; and although she frequently told me not to make myself uneasy about the debt, as she did not care if I paid it off only by £10 a year; yet I was "ill at ease" and in addition to the unpleasantness of being in debt, by which I was pressed down, I began to reflect on my folly in suffering my youth to glide away without occupying my leisure hours (which were considerable) in the most important time of the day beneficially. I now appeared, as if by electricity, to be roused, not only from lethargy; but actuated with a spirit of enterprise, and a determination to put into exercise the powers my beneficent Creator had bestowed upon me, to some useful and lucrative purpose. But, as my friend Hugo said, in his speech at Portsmouth, in April 1822, I was at "the sag-end of the creation." I saw the necessity of removing to a neighbourhood more adjacent to the city, and a habitation more locally centrical. I made application for the situation of collector to the Lambeth Water Works, in October, 1814, in which I failed, in consequence of the prior application, and more powerful interest of my *then* opponent, but afterwards gentlemanly colleague, Mr. Hanmer. I determined on a removal to Lambeth, in the event of another vacancy, no objection might be taken to the place of my abode. With these views, and this determination, I called on my brother Robert, related to him

the debt I owed to Mrs. Reed, the insulting manner I had received, and the consequent unpleasantness which had arisen, and my determination to retire from embarrassments and insult. With a mild rebuke for having brought myself into so dependant a situation; from the folly of purchasing a large library, and in expenses with young Mr. Reed, of which he knew; and for not providing for contingencies, and the folly of basing expectations on the precariousness of my services, and of the increase of income; he approved of my plan of removal, and stated that I could save all I paid for board, by making his house my home. This he had always desired, although I had scarcely ever come near him, from a fear that it would be unpleasant, as I might think I should be under restraint; in opposition to which, he wished me to consider myself at full liberty to do as I chose. Having passed the night with Mr. and Mrs. Reed, young Reed and Mrs. Warburton entreated me not to leave. But notwithstanding young Reed thought me "immovable in purpose," he now found my resolution was not to be shaken. In the middle of February, 1815, I removed from Bethnal Green, to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, (whom Mr. Reed has justly, in "No Fiction," designated a "humane woman;" for she was, and I am satisfied will remain so, as the milk of human kindness runs in

every vein,) then of Hansard Place, Lambeth and afterwards, (to which place I removed with them, and remained till after my illness in November, 1816,) of 16, Great Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, Lambeth.

Determined now on entering on some active employ, which necessarily would occupy a great portion of my leisure hours to the prevention of study, instead of removing the whole of my library to Lambeth, selected such as I thought I should want and forwarded the remainder to Mr. Maxwell, Bookseller of Bell Yard; for I not only reflected on the inconsistency of leaving a heavy lot of books, as dead stock at my lodgings, while the produce of those I did not want would pay off part of my debt and so relieve its weight, as well as reduce the interest. The books I sold to Mr. Maxwell came to £75; in the sale I necessarily made a great sacrifice, yet he gave me, *as a real friend*, more than I could have realized at any other bookseller's in London. Two bills, amounting to £60, at short dates, of Mr. Maxwell, I paid over to Mrs. Reed and wrote that amount off my account. To the selling of my books, both Mrs. Reed and her son Andrew objected; (and even went so far as to send to Mr. Bridgman's to stop his cart, the loan of which he kindly granted me, on this, and several other occasions,) for I was determined on reducing my debt. Notwithstanding these *undeniable*

acts, the Rev. Andrew Reed has, in chap. xxiii. Vol. ii. p. 231, "No Fiction," introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Russell's house, in my return to England in 1818, (though in reality I have never entered their habitation since 1816,) and states, that "*Lefevre expressed joyful surprise, expecting to have found his books were sold to cover a debt he owed to Mr. Russell.*"

About four months after my removal to Lambeth, another vacancy occurred for the collectorship of the Lambeth Water-works, to which I was now appointed without opposition, as my recommendations were strong, my character unexceptionable, and my interest powerful. The time in the day this situation required, happened to be during the intermediate hours of my official obligations; so that I was able to fulfil the duties of both, without infringing on the requirements of either, which I did so satisfactorily as to gain and retain the entire and increased approbation of all my employers. The duties, however, were arduous and burdensome; but their oppressive weight was thrown off my mind, by the prospect of not only being enabled to pay off my debt to Mr. Reed, which weighed heavily on my spirits; but by the hope of being able, by an increasing income, and more flattering prospects, to have a sufficiency of means to make a preparation for forming that connexion which gives bliss to earth, and happiness to mor-

tals, and which every man who is deprived of, either by inadequacy of means, or more cruel causes, must (if he feels as I do,) find so powerful, as to conceive himself only half a being. These stimulants cheered my drooping spirits, gave increased vigour to my exertions, and thus while almost sinking by the giving way of the "flesh," a few short hours of repose seemed to re-phoenix me; as I appeared almost every day to arise *younger* and more active than the previous one. My friends were astonished at my exertions, and sometimes I was even surprised myself.

After I had, as it were, closed my connexion with Reed, perhaps the public may think that the oppressive weight of the charge he had brought against me in February, 1810, was entirely thrown off my mind. But, alas! the contrary was the case; for, although my time was now so occupied, from six in the morning until eight in the evening, to the exclusion of all hours of amusement and relaxation, by which its baneful occupancy was prevented during the day, yet hours of reflection sometimes presented themselves; and my nights gave room for *thought* to the destruction of my regular *repose*. Indeed, so powerfully did it press upon my mind, that at what hour soever I retired to rest, it prevented me from being detained in bed by my morning slumbers. I was always ready for my duty

on the following day, as my rest was more like the conscious doze, than, "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Although the above was the real cause of my leaving his father and mother, and not the *pretended restraint* which they are *represented as imposing on me*; for *in fact they never imposed any*, as they can both testify; yet it becomes my duty *faithfully* to narrate facts, and my experience. When I left their house, I scarcely ever entered a place of worship; yet I was more steady, regular and economical in my deportment, than when I lived with them, as it regarded the punctual attention to my civil engagements and employ. And my neglect of attending a place of worship now, arose not from a contemptuous disregard to the demands of Deity, and the propriety of worship; but from a thorough and immovable conviction that I really was *then* a reprobate; and as such, was cut off from the privileges of the Gospel.

Before the reader proceeds with *my* real account, I would just request him to turn to "No Fiction," and read from p. 228, Vol. i. to p. 82, Vol. ii. the account given of me (the reader will recollect, Mr. Reed could not now know my habits of life,) by my "kind, intimate, *loving*, bosom," eternal friend, who in his letter to me of March 23, 1807, makes use of the following apostrophe, "That *your God may be my God!* that

*your foes may be my foes ! ETERNALLY,  
is the sincere prayer of, yours affectionately,* A. B. Reed."

This account is the most material to my character in the whole history ; and to which I earnestly entreat the reader's attention, as also to compare it with mine, and the documents I shall insert in the Review, as in the conclusion of it I am charged, in Vol. ii. pp. 36—43, just at the *same period*, as at once being turned off by the lady to whom I was paying my addresses, p. 36 ; as being reprimanded by my superiors ; as being deficient in my accounts ; as having applied the money belonging to the Water-works, to my own private purposes ; and as being unable to pass the accounts, and meet the demanded deficiency when called upon. But I have more particularly to entreat the reader's solemn attention to the motive which actuated the Rev. Andrew Reed, in creating these abominable and infamous falsities, (which they are, I shall prove to demonstration,) and his false affirmation of such applied guilt and depravity. By creating these extraordinary charges, which he has coloured so sophistically, that the reader's attention is diverted from the real charge he had brought against me, and which now burst forth in all its violence, and caused my derangement, and all my consequent woe, and my leaving, in that unfortunate state, (I pray God none of my readers may be so afflicted ;

at least if they are that they may, like me, in his own good time, be restored to soundness of mind, and the consolations of the Gospel,) my home, my country and my friends. According to the charges he had brought against me, my leaving the country, was easily accounted for; but he was aware, in the absence of them, the reader's attention would be fixed on something else, and under inquiry into the nature of the charge he had made, and its operation on my mind, which would have subjected him to an unpleasant dilemma. He well knew, not only that I was deranged, but the causes of that derangement; and I have my suspicions, he is now flattering himself with the hope, that some cause may operate again, to defeat my present work, (as his vile attempt to cause my relapse by his infamous threatening letter in October last had failed,) or that in my progress in unravelling his infamous tale, my undertaking would either derange me again, or appear as an effect of a disordered intellect. However, although the retrospect of the privations and sufferings I have undergone, used to astonish me, and almost to overwhelm me in the relation, yet I now see I have been sustained to the present moment, by the "watchful care of God," who, as "Israel's Shepherd, neither slumbers nor sleeps." May I never forget his mercy, and be ever grateful for his compassionate care; and as in his sight I am now writing,

and under the firm impression that I (as well as every person) shall be called to account for my acts ; but more particularly for my writings, I proceed with the caution and deliberation I have previously exercised, in the narration of truth, and truth only ; and if some parts of my *future, real history* should bear the stamp of wonder and incredibility, I request the reader to bear in recollection the words of our Lord, “ With God all things are possible.”

During this year my exertions at the Water-works met with the approbation of the Board, and as a mark of their satisfaction, they made me a present in addition to my per centage. As it regards religion, my Sundays I invariably spent at my brother's, who then kept (where I am writing) the Spring Gardens Hotel, Charing Cross, whom Mr. Reed has infamously, and disgracefully to himself, and libellously attacked, under the fictitious name of my uncle Perry ; and I think it best to relate here, that the readers of “ No Fiction,” and of my Memoirs, may keep it in mind throughout all the references, that I have no other relation in London but my brother, nor had I at the time of my illness ; and I think it necessary to request the attention of the public to this fact particularly, as my kind sister-in-law has, since my pamphlet was sent out, put a letter into my hands from the Rev. Andrew Reed, of January, 1821, which he wrote to her *in confi-*

dence, as he states, which was the reason why she would not shew it me before ; but when she found that this reverend calumniator had acknowledged himself, in the public prints, as the author of "No Fiction," she could no longer withhold a document from me, which so fully brought home to him my charge of hypocrisy, as in it he denies himself as the author of "No Fiction," and also Mr. Perry as being meant for my brother. Mrs. Barnett in my illness, January, 1821, wrote to the Rev. Andrew Reed, in reply to a letter he had previously written, relative to me, observing, "Now that poor Frank is in a happy state of recovery, I shall record my opinion of that *public libel, you conjointly with Mrs. Reed sent into the world under the title of "No Fiction," wherein you have treated a stranger to you, my husband and Frank's brother, in a vile manner under the name of Mr. Perry.*" In reply to this, the reverend gentleman—this minister of the Gospel—this "No Fiction" man—this friend of truth, wrote as follows :

## (EXTRACT.)

*St. Mary Axe, January 18, 1821.*

Madam,

I now only notice that reply, to assure you that you are *misinformed as to the authors of the work in question;*

and still more so as to the character of *Mr. Perry* being drawn for *Mr. Robert Barnett*. I have full authority to say, it never was the design of the authors to describe *the brother of Francis*.

Yours, Madam, with esteem,  
ANDREW REED.

The whole of the letters with my remarks upon them, will be found in the proper place. I only quote the two passages now, that the reader in comparing my account with "No Fiction," may be assured I was not singular in supposing that Mr. Perry was meant for no other than my brother.

But although I did not attend places of worship, yet my sin was more the sin of omission than of commission. It is true I neglected attending public ordinances, but then I did not spend my Sabbaths in riotous living, my brother being a domestic man, never going out on Sundays to dinner, nor having any company, excepting a casual visitor. I did not pray, yet I did not swear. But despair laid hold upon me, and I said to myself, "There is no hope, therefore I will walk after my own devices;" Jeremiah xviii. 11. And so powerfully was my mind dispossessed of hope, that I almost became devoid of fear. So true is the expression of the poet of nature, "Man devoid of hope is devoid of fear." I rejoiced in the reflection that now I was not chargeable with hypocrisy.

About this period my thoughts and prospects took a different direction and bias. From being indifferent to wealth, and from pursuing a course preparatory for another world, I now became immersed in this, directing my exertions to the liquidation of my debt to Mr. Reed, sen. which I saw I soon should be able to accomplish, and afterwards to save some money, so that I might be enabled to enter into that union which forms "the bliss of man;" and with these objects full in view, I pressed forward in my course. One of the proprietors of the Water-works, Mr. Bazing of Narrow Wall, perceiving the ardour of my spirits, knowing that my connexions were extensive, and anxious to give every encouragement in his power, proposed in March, 1816, to me and my then brother collector, Mr. Hailes, the propriety of making use of our connexions by selling coals on commission, as he could, being a coal-merchant, make us, as an encouragement, a larger allowance than was generally given. To this I at first objected, as I knew the allowance could be but small, the returns uncertain, and the payments very quick, being every two months. However, he persuaded me to try it, which I did, and the first coals I sent out were on the 30th of March.

Mr. Reed, sen. having taken bills for his stock, which were not duly honoured by the parties, they wrote to me, which caused

some communications with him; and in April, Mrs. Reed having had some occasion to write me, stated that her son Andrew was married on the 9th of April, 1816, and either in her letter, or verbally, communicated the fact, and, as I had entered into the coal trade, it was very probable he would want some.

About this time I waited upon him, but he was either at Brighton or Margate, and in consequence I wrote to him. I had then commenced a correspondence with the lady of whom this fictitious writer has given a description in Vol. ii. of "No Fiction," and suspect that I then wrote him some particulars of that affair, with all the ardency of which my mind is susceptible; from which statement, and from what passed at an interview afterwards, he has drawn the picture. Of the contents of this letter I have no copy or distinct recollection, nor had I the most *distant anticipation* of seeing it exhibited to the world. I am satisfied it must have been about this time I wrote, as I find, by a reference to the coal account, that on the 22d of April, 1816, I entered to him, as delivered, five chaldron of coals.

As this courtship affair has made a considerable impression, and the lady alluded to has been arraigned and condemned by some for her precipitancy and want of feeling, for turning me off so abruptly, and applauded by others for having treated me according

*in my deserts, for my attempt to deceive her and her grandmother; and as poor Wallis comes in on this, as on most other occasions, for a portion of the reader's indignation, accused by the grandmother for deceiving them," and "being much to blame : " \** I hope my more aged readers, and my other friends, will excuse me, if I enter more at length into this courtship than otherwise would have been necessary. For I candidly acknowledge that I am anxious to retain the good graces of my female acquaintance, not by flattery and deception, but by *truth*; and I fear I have sunk in the estimation of many of them, by Mr. Reed's detititious account of this business. Some of my friends may think that this anxiety displays a weakness; but, if it is considered a weakness, I hope it is weakness that will increase rather than decrease with my years. That this reverend gentleman may have no excuse for his *folly*, and to shew I am willing and solicitous that every one should know the facts, I shall give the address for the satisfaction of all.

Having, as already stated, by both my situations, come into the receipt of a good income, and the prospect of increase from the coal trade, and my advance in the public office, I was satisfied that this year I should be relieved from debt, *Mr. Reed, sen. being the only creditor I THEN or EVER HAD,*

\* "No Fiction," Vol. ii. pp. 36—39.

with such ample means, I anticipated the possession of domestic joys and comforts in the marriage state. But I determined, before I made any overtures, I would be free of the world. Then, and not till then, I resolved on making the attempt. My solitary life did not arise either from a pertinacious temper, or from indifference to domestic comforts, which I conceived were the only *solid* and *lasting* sources of *rational* pleasure and *delight* on this side the grave. But from the inadequacy of my income to provide for the necessary and contingent demands of a family, when that period arrived, I determined on selecting one from the many attracting females to whom I had been casually introduced (for I was not so squeamish or so vain as to suppose there are but few women who would make good wives, as the polite author of "No Fiction" wishes to insinuate.) My plans were governed by a prudential concern for the future; and I thought to wait a few months longer, before I made the desired attempt. But at the *very* time *I* was making my *resolves* not to swerve from my purpose for nearly twelve months, my attention was arrested, and my affections were captivated by the charms of a young lady, who *at once* destroyed them all, and made me a "*willing slave*" to the shrine of beauty. The young lady of whom I thus speak was Miss Cook, of 17, Prospect Place, West Square, Lambeth. She lived with

her grandmother, Mrs. Cook, and an uncle and aunt of the name of Bartlett, who, with their son and Miss Cook's sister, were distinguished by all that kindness and affection so essential to domestic harmony, and which to me was very pleasant and attractive.

This lady first arrested my attention during my collection for the Water-works, as her grandmother's house formed one in my district. I met her also at a tea-party; and after a second interview, her deportment and her attractions so powerfully took possession of my feelings, that I could not resist the operation, and I came to the resolution *at once* to address her, which I did on the 4th of April, 1816, by letter, similar, no doubt, in its contents, to those which are usually written on such occasions. My solicitations were accepted, and on the grandmother giving her sanction and approval, my brother, and my friend, Mr. John Walton, had an interview with her on the subject. The family being acquainted with some of the proprietors of the Water-works, and as they lived in the very heart of my district collection, I leave the reader to draw his conclusions, as regards the *account in "No Fiction,"* relative to my *conduct.* I soon became as one of the family; and as Mrs. Cook had some business of importance in hand which required activity, I was happy, for the sake of the grand-daughter, in rendering my advice and assistance. But so

far was from hiding any thing from the family, that I absolutely even mentioned, to Miss Cook's uncle, Mr. Bartlett, only a few days after the first interview, and after the receipt of her answer to my letter, what I had no occasion to do, that I was *indebted a sum of money to old Mr. Reed*; and I willingly refer any person to him for the truth of my assertion.

I was now more than ever prudent in my expenditure; my exertions were increased; and shortly afterwards, as an encouragement, with that of my colleague, we had a donation presented, besides a permanent addition of 25 per cent, per centage granted without solicitation by the proprietors of the Water-works; and in addition I sold a quantity of coals, so that in July, 1816, I paid the *interest* of the money I was indebted to Mr. Reed, and paid £50 off the account. This was not required; but I mention it (and I appeal to the old people in confirmation of the fact) to shew with what disingenuousness the young novelist had attempted to degrade me in the eyes of the world. It is the more grievous as, at the very time alluded to, his parents were corresponding with me, and advising and asking my aid on their business (which he ought to have attended to himself,) as the following letter from his father and mother will verify,

*July 25, 1816.*

My Dear B.

*Once more I trouble you with the substance of a note just received from Harvard, "in reply to your favour of the 16th, as I cannot make the sacrifice you require, I beg to propose our cancelling the lease, on your giving my account credit for £200. When I shall immediately become your tenant at will; in which case, Mr. Harrison being exonerated, I have no objection to give you a warrant of attorney for the rest."*

*Andrew thinks it not worth a reply; but your thoughts upon it, and any interference you may think best, will very much oblige us; as my dear Mr. R. since his illness, has no memory, nor hardly any powers for action, and as no one can tell so much nor so well about it as you.*

We both join in very kind love and ardent prayers, especially for your best interest,  
and remain,

Your much obliged friends,  
A. M. REED.

N. B. Perhaps you will let us hear from or see you, or specify where and when my dear can best see you.

From the time I commenced my courtship with Miss Cook, until July, I never spent an evening, except at her grandmother's, as they scarcely ever visited, although happy

to receive as many visitors as chose to come, and all my friends who had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with her, were satisfied I was making no *sacrifice*, but rather was in enviable and happy circumstances, in meeting with such a lady, who by the accomplishments of music and a good education, by personal charms and by simplicity, and kindness, was in herself amusement, joy and delight.

In July the family removed to a cottage at Mill Green, Ingatesstone; which removal shook me to my "very centre," as I was necessarily deprived of Miss Cook's cheering society, which in the evening tide soothed the turmoils of a bustling and an angry day, and excited such ardour in business and vigour in conduct, that I might sooner be enabled to call "her my own," that time itself appeared, on some occasions, to stand still, and at others, the globe to revolve for me; as in my labours there was no pain, and in my fatigues nothing but joy. However, I went to their abode as often as I could; which interviews still kept my ardent spirits on the alert, and begat an increased energy to make preparations to accomplish the object "so devoutly to be wished," which consummation I intended to be early in 1817.

My avocations at this time, united with business for other persons, were so multifarious and perplexing, that even so early as the

month of August in this year, several of my friends became apprehensive for my health; they not only were aware of the unaccountable exertions I underwent, which appeared to them almost more than a human being could sustain, but knew that the hours I devoted to rest, were not even sufficient for the resuscitation of a body, which in the day had moved with the steadiness and pace of a pack-horse.

Without stating the *nature* of their *apprehensions*, they reasoned with me on the propriety of relinquishing some of my pursuits. To persuade me to withdraw my *ardour* from any one of them while continuing the engagement, they knew would be useless. Their suggestions I treated with indifference; but on a repetition of their entreaties, and to satisfy and allay the fears of friends who were earnest in their assiduities only for my good, I agreed to relinquish my attention to the coal trade; and devote my time entirely to my official employ, and my duty as Collector to the Water-works; after which, in the beginning of September, I took a voyage to Margate, at which place was my friend John Walton; and at Ramsgate I spent a week with the mother and friends of Mrs. Barnett; which journey relieved my burdened mind, and recruited my health for a time.

I was induced the more readily to give up my attention to the coal trade, as, from the

low rate I was selling, charging them only as vended to me, and instead of putting on an extra shilling or two, which is a common practice, I was satisfied with the small allowance from the merchant, on the aggregate. But the readiness with which I relinquished the coal trade, arose principally from the difficulty I found in getting in the money. As I bought, so I sold for two months; but although it was necessary I should be ready to make good my payments, my debtors were more ready with their orders than their cash. But I think the reader will be astonished when I acquaint him, that my most inveterate, tardy and imperious debtor, was a particular friend of mine, and one who acknowledged he was under irreparable obligations to me. Perhaps they will say, ‘Surely it must be *Wallis, Deacon, Wilson, or John Graham*;’ but, alas! thou art mistaken; it was,—do not startle,—it was *Douglas*!!! That the reader may see I have facts to allay his astonishment, *written facts*, which are better than false assertions, though made by a popular, high Calvinistic and supralapsarian preacher, I shall publish a short letter from *Douglas*, dated the 7th of August, 1816; at the very time when he is stating me in “No Fiction,” as dunned to death by my creditors, and so embarrassed that I committed felony to cover my deficiencies, and when I was detected, absconding and crossing the Atlantic, that I might

not be brought to condign punishment; and to prevent being transported for life, if I could have procured friends to get the ministers of state to commute the punishment of death for transportation. This is "No Fiction," for the reader may be satisfied by any of his friends, learned in the law, if he does not know it already, that with the following crime Mr. Reed charges me, (unjustly so, it is true,) "*A small bill became due, which he was obliged to take up; and not having sufficient cash of his own, he borrowed a small sum from his agency account, to meet the emergency. The summons (to balance and present his accounts connected with the agency,) he had received, therefore literally confounded him. As he could not pass his accounts properly,*"\* was made DEATH, without benefit of clergy, during the reign of our late excellent and generous king. This letter will also substantiate the truth of his statement in "No Fiction," Vol. ii. p. 52, where he says, "*Douglas* had not heard from Lefevre since the interview which has been noticed;" which, according to his account must be false, as he says, p. 34, "*The following day (after that interview,) Lefevre had set apart for a visit to Miss D.;*" at which visit my letters, &c. were returned to me, p. 36; which, according to his own account, was

\* No Fiction, Vol. ii. pp. 48—49.

months before that night alluded to. In fact, the interview was about a month before the receipt of it, of which, his letter gives internal evidence, as he begins by saying, "*Your speaking so carelessly about the settlement of the little account.*"

The facts are these, Mr. Reed's account was due in June; in July I waited upon him with it; (when I told him some particulars of my courtship, my prospects, and my determination of marrying, &c. on which day I believe my friend, Mr. John Walton, lent me his horse to ride on to Ingatestone); but as he said he was *short of money*, I did not particularly press him for it, and said it might stand over. At that time I had a superabundance of cash, for on settling our quarterly account on the 8th of July, I find by a reference to my memorandum book of that date, that I left a balance of £69. 14s. 10d. in Mr. Nelthorp's hands, it being an overplus of my commission account for the quarter ending the 25th of June; and that on the 13th of July, when I received my quarter's salary from my public situation, I put into his hands £30. more, and afterwards two additional small sums; the whole of which balance I did not draw out of his hands until I was about to settle the whole of my account in the coal business. But when I had come to the determination of relinquishing the coal concern, I of course wrote to Mr. Reed for his account, which

was overdue nearly two months; and which non-payment, eat up, by common interest, a portion of my profits. The following, verbatim, is the answer to my application.

*Cannon Street Road,*  
*August 7, 1816.*

Dear Barnett,

Your speaking so carelessly about the settlement of the little account, induced me to direct the same another way, so that I am sorry to say, just now, it is not in my power to meet your request. Shortly I hope to accomplish it.

Yours, MOST TRULY,  
ANDREW REED.

It is not merely to shew the contradiction between *this letter*, and his fictitious account of that period, that I print this note, but to inform the reader, that in consequence of this epistle, some very sharp letters passed between us; so that the correspondence was carried on till the latter end of September or the beginning of October, when battering him, I got the amount of my bill, which was between £15 and £16. His other letters I cannot find, but I recollect they made a very powerful impression on my mind, which in some measure accounts for my going to him in a state of derangement on Nov. 11th following, in the dead of the night; very probably in a most awful

state; for he says himself, my “*whole body was in a state of extreme agitation,*” and that “*Douglas questioned his safety in my presence.*”\*

As this reverend gentleman has got *all my letters*, perhaps he shewed some of them at that period to his church junto; (he has only one or two regular deacons, his church being managed by a committee, at which he presides, a “thorough-paced non-con, not a Methodist, not a Presbyterian, not a MODERN DISSENTER, but a *Dissenter of the 16th century*,” as he *calls himself* to me in Nov. 1810.) As a proof that I was in *want of money* at that period, which, without telling them it was an application for what he owed me, they might consider it as a “full justification” of the account their *revered* pastor has given of the period alluded to. But the candid and unbiased reader, I think, will admit that this answer to me, when I made application for money due, and which was *over due nearly two months*, does not give a very strong evidence of it, or that he was “*the most excellent and noble of friends,*” as he HIMSELF makes me to say of him, Vol. i. p. 237, “*No Fiction;*” nor was it *very just* in him, “*to direct the sum another way,*” which was *due to me*. And taking into consideration that I had *voluntarily paid his father £50, off my debt*

\* “*No Fiction,*” vol. ii. p. 53.

about three weeks before this application, which he knew and highly applauded, and that I now wrote to him for his account; as I wanted to close the coal business, intended with a view to the settlement of all accounts; common civility, to say nothing of friendship, required a different letter; in the absence of a sufficiency of cash, he might have procured the money from some of his wealthy friends, and offered to render me any further assistance. And suppose, for argument sake, we admit the *truth* of his *fiction*, that at that time I was harassed by my creditors; what can his friends say to him for withholding money which he himself was *indebted to me?*

Although Mr. Reed was backward in his payment, as well as some others, (two of the accounts I did not get until 1819, the year after my return to England,) yet, having a sufficiency of money of my own at command, and having fully determined on relinquishing the coal trade, I requested Mr. Bazing's clerk to make up the account, and I paid him every farthing. To Mr. Bazing, who then was a coal-merchant, as well as a proprietor of the Lambeth Water-works, I readily refer any one who doubts the assertion.

It will be naturally supposed, that the abandonment of the coal trade would relieve a mind like mine, which was always agitated by a pressure of business; however, my

mind was overwhelmed with grief, arising from a variety of causes, about this period. One arose from a little misunderstanding which took place between Mrs. Cook, the grandmother of Miss Cook, and myself, with which Miss Cook had nothing to do, and which, although it caused a temporary cessation of my correspondence, and it would only have been a *cessation*, had it not been for my unfortunate malady, which took place shortly afterwards: the best evidence of which, I imagine, is, that she never *sent one of my letters back*; and that her uncle Mr. Bartlett came from Ingatestone to see me in January, 1817, at my brother's in Spring Gardens, when I was ill. To Mrs. Cook of 17, Prospect Place, West Square, Lambeth, who has now returned with her amiable family from her house in Mill Green, to that abode; to Miss Cook's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, I willingly refer the public to ascertain the truth of my charge, even in this business, against this young novelist, of *gross and infamous falsehoods*; and as it regards the truth of my statement and my conduct to them. As collateral contradiction, I quote extracts from two letters; one from Mrs. Cook, the grandmother, dated August 6, 1816; and the other from her son-in-law, Mr. Bartlett, October 21, 1816, only twenty days before I was taken ill, and, in a state of derangement went to Mr. Reed's house.

MR. BARNETT,  
Lambeth Water-works,  
Blackfriar's Road, London.

*August 6, 1816,*

*Mill Green Cottage, Ingatstone, Essex.*

My Dear Friend,

I rather think the Mr. Drews are in the country, I know they go every summer, therefore I will not trouble you at present. The young people have received the parcel, and are very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. They approve of your choice greatly. Of course you will hear from Henney.

I have got a charming donkey, that will bring me to London, or any distance I may want to go. Already my carriage has saved the expense of bringing the sugar, which would have been three or four shillings, so that, in time, I shall feel the good of all my purchases. The sugar is very good; I thank you for getting it. James was here yesterday, *he mentioned you were ill.* I sincerely hope this will meet you better. We all unite in kind regards, and shall be very happy when you can make it convenient to come down. God bless you.

Ever believe me,

Your truly sincere friend,

R. COOK.

The letter of Mr. Bartlett being of a private nature, I shall not print it, but only

just refer to it, to shew that I was neither turned off, as Douglas Reed represents me; nor treated any otherwise than with the greatest esteem.

To MR. BARNETT.

*Ingatesone,  
October 21, 1816.*

Dear Sir,

I received your letter enclosing —. I am requested by my mother, (i. e. Mrs. Cook,) to say she is much obliged to you. You will oblige her by returning — by return of post.

I remain yours, &c.

WILLIAM BARTLETT.

I have thought it necessary to make these references, to shew that I am willing every person should have an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity, of the accuracy of my statements, and of the falsity of Mr. Reed.

About this time my mind was dwelling on the charge alluded to; and as I now had lost the soothing society of Miss Cook, it operated so powerfully, that derangement ensued, on the 11th of November, 1816. Yet there was nothing either in my affairs, in my connexions at the public office to which I belonged, or at the Water-works, that gave me uneasiness; or that could have brought on so awful a calamity as that with which I was afflicted. At the office, I had,

on the first of October, 1816, completed my 15th year, which, according to the regulations of office, entitled me to an advance of salary, by length of service, of above one half, in addition to my then income, and which I should have received the following year. And I retained the confidence of my superiors up to the day of my affliction ; nor had I either then or before received any message, any written or verbal communication of disapprobation ; and indeed how *could I ?* for I performed my duty honourably and justly ~~up to the very day~~ ; and my character during the whole time I was there, was not only unimpeachable, but insured me the approbation of all, as will be seen by a letter from the principal of the office, which will be published in the proper place, and which will put it beyond contradiction.

At the Water-works, it so providentially happened, that the very week before I was taken ill, I had overpaid my accounts. And I say providentially, for in nothing does providence more display itself, than in causing circumstances so to operate, that the *innocent* shall have the most ample means of justifying themselves from false and unfounded charges. Another providential circumstance was, that on the very day when settling our weekly collection, Mr. Nelthorp remarked to me, as a very *extraordinary coincidence*, that on that day, November the 4th, 1816, a week before I was taken ill, the

gross amount of my collection from the 29th of September to that day, was within two shillings and sixpence of my brother collector. And this he mentioned to me, in approbation of my exertions, as well as a remarkable occurrence.

In the account given of this time, pp. 44—48. Vol. ii. "No Fiction," the Rev. Andrew Reed, *charges me with felony direct*. This charge was alluded to in my election as assistant secretary to the London Orphan Asylum, in November, 1819. It was also brought against me in conversation, by some of the Socinians at Portsea, in April, 1820; and that it is fairly drawn from "No Fiction," the following quotation will show:—"At length Lefevre is drawn into the vortex of folly; one of the early fruits of which is a removal from Mr. Russell's house. He falls into expensive habits, contracts debts, and *worst of all, is induced to apply monies intrusted to him for other purposes*, to satisfy the importunities of his creditors." But the Rev. Andrew Reed, in October, 1822, in his threatening letter to me, says, I am "*worse, much worse*" than Lefevre; telling me in that letter, that he has "*the means of full justification in his hands*," and that up to the *present period* I have been

\* See Review of No Fiction; and Threatening Letter from Douglas to Lefevre, in "The Portsmouth, Portsea and Gosport Literary and Scientific Register," in December last, p. 158.

*commuting felony*; but, that if I attempted to prove the fabrications of "No Fiction," it will become his "public duty,"\* to shew that it was out of *compassion to me*, he had "*lowered*" and smoothed down the most *villanous parts* of "No Fiction." He also says, (thinking that the public could hardly believe I was so bad as he had represented me,) "Be it sufficient then to state, that wherever *they exist*, (speaking of any liberties he might suppose the public would think he had taken with my character,) they are not of an *exaggerating* character. The *truth is often lowered rather than heightened*:"† and that the public may put the most implicit confidence in his statement, he has *himself* put the word *exaggerating*, in italics.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, I trust the reader will bear with me in stating some particulars which otherwise would be supposed *trivial* and *uninteresting*. To any of the proprietors of the Lambeth Water-works, and to Mr. Nelthorpe their secretary, I willingly refer the public as it regards the genuineness of the documents, and the truth of my statements; and when the public have read and compared them with the statements in "No Fiction," Vol. ii. pp. 47—50, I think they will give me credit for *Christian forbearance*, in not

\* Threatening Letter, pp. 2. 4.

† Preface to No Fiction, p. 8.

having, ere this, brought this reverend cœlumniator to account for his conduct before a jury of his country.

That the public may fully comprehend the documents which I shall print in the Review of "No Fiction," in contradiction of this felonious charge, and other charges, they should be informed, that it was regulated by the Board of the Lambeth Water-works, that each collector should check all his receipts with the secretary every week, (which had previously been countersigned and numbered by him,) and pay the whole of the amount collected into the bankers on that day, and that at every Board Meeting, which was once a fortnight, a list containing a copy of the counterparts of the receipts, so checked, should be laid on their table; and that on each Quarter-day the collectors should be paid their per centage, but should they, in the *interim*, want any sum on account of per centage, they might have it by applying to the secretary. To shew that this situation was one of responsibility and respectability, the public should be also informed, that my brother and my friend, Mr. John Walton, jointly and separately gave bond for me for two thousand pounds.

According to the regulations, the day I was taken ill was my settling day, as the 4th of November was the last time I had settled with the secretary, yet, even on that day I had proceeded with my collection,

and in the evening I performed my duty at my official situation.

To attempt a detail of what transpired that night and since, up to the period of May last, during my different illnesses, would astonish the reader, and might excite in him sympathy, but it could be of no advantage. However, I may generally state, from that period until after that event, I considered myself at one time as being oppressed and driven by visions and spirits the most horrible, unaccountable and incredible; and at other times attracted by pleasing and delightful appearances, as was the case the first night of my illness. I perfectly recollect on that night, November 11th, 1816, I thought I was directed and guided to the house of the Rev. Andrew Reed, by the chiming of the most delightful bells, and pleasing sensations; and remember saying to him immediately after I saw him, something about wanting his pulpit to preach in. After this and similar conversation, my recollection failed, and on awaking in the morning, I found myself in a strange bed, with some of my clothes on, and could hardly bring to my remembrance any thing of the past night. Early in the morning I proceeded to my office, went on with my duty, though I cannot recollect whether I finished it or not, but I do remember I thought I was then followed by an innumerable host of spirits, sometimes audibly exclaiming, It was repro-

bated, or cast off from God, or that I had denied his existence. Such visions, or ideal sounds, which are real, at least, to the diseased imagination, followed me through all the illness, at my brother's house, at my departure, and subsequently on my entering the army. At this period I considered myself under the full operation of a visible spiritual agency, or under the influence of properties beyond matter, doubtless mysterious, and which none but the afflicted can describe, no reasoning of the philosopher can detect, and no physical causes can sufficiently unfold.

Those persons who have never been thus afflicted, cannot fully describe the terrors which arise in the mind from the privation of reason, or the miseries resulting from a disordered imagination; some may treat such aberrations with levity, indifference and ridicule. Yet I can scarcely believe, that there is another individual in existence, or at least, any Christian minister except the Rev. Andrew Reed, who would take advantage of such melancholy aberrations to make a tale—to excite popularity—to gratify the feelings of pride and vanity—and above all, to increase his own property, or put money into the pocket of himself and his publisher. But from such aberrations, are the dark shades of the character of *Lefevre* drawn in the pages of "No Fiction," and such the means which the author adopted, to give

colouring to his work. Let us however proceed in the narrative.

Being deprived of my reason, and attended by three medical gentlemen, the public must be aware it is utterly impossible for me to give a full account of what occurred at that period. For it is well known that the subject so afflicted, is by the deprivation of reason, rendered not only incapable of judging rightly, but generally judges falsely. It is therefore impossible for me to contradict the statement of Mr. Reed as it regards what I said to him in the interview alluded to. There is, however, abundant testimony to contradict other charges brought against me, and also of the account of the interview and dialogue as given by him, from p. 53, Vol. II, to the end of that chapter; I shall refer my readers to this contradictory evidence, leaving them from that to judge of the propriety of giving credence to him, where he knew I had no evidence to contradict his statements.

In the conclusion of the chapter some very illiberal and unwarrantable remarks are made, not only on me, but also on my brother, to which I shall reserve my observations, to the Review that will follow.

However, it will be necessary I should give a short account here.

On the day I was taken ill, I was attended by my own surgeon, Mr. Sibree, of Charlotte Street, Blackfriar's Road; and

(as Mr. Warburton's letter will shew in the Review,) afterwards by my brother's surgeon, Mr. Johnson, and Dr. Maton.

My brother was unremitting in his attentions, sending messages once or twice a day besides calling upon me himself. My medical attendants proposed a removal, which he immediately complied.

In the course of a week I was removed to my brother's, therefore, chap. xxiii. p. 71 continues the fictitious narrative until the period. After I was removed from Mr Warburton's to my brother's, he endeavoured to do every thing to rouse me from the low and desponding state, and had written to my mother when I was taken ill. My mother, who blamed herself for not coming to town at the illness of my brother William set off immediately, and on my arrival, was at my brother's, the Spring Gardens Hotel and in the evening, when he thought I was well enough to bear it, introduced her to me, which was on the 16th or 17th of November. During the time I was ill at Mr Warburton's, two of my brother's servant sat up with me each night, and he sent messages almost every hour in the day. His attention to me now was unceasing, and my mother, medical attendants and friends united with him in endeavouring to restore me to my proper state and feelings. But I was then enveloped in deep melancholy and thought I was still visited by dread.

spirits, and that now they appeared to possess "locality and place," and in addition had the power of communicating sounds, horrid and corroding, giving me an account of my past illness, which I thought had been six months; and thus was my oblivious existence set before me in a most awful light. In fact, so powerfully was I at that period under satanic influence, that sooner than go either of my situations, I determined on self-destruction, and till an opportunity occurred to accomplish it, I cherished

— loathed melancholy  
Stygian cave forlorn,  
*angst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy.*"

To remove this melancholy, every means was adopted that kindness could suggest, or reason dictate. Mr. Nelthorp, secretary of Water-works frequently sent messages, and called upon me, entreating me to return to my collecting. My brother officers in the other department, exhibited the like kindness and attentions, and the gentlemen at the head of the department wrote also to my brother to the same effect. But all these only aggravated my delusion and left me in the same miserable and forlorn condition. My brother and mother also entreated to know if there was any concealed cause of this melancholy and despondency. To these I made no reply; but every night appeared

to me as the last, as if my doom was fixed, and my misery eternal. A cause was latent, but that cause I feared, I could not, I dare not reveal.

The Calvinistic sentiments now held me in the greatest bondage ; these I held fast, and resolved the whole into the Divine Sovereignty. It was unnecessary to keep religious books out of my way, ("No Fiction," Vol. ii. p. 69,) for I should not have read amidst the greatest abundance ; neither would I pray, or go to a place of worship, if all London had been given to me as a recompense. My brother and mother, also, instead of preventing me, offered to attend, if I would accompany them to hear the Rev. Jabez Bunting, but I would not. When my mother returned, she expressed a wish that I had been there, for Mr. B. preached an excellent sermon from the following text : "*If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maranatha.*" But this sermon, I silently replied, had I heard it, would only have increased my damnation. But since my reason has returned, I heard the same sermon by the same preacher, at the Methodist Chapel, St. George's in the East, in 1822, which was a high gratification, a pleasure I had often desired.

Confirmed as I then was, in the secret determination of self-destruction, my mind had become reduced, and I felt as if deprived

of the power of locomotion or of voluntary motion, and remained in this painful state until Saturday the 28th of December. For ~~several~~ weeks I had left my duties ; my mother was in constant attendance, and sleeping even in the same room.

It was then thought necessary some powerful effort should be made to awaken my stupor, or rouse my energies. With this view I was informed the proprietors of the Water-works wished to see me ; and it was proposed I should attend on this day, Saturday, December 28th. To this proposition I apparently agreed, but had previously determined on the contrary, and had fully made up my mind *then*, that I would destroy myself. At the time appointed, I left my brother's house professedly to go to the Water-works ; instead of this, however, I went to an inn, where I remained until the evening. On leaving, I determined to throw myself off London Bridge, but I had not proceeded far, before the heavens displayed (either it really was so, or I imagined so,) so terrific an appearance, united with the "whirlwind's hollow sound," that I then desisted, took a coach, and proceeded to Deptford, where I slept. The next morning I went to Woolwich, fully bent on my horrible purpose ; but happening to meet with a person that day, who knew me, I again hesitated ; and thus in a state of indecision I wandered about several days and nights, in

the nights during this inclement season sleeping in the open air; and my days without food; more from a fear of being discovered, than from want of money. But what I appeared most afraid of, was, that if I attempted to destroy myself, I should not effectually complete my destruction, which I thought would be a disgrace to me.

I cannot forbear relating, that at the moment when I was about attempting to drown myself in a pond near Welling in Kent, that I imagined I heard several voices distinctly speaking at the same time; "We shall call out,"—"we can make the people hear at the house,"—"the boats shall be put out," &c. I then desisted, and after sleeping in the open air that night, the next day took the coach for Chatham, where I arrived on the evening of the 7th of January, 1817, and remained at a house near the bridge, with all the deliberate and determined composure imaginable, until almost midnight, with a full intention to complete my diabolical purpose. But when the time arrived the night became similar to that of the 28th of December. I hesitated,—I walked to and from Rochester, and my attention was diverted and arrested by hearing, or thinking I heard, during the whole of the night, a variety of voices singing, at different parts of the towns, sometimes hymns and sometimes songs, until the morning dawned, when I went into another house,

intending to stay those part of the day, walk about the remainder, and then complete my design in the evening. After breakfast I seemed to be rivetted to the place, and staid to dinner. I remained in reflection almost all the day ; I reverted to my past life ; I reasoned on the propriety of suicide, and sometimes thought I ought not to commit that sin. But again I thought there was an excuse for committing it, my situation rendered it proper, for if I lived I should only be a burden to my friends, and be increasing my doom, by committing more evil, as I was one of the reprobate, and "mercy appeared clean gone." Towards the afternoon the landlord shewed me the following printed notice, and asked me if it did not refer to me.

#### " YOUNG MAN MISSING.

" Left his home on Saturday, the 28th of December last, a YOUNG MAN, aged 30 years, 5 feet 9 inches high, about 12 stone, of a florid complexion, and very full dark eyes; dress, a new brown great coat, black coat and waistcoat, drab cloth small clothes, long gaiters and shoes, his seal and linen marked F. B. It is supposed a relapse of a recent disorder may prevent the knowledge of his address.

" Any person restoring him to his friends, 56, Spring Gardens, shall receive Five Pounds reward."

*January 7, 1817.*

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I did not deny the description, and either wrote, or agreed he should write to my brother, who arrived next day in a post-chaise, in company with a friend. My feelings on the road home, and afterwards, were so extraordinary, that I really did not know I was in existence, but absolutely thought I was dead, had passed into another state of being, and that other spirits had now taken forms and appearances similar to my brother, Mrs. Barnett, and my mother.

A day or two after my return, my mother and my brother were again urgent for me to say if any thing was on my mind. They offered to send for any person to converse with me; and my brother asked me if I would see any one. My friends were all anxious to restore my mind to tranquillity. My quarter's salary was sent me from my official situation. Mr. Nelthorp called and paid me what was due to me for my commission account, which was, I believe, nearly £40. My friend, Mr. John Walton, called upon me, invited me, and I promised to dine with him; and about this time the Rev. Andrew Reed came, and saw me in the presence of my mother. He stopped, I think, about ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour; but during the time he remained I do not think we exchanged twenty words, for he was reading the paper all the time, and manifested great indifference. All attempts however were unavailing.

Soon after my arrival at my brother's, my mother returned to Knaresborough. My mother and my brother were pressing me to accompany her ; this I declined. But I could not be prevailed on to attend either my official or collecting duty. In fact, I was again sunk into the depth of melancholy. And now I thought my friends and every person were turned against me ; and that all their kindness and pretended attention was only assumed. In this state I remained for some time ; but after several importunities I sent word to the official situation I filled, that I would resume my duties on a certain day. When I sent that word it was my intention to have fulfilled it ; but on that very day my mind was so overwhelmed with gloom, that I determined, sooner than go, to submit to any thing. Dreading further remarks and entreaties, I left my brother's house again, not knowing where I was going. However, as I had plenty of money (I should think between fifty and sixty pounds,) I went from London to Staines ; where I stopped a day or two ; from thence to Farnham in Surrey, thence to Winchester, and then returned to Farnham, where I remained some time.

To enter into a detail of my feelings and conduct during that period, would neither be interesting nor improving to the reader ; yet I ought to state that during all this period, I was labouring under the strange,

'but I believe too common delusion, that all that had been done for me, and what I had suffered, was not at all necessary, and that I had been treated very ill. Under this full impression, and after having nearly exhausted all my money, with a full resolution not to make myself known, I determined on leaving my country, in the hope of yet getting forward in a foreign land. With this view I entered the army, intending, by procuring extra employ by writing, by which I could save sufficient money to purchase my discharge in Canada, which I supposed I should soon be able to do, as I understood that good penmen were very scarce in Quebec.

All my views appeared now to have taken a different direction. My mind seemed to have gained, not its usual, but a different force. I went to the dépôt, Isle of Wight, and from Cowes we sailed, in August, 1817, for Canada. In the vessel which carried the detachment, were nearly two hundred emigrant Germans.

The reader must now view me in a most extraordinary and deluded situation. And strange as it may appear, I thought myself happier than I had been for years before. The variety, diversity and eccentricity of character arrested my attention, and gave a fund of amusement, and my numerous engagements fully occupied my time. In addition to keeping the accounts of the de-

and the officers' mess, I assisted the steward, with those of his own and those of the Germans. Religion never entered my thoughts, and as to my friends, I thought they were glad to be rid of me; 'I suppose they think I am dead; let them think so,' I said, 'perhaps I may live yet to be better off than some of them.' Amidst these gloomy reflections, I looked wistfully and hopefully at the English shore. As we gently and steadily receded from it, I bid it a last silent farewell, never expecting to see it again; but we had no sooner rushed into the mighty ocean, than all my gloom was dispelled, and I endeavoured to be reconciled to what I considered my lot. While crossing the wonderful ocean, no serious or pious reflections entered my mind; nor had the "great deep" sufficient power to awaken in my breast any awful thoughts. Resisted as I imagined only for a short time, before I should terminate my career in eternal punishment. I merely abstained from what I called gross sins, and complied with those that may be accounted more as sins of omission than commission. During the voyage I never read a chapter of the Bible. For the first time in my life I began and did nearly read through a novel—it was "Tom Jones," with which I was very much amused. Of this class I can assure the reader that I have read no more than "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Vicar of Wakefield;" unless the

historic novels of Sir Walter Scott come under that definition.

Much conjecture was indulged, and many inquiries made concerning my friends and connexion; but them I concealed and avoided by indirect answers; for my manner, and habits, and education was at least superior to them with whom I associated; and thus we proceeded until we arrived at Quebec, the account of which place in "No Fiction," Vol. ii. p. 162, is so ridiculous and absurd. The descriptions in that work are more appropriate to the Mediterranean, than the Canadian shore, some of which are only disfigured by their removal from Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho."

For there are no "villas, and gardens of its principal inhabitants," and the gay spring day that I first saw it, and the lovely hills clothed with pasturage and wood, are descriptively correct and as religiously true, as the beautiful description, in Vol. i. p. 11, of the "May primrose, cowslip, and hawthorn," that "collected by the wayside," and regaled "Douglas, Banks, and myself, as we passed through Tottenham." It was one of the dreariest days in November that we landed, and the contrast as great as the reader can possibly imagine; from the darkness of the night to the noon tide sun. A common Gazetteer might have corrected this error, but our young novelists are but ill supplied with geographical knowledge.

As I was extremely regular in my conduct during the voyage, correct in keeping the accounts, and in aiding the steward in portioning out the rations, as a twelve, instead of a six weeks' voyage, had rendered a reduction in the regular allowance necessary; it will naturally be supposed, that my conduct attracted the attention of the officers, and that a representation of it would be made to the commanding officer, which was the case, and I recollect him, on the inspection-day, after our landing, eying and scanning me very minutely. One of the officers who went over with me, and who had the command of the company to which I belonged, sent for me on the following Sunday, stating that the Major had noticed me, and, as my conduct was so correct, that there was no doubt I should soon be promoted, and might look forward to a place of comfort and honour in the army. This gentleman was Mr. Hatchell, the son of Mr. Hatchell, the Wexford banker, a worthy, humane and exemplary officer.

I had not been long at Quebec, before I became in great requisition for writing letters for the poor men in our regiment, and that of the 60th, who, as well as the non-commissioned officers, were dreadfully at a loss to make out their reports and accounts, being nearly the whole of them foreigners. During the whole of my life I do not recollect that I ever felt so much solid satisfac-

tion as I did for the first and second months after my arrival. The poor soldiers previously were obliged to pay sixpence for the writing of a letter; but now I reduced the price to one penny, and found paper, pens and wax; and this I was enabled to do, having money, I purchased wholesale in this town. This gave great discontent to the mercenary scribblers, (for there are mercenary scribblers in the army, as well as among *Dissenting ministers*,) who take mean advantage of the necessities of the poor, and are enraged at every one who will not unite in perpetrating their oppressive conduct; and, as these envious and avaricious writers were employed in the regimental orderly room, and had great influence with the non-commissioned officers, misconduct and motives were misrepresented, and *extra duty* apportioned to me as if from some other cause. I soon, however, became acquainted with the cause of disapprobation, and dealt out a death-like blow to these pale troons. I found that those non-commissioned officers, (in general the best soldiers,) who could not write, paid these gentlemen half-a-crown a hundred for preparing their daily scrips of duty; I reduced the price to a quarter-dollar (1s. 3d.) at once, and afterwards to one shilling, doing, for those who employed me, other writing; such as taking a copy of the daily reports, &c. into the bagain; so that I became a monopolist, and

created in the bosoms of these little great men, as much envy, as exists in some of our inferior merchants to the great continental monopolists : but my monopoly was that of duty and not of wealth. Some of them wanted to lay down regulations, that we should not work under a certain price ; such conditions I would not subscribe : I was determined to follow the operations of my feelings, and as I had begun so to continue. By this conduct I gained the esteem of some of the non-commissioned officers, in others it generated the latent feelings of envy, so that my motives were questioned, and my conduct misrepresented.

I had not been long at Quebec, before I was accidentally requested to write letters for several of the inhabitants ; and among the rest, was introduced to an eminent attorney, who offered me full employ for my leisure hours, and gave me some sheets to copy, which was to be laid before the gentleman connected with the executive government. In these sheets references to the different acts of the Canadian government were interspersed. A copy of it was wanted as soon as I could finish it.. That night I was on guard, I took it with me, copied it, extracted the references from the body of the sheets, and put them in the margin with such accuracy and despatch, (as I sent it the next morning by ten o'clock,) which caused this gentleman to give me

two dollars for the performance ; and this led to some conversation as it regarded my future prospects. I told him my plans, when he said he should soon be able to give me sufficient employment to save enough to procure my discharge, and then situations might easily be obtained. I offered to leave all that he would allow me for my future writing in his hands, until it amounted to a sufficiency.

My new employment created unpleasant feelings in the breasts of the non-commissioned officers ; and my conduct was strictly scrutinized, as they began to think that I had only entered the army to procure a passage, and that shortly it was expected I should desert, and proceed either to Montreal, or across the country to the American states. At this time a gentleman lent me the Duke of York's regulations for the army ; and that I might become better acquainted with my duty, and be prepared to defend my conduct, I had them brought to me whenever I was on guard ; and in the intermediate hours when not on sentry, I consulted them, for I scarcely ever slept when on guard.

In these regulations I found one which subjected any soldier, who employed himself in any way for the inhabitants without leave from his commanding officer, to be tried by a court-martial. To obviate the danger, I drew up a respectful memorial to the com-

manding officer, for permission to use my pen in writing for the inhabitants. I can scarcely now recollect one line of that memorial, (as I then undoubtedly was still partially deranged,) but I submitted it to the perusal of the army schoolmaster, who spoke of it to me in the most flattering manner. I sent a letter at the same time to the Adjutant, the fact was generally known through him immediately to all the non-commissioned officers, and I saw the next morning all their eyes were turned upon me; and that I was the subject of jealousy, if not of suspicion. At this time all the young soldiers drilled twice a day, and this very day for the first time, my manœuvres were strictly marked. Before this, I had gone on very well, and had been informed by some of the officers, that I should soon be reported fit for regular duty, and then be promoted. But on this morning it appeared I made several mistakes. The Sergeant-major, a man who could not write his own name, and who could scarcely read any writing, and whom I had frequently corrected in the orderly-room (not intentionally offensively) in the pronunciation of proper names and places, soon discovered, as he said, what was the matter with me: "He is drunk," he exclaimed, "confine him."

I could have brought twenty to swear I was not drunk, but his word was sufficient,

so I was confined. However, in the intermediate hours between the morning and the afternoon drill, the Sergeant of the guard let me come from the prisoners, and I sat with him, made out his reports and aided him in preparing his monthly accounts, with which I took more than common pains, as expecting then I should be brought to a court-martial, in which case I intended to have produced this as evidence in contradiction of the injustice of the charge. In the afternoon I soon perceived *why* I was reported *drunk*. The Sergeant-major, in the drill, threw out an innumerable quantity of squibs at my education, clerkships, and a variety of other expressions to the same effect, and particularly calling me the Secretary at war; but the reason of this report and confinement was not made fully evident to me until the next morning.

It is usual for the prisoners the following day after their confinement, on parade, to fall out of the ranks, when the commanding officer takes the report of their crimes and awards a portion of punishment to some of the offenders, and others to a court-martial. The Major passed a goodly number of them off quickly, but when he came to me, he made a long pause, the officers surrounded him, and I expected nothing less than a court-martial. He began by saying he had received my memorial, and that previously he had noticed my good conduct, and had

heard such an account of me from the officers, that he had determined on promoting me the first opportunity; that the very night he received my petition a situation which would have relieved me from the duty of a soldier, and have given me twenty pounds a year in addition to my pay, (garrison librarian) was vacant, that, had I not been confined for drunkenness, I should have had it; but now he could not recommend me to the Garrison Major; but, (said this sapient Major) I forgive you as this is your first offence; go to your barracks, recollect, I shall not forget you, only take care of yourself. I shall ask your officers how you behave, and reward you accordingly, only mind, I do not grant you leave to *do any writing for the inhabitants*; I forbid it." I attempted to reply but he would not hear me; he said, he wanted no apology.

I was not going to apologize, but to state the fact that I was not drunk, and that I was ready to go to a court-martial, but I could not be heard, and it was well; for had I demanded, he must have granted me one, which would have resulted in flogging; the oath of the Serjeant-major and another would have been sufficient, in opposition to the numerous witnesses, which I could have brought to the contrary. Other charges, which were false, were afterwards brought against me, which only terminated in a mild rebuke, and sometimes solitary confinement, as I

never was degraded by being flogged, yet several innocent persons through the villainy of others, received several hundred lashes at a time.

My readers will naturally suppose that this prohibition of the Major's, and the false charge of the non-commissioned officers, (which I supposed was from envy, as one of the Serjeants wanted to be garrison librarian,) gave me no very favourable opinion of their characters; nor was I of a texture to submit to their indignities quietly. The officers frequently mentioned to me afterwards, that if I took care of myself I should be promoted; but I spurned all their offers, and treated them and the Major with marked contempt. To enter into a detail of all that passed at Quebec would be uninteresting to the reader; yet I cannot refrain from noticing how narrowly I frequently escaped from condign punishment, which my conduct deserved for irregularity, although it did not partake of moral turpitude.

To shew the state of my mind, and the extent my disease of misguided reason operated, and to record the gratitude I now feel to the Divine goodness, I will record two, in which I wonderfully escaped. I have previously related, I went over with about two hundred emigrant Germans: we arrived at Quebec in November; they could not therefore proceed to their place of destination until the following May. The govern-

meat rations were not granted until they reached their destined location, and consequently were left almost destitute. A wealthy German merchant at Quebec, connected with government, set a subscription afloat: a meeting was held, and the account of it narrated in the Quebec Gazette. No sooner had this made its appearance, than I wrote an appeal to the English and Irish residents at Quebec, in favour of their poor and starving countrymen, a great number of whom were thrown out of employment by being discharged from the government yards. In this reply, I was neither very courteous, as regarded my account of the Germans, or to the persons who subscribed. I sent a copy anonymously to the Editor of the Quebec Gazette. A few days after I called on the Editor, in consequence of the following circumstance.

One day after guard, proceeding round the town, I called with some more of the soldiers on the person who was shewing the Panoramic View of the Battle of Waterloo; with him I had a controversy on the exorbitant charge (half a dollar,) for admission, especially as it related to the soldiers. The proprietor said he had no objection to let them see it at half price, and that I might make it known in any way I thought proper. I then waited on the Editor of the Quebec Gazette, as it regarded the communication I sent him, (for I requested him not to print

't until I had called,) and mentioned to him what the proprietor of the Panorama had said, and that I should like to make it known. To oblige me, he offered to insert it in the Gazette for nothing; I therefore drew up the following advertisement.

"Frederick Barrett, a private soldier in the 76th regiment of foot, begs leave to inform his comrades and the garrison in general, that he has had an interview this day with Mr. Barker, the proprietor of the Painting of the Battle of Waterloo, and is authorized by him to say, that any Soldiers not holding higher rank than himself, shall be permitted to see the above Painting at half price, viz. a quarter dollar.

N. B. The best time to see it is when the sun shines, and when the atmosphere is clear."

Which appearing next day in the Quebec Gazette, gave great umbrage to the officers, and particularly the words "not holding higher rank than himself," and subjected me to confinement to the barracks. This strange and unaccountable conduct produced great uneasiness and sorrow to the officers. To prevent the non-commissioned officers from having any chance of mis-reporting me, I abstained from taking any liquors, and my conduct was otherwise unimpeachable.

The reprimand and confinement caused me to stop the editor from printing the address.

I relate these circumstances to shew the deranged state of my imagination, and its romantic effect. Religion was completely banished from my heart. I had not opened the Bible from the time I had been taken ill in November, 1816; nor had I a copy of the Bible. At this period I was induced to go and hear the Methodist preacher, the Rev. Mr. Hicks; and one evening he preached from the following words, "*Prepare to meet thy God.*" His sermon was powerful, and arrested my attention so much, that I was induced to call upon him. After some conversation relative to my past life; telling him how I had been haunted with spirits, &c. he happened to mention my real name. Whether he had any recollection of my person or not, I cannot say; yet it soon led to a discovery that he was an old schoolfellow of mine at York. He advised me by all means to write to my friends, and I believe he wrote off immediately to his sister at York.

By his persuasion, and in consequence of the improper behaviour of some non-commissioned officers, which induced me to request three of the officers to demand a court-martial for me, I was led to say who I was, and, which will account for the allusion to them in my brother's letter to me, I wrote to my brother, Mr. John Walton, my mother,

and some others, all of whom I do not recollect. Some of the letters were enclosed by Mr. Mills, the Garrison Ordinary at Quebec, who had requested me to call upon him, in consequence of having seen my address in manuscript, relative to the Germans, and some other letters which I had written. It was about January that I saw Mr. Hicks; I sometimes called upon him, and frequently afterwards attended his preaching. These religious impressions did not, however, continue, and as he shortly afterwards proceeded to Montreal, I did not again attend the Wesleyan chapel.

But notwithstanding the prohibition of the Major, I wrote letters for several of the inhabitants, and seemed careless about giving offence to the officers. Every method was tried to break my spirits without avail, and in reply to the hope of promotion held out by some of the officers of the regiment, I said I would not accept any thing. The soldiers were all extremely anxious that I should have none of the drudgery belonging to the soldier; so that all my things were cleaned for me, and when on fatigue duty, I was rarely suffered to perform any arduous part.

Such were my indulgences, yet the irritation of mind was perpetual, and reduced the health of my body; for when not on guard, I generally went to the Serjeant's regimental guard-room, and commenced writings.

about two or three o'clock in the morning ; so that I was several times sent to the hospital. On some of these occasions religious reflections revived ; and one time I recollect, for several days I prayed incessantly and earnestly ; but all my prayers at this time, were, that I might submit to the will of God ; these prayers however were only temporary.

About the middle of March, orders arrived that our regiment was soon to proceed to Kingston, about 200 miles beyond Montreal, which place is about the same distance from Quebec. In consequence of this, an order was given that a regular inspection should be made, and a report sent to the medical staff, of all who were not considered able to proceed to Upper Canada. I was included in the report, and ordered by the medical board to remain at Quebec, and sent to England to be discharged, as not sufficiently strong to bear the fatigues of the army. When the board informed me that I was to be sent home, I argued the point at length with them ; stating that I was not only able, but willing to remain in the army. This appeared to them very strange, and they consulted with the medical gentlemen of the regiment, (when they stated, as a person told me who overheard the conversation, that they wanted to get rid of me;) when I was informed that I must be sent home. I then asked for my discharge there, as it

would save the expense of sending me back to England. This, however, I was informed they could not grant.

Compelled to return home, I appeared reconciled; had there been no compulsion, I do not think any money would have induced me to return.

The regiment, however, did not leave Quebec until June. When I, with several others, was left until a ship sailed for England. We did not receive orders to embark until August. As I wrote in the depth of winter, when the rivers blocked up the mode of conveyance, I did not much expect to hear from England: yet my anxiety was great, as every one must naturally expect. About ten days before we embarked, the post brought me six letters from England, which had gone to Kingston, to the regiment first, and the next day the officer, left in charge of the detachment, gave me one from my brother, which had been forwarded to Kingston, under cover to the Major; which accounted for my not having received them before. These letters will shew that it was not my wish to return to England, as well as the state of my mind then, and that my brother had not purchased my discharge; I shall publish extracts from some of them. The whole of these, and others which I do not think necessary to print, may be seen at the publisher's. I insert the following certificate of Dr. Maton, from

which my readers will perceive the state of my mind at that period, and in what way I must have written to my friends.

*Spring Gardens, April 20, 1818.*

I do hereby certify, that I have several times attended Frederick Barrett, a private in Colonel Armstrong's company, in the 76th regiment of foot, and that from the observations which I had opportunities of making during those attendances, added to the circumstances which have occurred in his conduct since, as well as from a perusal of a letter which he has recently written to his brother, the said Frederick Barrett, is, in my opinion, not of sound mind, nor fit to be left to his own control.

W. G. MATON, M. D.

(Extracts from two letters from my Mother.)

*Knaresborough, April 26,  
and 29, 1818.*

My Ever Dear Child,

How little did I expect to have taken up my pen to write to you in this world; but how wonderful are the dealings of the Lord, and merciful above all we could ask or think, to us sinful creatures. When I received your letter, I cannot express whether my joy or grief was the greatest; neither can I be thankful enough to my bless-

ed Lord, who has preserved you to the present moment.

Your dear brother Robert is distressed and bewildered, what to do for the best; but he writes me, he will do every thing that is possible to add to your comfort.

You will wonder to see two letters from your poor mother. I had sent one off before, that I might not be too late. This day I have received another letter from your brother Robert, to tell me what he had done. He is very good; this is the third letter I have had from him since he received yours. He says, whatever you wish shall be done. He mentions that you say, if you were out of the army, you would stay where you are, as a clerk. Oh my dear child! do not wish to tarry away; but come to your mother; you need not, and shall not want for any thing, if it please God that I live to see you. Robert tells me you have met with a school-fellow from York. Do tell me all about him: is he settled there? How wonderful are all the providences of the Almighty. Look to the Lord for help and strength in every time of need. He will never leave you nor forsake you, if you trust in him.

The Lord bless you,

And preserve you for ever,

Prays your affectionate mother,

T. BARNETT.

From my worthy friend Mr. John Walton, Sugar Refiner, Angel Alley, Whitechapel.

*London, May 8, 1813.*

Dear Barnett,

The information of your being in existence, and in the possession of good health has given me, in common with the rest of my friends, the most heartfelt gratification. The gloomy and melancholy state of mind, aggravated to the greatest possible extent by disease, must have induced you to imagine, at the time you left London, that your friends were indifferent to your fate; otherwise you could not have remained silent so long, but have relieved their anxiety by apprising them sooner of your situation.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, you promised to appoint a day to dine with me. The disappointment I now lament exceedingly, because the uninterrupted friendship which has naturally subsisted between us from childhood, gave me a claim to your confidence, which might have induced you to unbosom your thoughts; and I might have been instrumental in dissipating from your mind, those painful ideas that appeared so much to agitate and distress your spirits. Could this happy event have taken place by my influence, your friends at this hour would not have to regret the loss of your society.

Let me entreat you to endeavour to forget what has passed, restore tranquillity to your mind, and contemplate happier days. If you value or esteem my friendship, my poor and humble abilities, may I add my advice :—Let me conjure you not to give up to despair, to unavailing sorrow. Call forth your wonted energies, the vigour and activity of mind and body which you are capable of ; rouse up the sleeping dignity of your nature ; you are neither lost to society nor to your friends. You have injured no man. You are the only sufferer by the strange and unaccountable infatuations of your own actions. My friendship for you remains still the same ; and if I can be of any service in contributing to your welfare and happiness, I shall feel much pleasure in doing it. To hear of your prosperity will be gratifying at all times, therefore let me request that you will not omit any opportunity of writing.

My sister desires to be kindly remembered to you. Mrs. C. Walton, jun. is in town from Knaresborough. We all dined at the Spring Garden Hotel a few days ago. It gives me infinite pleasure to observe how *affectionately interested your brother feels in your happiness and welfare* ; and I am witness how much he has evinced a "disposition to serve you to the utmost of his power. Should any circumstance or views of life induce you to return to Old England,

believe me no person will give you a more cordial reception than your sincere and sympathizing friend,

JOHN WALTON.

To FREDERICK BARRETT, &c.

Quebec.

Not at Kingston ; left at  
Quebec for England.

At the same time I received a similar letter from my esteemed friends, William and Jesse Bridgman, and others, which are not necessary to extend my Memoir by publishing. But the following *real letter from my brother* it is necessary I should publish, to shew the difference between *it and the vulgar, and infamous, fictitious one which Mr. Reed made in his study, and printed as his real one*, in "No Fiction," Vol. ii. p. 191. Some passages I leave out as relating only to family affairs ; but the whole of it may be seen by any one at the publisher's.

*London, May 6, 1818.*

My Dear Brother,

Your letter gave me infinite pleasure and satisfaction. First, that you are alive and well. Secondly, my opinion is confirmed, that as long as reason holds her empire you could not be the worthless creature to rush into eternity uncalled for.

By your account, that I find you in a situation at once unseemly and degraded, is cause of real pain. However, I gather from your letter a gleam of hope in this desert of calamity. You say your conduct has been exemplary, and preferment is before you. The parched lip, and hungry, starving soul, never received moisture and food with greater satisfaction and pleasure, than I do this. My dear Frank, I am your friend ; and when the *storm rages most*, *I am most* to be depended upon. Your brother is your *sheet anchor*.

I write by this mail to Major \_\_\_\_\_, and have placed in the hands of Messrs. Greenwood and Co. a sum of money, £10, at his disposal for your use, sufficient for all and any wants you may have for the present. Take time ; write me most fully what are your wishes and future views : be true to yourself. You shall not want a FRIEND as long as breath remains in my body. Your kind sister has sent you every thing to make you comfortable in warm clothing : I add to it a watch, a good one ; some razors, penknife, French Dictionary, Grammar, &c. I have just returned from the docks. I was fortunate to find a vessel direct for Quebec ; the Regent, three hundred tons, Joseph Bayes the commander. I went on board her. I have since entered the bond, directed as you require. She leaves the river about Friday, and will be at Quebec by the middle of June.

Your letter to H—— requires explanation ; that part which speaks of being before three of your officers.\* I hope you have done nothing, my dear Frank, to disgrace the soldier, then the character of the man remains inviolate. Write me most fully every wish of your heart, and what you would have me to do for you. Be of good cheer ; mind all may, and shall yet be well. You appear to have got a religious turn. The mode and expression of a sect I certainly do not, from my intercourse, much admire, but *I am no caviller with any man how he should serve his God, so that he does not put on the cloak of religion for base motives.* I am a Church-of-England-man. I hope I shall live and die so. *But I say again, I will not quarrel with any man, as to what worship he may think proper to profess.* Enough of this ; it is an affair with Heaven. I will now give you a little domestic news.

\* \* \* \*

I wish you to write by the first mail most fully. Captain Torrens and Lieutenant Clearly come out this summer. God bless you.

Your affectionate brother,  
ROBERT BARNETT.

P. S. Your letter, which I got a fortnight

\* I related in this letter that I had been before three of the officers. It was alluded to in my Memoirs, p. 309, to request them to demand for me a court-martial for false accusations.

ago, must have laid at Halifax or New York a considerable time. What English goods will sell at Quebec, &c.?

The following is from my affectionate sister-in-law.

To F. BARRETT, &c.

Not at Kingston; left at  
Quebec for England.

*London, May 6, 1818.*

Dear Frank,

I need not tell you that I was exceedingly happy to hear of you, and to know that you are in good health. So far, so good; but of the past we will say nothing; let us look forward. Your brother has this day written to you, likewise to the Major. As the letters go through the house of Cox and Greenwood, you will most probably get yours through the Major. Let me beg of you to attend to Robert. Answer his as early as possible. Point out to him your views and wishes: be assured he has your interest and happiness at heart; and will cheerfully step forward to promote them as far as is in his power.

We have this morning sent down to a vessel, the Regent, and which will sail in a few days, a box for you, containing such things as you asked for, and such others as I thought would be useful to you for the present. I hope you will get them safely.

I should like to have put in your great coat, but the box would not hold it. Your brother has written you all the news, therefore it leaves me but little to say. Mrs. Walton from Knaresborough is in town : she dined with us a few days back, as did Mr. John Walton and his sister. This was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing her. How do you get on with your French, do you find it easy? You will perceive I have made a list of the things sent you. Write as early as you can. Excuse this short scrawl, and believe me

Your sincere and affectionate Sister,  
M. BARNETT.

P. S. Your best shirts, cravats, &c. are in my case as you left them.

Here follows the list, which it is unnecessary to print.

The reader from these letters, will be able in some measure to perceive the manner in which I had written to my friends ; and they shew that my discharge had not been *purchased*, for a very good reason, because I had stated, that I did not want to return to England ; so overwhelmed was I with melancholy impressions, from continually dwelling on those visionary scenes, shapes, forms, and voices in my illness, and any violent agitation of the nervous system afterwards easily produced. I was fully bent on

remaining in Canada; notwithstanding the consolatory and friendly invitations of all my friends. Even after I received these letters, I called on several persons to try if I could not get them to interest the Garrison to procure me my discharge at Quebec. This, however, was impossible, as several who had, on former occasions been discharged on such engagements, and in the course of six or twelve months made application to the government to be sent home; and until a vessel was ready to sail, were burdensome to the government. I cannot but now look back to that period, and see in it the hand of Providence, in shutting up all chances of remaining there, and I trust do feel inexplicably thankful for this kind interference.

A few days after I received my brother's letter, we were ordered on board; after the arrival of this letter, I found that I was treated by the officer of the detachment more as an equal than as a common soldier, and so by the officers of the garrison. Our regiment and the Major were 400 miles from Quebec, and there were only a few, who were left on recruiting service, besides the invalids, who knew of the estimation in which I was held. However, there was one, and only one who had behaved ill to me, and to him I have alluded, relative to calling a court-martial. Before the regiment left, I saw him disgraced before it, for neglecting to lay out the money of the men

properly; which justified all I had said of him. He now was left at Quebec a Lance corporal on the recruiting service. When I was sent for by the officer, through the Serjeant, (who told me, he had orders to let me have whatever money I was in want of, and that I was not to be put to any fatigues,) and when the Serjeant turned round, stating other particulars of me, this man hung down his head, and appeared confused. I saw his evident shame and shook him by the hand. I requested him to partake of a treat I gave to the rest of my companions, and offered him any money he might be in want of. His gratitude overpowered him, and my conduct taught him a lesson, which I have no doubt will be beneficial to him and his companions in arms ; teaching him to search minutely into his own conduct, and correct his own ways, instead of bringing false accusations against others, to cover his own infamy. I mention this not out of vanity ; it was my duty as a man so to have acted ; had I behaved contrary, I must have been a brute.

In the middle of August we sailed from Quebec. The vessel in which we returned, was a transport, and in it were a great number who had been discharged from the 60th regiment, some were Swedes, and some Germans. Many of them were men of good natural abilities, and who had been respectable agriculturists, but dragged from their families by the overwhelming tyranny of

Buonaparte. Several of them gave me such a dreadful account of the devastations caused by this remorseless tyrant, not only in provinces, but in families, (and their previous good conduct at Quebec, caused me to give credence to their relation,) that ever since that time, I have had a mortal hatred for the very name of Buonaparte, and often wondered why he was permitted to reign so long, as among one of the great mysteries of Providence, but which I more clearly comprehend at the present moment. I doubt he was suffered thus to demolish empires, thrones and kingdoms, to give a new impulse to the human mind, and the states of Europe, and that the world by this shaking of the nations, might have their thoughts awakened, and their attention directed to the kingdom of God, which is firm, immovable and eternal in the heavens. Happy the people who heard the warning voice, and from the instability and uncertainty of earthly kingdoms and powerful monarchies, place their hopes on a heavenly kingdom, and turn their attention to that Word which directs the mind to this, the grand and primary object of human pursuit.

Our passage home was but short, and soon glided away. I occupied my time in hearing the accounts of these foreigners, and in return for the entertainment afforded, I read to them some of the authors my brother had sent me, but particularly the Bible; and

was astonished to find, how much better versed these foreigners were in the Scriptures, than many of the English who make high professions, and are termed "religious characters" by way of distinction. My Bible was in great request, it was the only one in the ship, excepting another which belonged to one of the sailors, and which, I believe, was given him by the Ratcliff Bible Association. The sailor was well rewarded for the loan of it, according to his idea of reward; several of the soldiers gave him part of their allowance of grog for the use of it. I wish it were in my power to subscribe a large sum to distribute Bibles among the sailors, for they are sure to be useful. From my own observation I do not think there is a real British sailor who would not sooner part with the whole of his apparel, than either pawn or part with a Bible given him. It may not arise from a superior regard to the truths of the Bible; but from a generous feeling, and from a superstitious conviction, that it is impious to barter away the Word of God. Whatever the *feeling* may be, the *fact* is unquestionable, and the opportunity of doing good is therefore incalculable.

In the beginning of September we reached Chatham, which of course was quite unexpected on the part of my friends, the first intelligence of which I believe was received by my sister, to whom I wrote when we

were off Plymouth. Extracts from some of the letters I received on my arrival there, I shall publish; but the *whole* of the two from the Rev. Andrew Reed, in conformity with my previous pledge.

FREDERICK BARRETT,  
On board the Sir George Osborne Transport.

*September 7, 1818.*

Dear Frank,

I received your letter on Friday, but instead of writing to you at Portsmouth, I directed to Chatham, where the paper said the transport was gone round to. Not getting any answer, I am apprehensive 'tis not correct. Do let me beg you will immediately on the receipt of this, write me every particular as relates to yourself; when you think you shall be here;—where Sam shall meet you with your clothes,—and if you have any expenses to pay before you leave the ship; and, as I hope to see you soon, I shall conclude,

Yours, sincerely,  
M. BARNETT.

My brother was at this time on a visit at a friend's of his at Brigg in Lincolnshire. Mrs. Barnett in a subsequent letter informed me of this. I therefore wrote to him and my mother at the same time. The following

letter from him I print *verbatim*, and extracts of one from my mother.

F. BARRETT,  
Mrs. Dodd's Dartmouth Arms,  
Chatham.

*Brigg, September 13, 1818.*

My Dear Brother,

Yours came safe to hand this morning. I am very happy to find you are in good health. As relates to the past and future, bury the former in oblivion. Forget as I do; and from my soul do I wish and trust it may never give you one moment's uneasiness; as regards the latter, every thing must depend on yourself, with this assurance, *that you never shall want a friend if you will deserve one*; but still all must depend on yourself, as relates to effort; and it must and will fix indelible disgrace on you, if, after all your sufferings and experience, you do not gather confidence, and resume that station Providence intends you for.

Thus far you have injured none but yourself, (save the pain you have given to those that love you,) consequently you have no occasion to fear the sight of any one, or for a moment to abandon that hope of prosperity which to have is only to deserve it. I say again, *I am and will be your friend.*

I think you had better get a pass ready. I shall be at home on Thursday about noon:

let there be a letter ready against I get home: I will then write you by that evening's post all particulars as to your coming up, and send you such supplies as are needful. In the *interim* I wish you to have all the little comforts that a poor soldier is deprived of, which you mention. For that end, if you are in want of any cash, call upon Dr. Menzies with my respectful compliments, and I beg he will advance any money you may want. I will lose no time in getting you released from your unpleasant and disgraceful situation, after which, I hope all will yet be well. Mr. Calah is very well, we have had uncommonly fine sport; I never shot so well, seldom miss. I hope next Sunday, this day week, you will eat a brace of birds with me. Perhaps they will not be a novelty. You will not receive this before Wednesday, consequently write me by that post, and say every thing you wish done.

I am, dear Frank,

Yours, affectionately,

ROBERT BARNETT.

*Knaresborough, Sept. 13, 1818.*  
My Dear Francis,

It is not in the power of language to express my joy on the receipt of dear Mrs. Barnett's letter, which communicated the news to your distressed mother of your safe arrival in England. How good the Lord is to us. When we least expe-

it, he is near at hand to do us good, and relieve our distressed minds. I am likewise more happy to-day, to receive a letter from your own hand, that you are well. I trust the time is now not far distant that I may hope to see you at Knaresborough. What a blessing we may all think it, that you have got into England before the winter, which I understand is intensely cold at Quebec. Praise the Lord for his goodness to you and your affectionate brother and sister, whose affectionate regard to you, has been manifested above what we could ask or think. I trust with you they will be rewarded in another and a better world. I dare say you will see or hear from your brother, as soon as possible, after he returns from shooting, who will advise with you for the best. You will have your discharge, I should hope, sooner than you expect; however, be that as it may, I am happy you are arrived safe and well. As it regards your future prospects, do not let that concern or disturb your mind. I humbly trust in that gracious promise, (and hope you can say) "*The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.*" No, my dear child, shall not want any thing I am possessed of, if he will come and share my morsel of bread with me while I live. As you observe, the Lord never did desert a returning prodigal. I have read, an earthly parent may reject a returning prodigal son, but our heavenly Father never will.

• On the throne of mercy he sits to receive him. Nay, when he beholds him coming, even afar off, he springs to meet him, and takes him in the arms of love. What kind encouragement to us all to return to the Lord with a full purpose of heart, to live in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.

I was at Mr. Hicks's father's last Sunday. Have you brought him a letter? He was in daily expectation of hearing from him. I dare say your old schoolfellow was loath to part with you.\*

All friends here are glad to hear the good news. Your father joins me in affectionate love. In hopes of seeing you soon, I must conclude for the present,

Your ever affectionate mother,  
T. BARNETT.

To MR. FRANCIS BARNETT,  
Dartmouth Arms, Chatham.

*Cannon Street Road,*  
*Sept. 14, 1818.*

My Dear Francis,

I have been just informed that you are at Chatham; is it true? I can scarcely think it is. If it is, I conclude you will

\* It never will be erased from my recollection, the gushing tear that started from his eye when he recognized me, exclaiming, "Dont you recollect our gaining a prize together?" His feelings required no fictitious display.

come to town, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you once more. If some impossibility unknown to me, should prevent this, I will meet you anywhere, if you assure me that an interview will be acceptable. *I have been long hoping for a letter, but have been disappointed.* Should this find you, believe it comes from one who cannot cease to love you.

Yours, most truly,  
ANDREW REED.

Being sent home as an invalid, unable to bear the fatigues of foreign service, it was necessary I should remain at Chatham, until the order from Chelsea came for each detachment to proceed thither to receive their discharge, which was the reason why I remained at Chatham so long. The following letters I publish, as I shall have occasion to refer to them, when I come to Review "No Fiction," relative to the Rev. A. Reed's account of me at this period.

MR. F. BARNETT,  
Chatham.

*Spring Gardens,*  
*Sept. 19, 1818.*

Dear Frank,

I have this day sent you such things as will do for you for the present. If they are not delivered before you receive this, apply for them. I have sent a leash

of birds for Mr. Martin, with my compliments : I did not pay the carriage, as I can give you money when I see you, which myself and Mrs. B. propose doing on Monday, at Gravesend. You will get leave of absence for that day, and get up to a house, the first on the right hand side from Chatham to London. It's a small looking house, with a garden at the end, and two bow-windows in front, of the *old school* ; I think it is called the New Inn. We shall be there by *eleven*, and I'll order dinner at two o'clock, so that you and ourselves can leave to reach home in good time. You can get up by some conveyance by that time. I can then settle all that remains to be done for the moment. Should you by any accident be prevented, send a letter for me, Post-office, Gravesend, and I must come further ; but I cannot imagine any objection.

I am, dear Frank,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT BARNETT.

According to appointment we met ; when my brother arranged to procure a pass for me to come to town, until I was required to attend at Chelsea. This pass, however, I did not get until the latter end of the month ; in the interim I received the following letter.

Mr. E. BARNETT,

Dartmouth Arms, Chatham.

Cannon Street Road,

September 23, 1818.

My Dear Francis,

I need not say, that after such a suspension of our intercourse, a letter from you gave me great pleasure. I should have answered it earlier, but have been from home, and am now sadly engaged.

Although I can judge but little of your purposes and feelings, I may generally adopt the language of gratitude and encouragement. You require comfort, and there is an abundance provided. Nothing is more wonderful to us than the long-suffering of God; than the unwearied exercise of his fatherly mercy towards us: whilst every thing is an argument to obedience for the future, every thing is calculated to subdue fear from the past. So great is the Divine goodness, that if we share it not, it must be because we disinherit ourselves; and although we should have forfeited the title, at our petition it is restored.

You, I trust, can join with me in bearing a living testimony to these simple but animating truths. May we yet taste more of their reviving sweetness, and live more beneath their all-sanctifying power!

*I did fear, from not having received a letter from you, that circumstances had operated so unfavourably, as nearly to*

*have annihilated that confidence, which I had hoped, could at the most only suffer interruption. You have re-assured my hopes, and I rejoice in them.*

If your discharge should be postponed, cannot you get leave for a couple of days, and run up to town? I want to see you, and we have a bed to spare. Can I do any thing to promote that discharge? I have a little more influence than formerly at the west end of the capital; I know not whether I have any that would bear on your release, only, if I have, I shall be glad to use it. *Is there any other way in which I can testify my friendship?* If there is, name it to me as a duty I owe to you; to our former attachments and pleasures. I write this in haste; but with sincere assurances of regard.

Yours most affectionately,

ANDREW REED.

A few days after the interview with my brother, he procured a pass for me, to come to his house, and remain until I got my discharge, which took place at the latter end of October. During the month of October, when I was dining with my esteemed friend, Mr. William Bridgman, I called on the Rev. Mr. Reed, with whom I remained a few minutes, and agreed to dine with him, which I did a few days afterwards. At that dinner there was no one present but *himself and*

*Mrs. Reed.* After dinner he observed to Mrs. Reed, that he should like some music ; when we went into the drawing-room, and she played and sang, "Auld lang syne," and some other things. At this interview nothing particular passed. We had no conversation of a religious nature. I merely related to him some of the troubles I had gone through at Quebec ; and the singular impressions and mental appearances, which I attributed to some unknown, but spiritual agency. He waved the conversation, and preferred a little music, and he always appeared extremely nervous when I conversed with him on the subject. Instead of reasoning either like a divine or a philosopher, he sapiently replied, " It was only a suggestion of Satan." When I saw him after the death of his sister Martha, I mentioned that I thought she appeared to me one night, and smiled upon me ; he, I believe, thought I was deranged. A few years, however, may pass away, and we shall be in the world of spirits, and the mystery and the difficulty will be fully explained.

Immediately after I procured my discharge, I proceeded to Knaresborough, and my mother met me twenty miles on the road. I arrived on the 4th of November ; at which period, and when at Knaresborough, I was under the most gloomy feelings. If I attended chapel or church, it was not from any real desire, but to please my mother.

On the 4th of December my mother was taken ill, and remained in a dangerous state for about a fortnight, when the fever appeared to leave her ; and on the 19th of December she had one of the Wesleyan connexion, (a very worthy man of the name of Atkinson, who lived in one of our houses,) to pray with her, and return thanks to God. About 8 o'clock the next morning, (Sunday,) my father came into my room, and said my mother wanted to see me. I went in ; she said, she wanted to see me, as she thought she was going to die. "I have done," said she, "the best I could for my children, I beg of you to put your trust in the Lord." We sent for some of the neighbours, and in the course of an hour her spirit departed into the hands of her Creator.

My readers may form some idea of my feelings at this period. During my absence, she had deprived herself of almost every comfort, to make a provision for me, in case I was heard of; and just after she had seen me, was snatched away : but then it was in mercy. The great and compassionate God had seen what she had sustained on my account : he saw she had suffered enough ; and no doubt, foreseeing that the vanity, pride and avaricious disposition of the Rev. Andrew Reed, would induce him to publish the libels he had written on me, he drew her spirit away from this world, to prevent those feelings and sensations to which she

would have been exposed, from a perusal of that fictitious novel, and its operation upon my nervous system, character, family and connexions in life.

On Thursday the 24th of December, my brother arrived, after travelling with all the speed possible ; and we buried her that evening, her mortal remains being preceded by the singers belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists.

After arranging every thing to the satisfaction of my father, we returned to London ; and I cannot refrain from noticing here, that after the death of my mother, my brother and Mrs. Barnett manifested an increasing kindness to me, and seemed desirous to fill up the chasm my mother's death had created. During all these changes, religion never entered my thoughts, excepting as to one who was cut off from all its privileges and delights ; my anxiety was chiefly about my temporal interests. Without any scruples, I entered into all those worldly amusements, which are considered as innocent, neglecting the imperious calls of religion altogether ; but my conduct as it regarded attention to business, &c. was such, as gave satisfaction to my brother. Yet there was an "aching void." The shortness of this life, and the hope that sometimes beamed upon my mind to illuminate the future, caused me to reflect, and to think that perhaps after all I was not a castaway.

And however strange it may appear to the religious world, it is a fact, (and I am bound in justice to state nothing but facts,) that the religious impression at the death of my mother, soon wore away, nor had I any return of such impressions until August, 1819. At this period I entered into a detail of my views to my brother. It was his intention to grant me a share of his business, as he had no family of his own ; but when I told him I did not like it, he readily offered to aid me in any thing in which I chose to embark. Previously to my entering into any business, or into any situation, I proposed to him that I would write to the heads of the Government office, where I had been 15 years ; and on the 24th of August we drew up a letter and forwarded it. The following is the answer.

*September 9, 1819.*

Sir, Having laid before my Lords \_\_\_\_\_ your letter of the 24th ult. I have received their lordship's commands to acquaint you that it is not in their power to restore you to your situation in the \_\_\_\_\_.

I am to add that your name has been noted for consideration : but the opportunities of appointments to - —, are so very rare, that their lordships cannot hold out any encouragement.

I am, Sir, Your Obedt.  
MR. F. BARNETT,  
Spring Gardens Hotel.

When I received this answer, my brother was on a visit to his friend at Brigg. I now determined on taking some situation, so that I might attend to religion, as I thought, consistently. I called upon my friends Mr. William Bridgman, and Mr. John Walton, and communicated to them my determination. They informed me they would look out for me. At this period, I had never heard a word respecting "No Fiction," although it had been published ever since May. About this time, Mr. Arnould, the bookseller of Spring Gardens, mentioned the work to me, as my Life: I told him I knew nothing of it, and thinking that he was only joking, I took no further notice of it; but at another interview, he renewed the subject, and told me the title of the book, "No Fiction;" I solemnly declared again, I knew nothing of it. He smiled, and said it was a very curious thing that my life should be published, and that I should not know any thing about it. He then told me who was the author of it. He said it was written by Andrew Reed, and appeared as if he was fully convinced, I must have had some concern in the publication, although I would not acknowledge it. The next time I went into the city, I saw a copy in Mr. Westley's window; I went in, and read different parts of it, so that I believe I remained in the shop two or three hours, and went away without buying it, as I

to render a return of my old affliction inevitable. I was, however, desirous of getting into a situation, but as it regarded the duties, I was woefully mistaken, as the dreadful state the books were in, rendered it arduous, and the labour unexampled. But I was the more desirous now to get into a situation, as I was fearful the very moment my brother got hold of "No Fiction," he would insist on my prosecuting the author, which on my refusal would cause a rupture between us; and to prevent my brother coming to knowledge of it, I requested our neighbour, Mr. Arnould, the bookseller, to keep it out of his window, which he did, and by this means, no doubt, lost the sale of several copies, and for which I can only return him my public thanks.

When I made my application for the situation, I was not aware that there would be any opposition; however, I found that the treasurer of the Building fund, Mr. Warton, had a gentleman to propose, and that he was determined on bringing him in. I then began to hesitate about proceeding. However, I was persuaded by my friends, Mr. Bridgeman, Mr. Walton, and Mr. Teape, to persevere; as they justly stated, that although my getting of this situation would not be of much importance in itself, yet it would make me known in the event of any thing more worthy of notice offering. Having formed this resolution, on the Friday following,

Mr. Reed, and a friend of his went out canvassing, while I wrote to the whole of the Board; and I cannot refrain from recording my obligations to Mr. Teape, who, on that occasion, exerted his influence with the managers direct, with whom he was personally acquainted, and endeavoured to approach those with whom he had no personal intercourse, through some common friend. In fact, he did every thing in his power to forward my election. I was not, however, very anxious, as it regarded the result; but in my canvass, I found that it assumed the appearance of a personal contest between Mr. Warton the treasurer, and Mr. Reed the secretary, so that I did not think it necessary to take any notice of those squibs which are common at elections; but on the 10th of November, I was informed of several detrimental reports, most of which I could trace to "No Fiction," though they were not tangible.

Among these scandalous tales of which I informed Mr. Bridgman, one was, that I had absconded with a check of my brother's. The others were, that I had been reprimanded and dismissed from my official situation, and that I was deficient at the Water-works in my collection. Mr. Bridgman on hearing this immediately waited on Mr. Reed to know if such reports were afloat, when he informed him of the fact. Mr. Bridgman then instantly put his horse into his

chaise, and drove to my brother's, while I went to the gentleman at the head of the department where I had been 15 years, and to Mr. Nelthorpe, to whom I related the reports that were abroad; when both these gentlemen expressed their astonishment, and wrote the following letters under a firm conviction that they might be called upon by some of the Board to substantiate the statements. Had it not been for these reports I should not have procured these documents; and that it was in consequence of these reports may be seen; as they, as well as my brother's letter, are dated the 10th of November. And these documents written by gentlemen of high official respectability and responsibility, to a body of gentlemen, and on a public occasion, are more conclusive than any private documents I might now procure. In addition to those, I insert a few letters from some of my friends, who, finding I was thus attacked, thought they might as well put in their recommendation; and I now publish the whole of them, authenticated by Mr. Marriott, the Assistant Secretary to the London Orphan Asylum. The originals of course, remain at the office.

To the Board of Managers,  
London Orphan Asylum.

*St. George's in the East,*  
*November 8, 1819.*

Gentlemen,

I beg leave to state that I have personally known Mr. Barnett for many years; that he is in every way qualified for the situation of Sub-secretary, and would be of great advantage to the best interests of Charity.

I am ready to be bound for him immediately for any amount. Yours, &c.

(Signed) W. C. BRIDGMAN.

A true copy,  
T. J. MARRIOTT.

To the Board of Managers,  
London Orphan Asylum.

Gentlemen,

Having been intimate with Mr. Francis Barnett, for many years, I beg to recommend him most heartily to your favour, as one fully capable, and entirely trustworthy, of filling the vacant office of Assistant Secretary to your valuable Institution, and especially from his feeling a most lively interest in the welfare and extension of our important object. I remain, &c.

(Signed) GEORGE OFFOR,  
Bookseller, Tower Hill.

A true copy,  
T. J. MARRIOTT.

Nov. 9, 1819.

To the Board of Managers,  
of the London Orphan Asylum.  
*Angel Alley, Whitechapel, Nov. 10, 1819.*  
Gentlemen,

I beg leave to acquaint you, that I have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Barnett from a child, and consider him in every respect eminently qualified for the situation of Assistant Secretary.

I am ready to become his security for any amount you may require. I am, &c.

(Signed) JOHN WALTON.  
A true copy,  
T. J. MARRIOTT.

To the Committee of the  
London Orphan Asylum.

*Tower Hill, November 10, 1819.*  
Gentlemen,

I beg leave to recommend to your notice, Mr. Francis Barnett, for the office of Sub-secretary to the London Orphan Asylum, fully believing that he will be found well qualified for its duties, and active and diligent in the discharge of the same.

From the long period that I have known him, permit me to add, that so strong an opinion I entertain of his integrity, that, if requested, most readily I would offer myself for his security. I am, &c.

(Signed) HENRY TEAPE.  
A true copy,  
T. J. MARRIOTT.

*Inland Department,  
General Post Office, Nov. 10, 1819.*

Gentlemen,

In the event of its being necessary, I beg to state, that Mr. Francis Barnett, held a responsible situation in this department nearly 15 years, and was under the necessity of quitting solely on account of severe indisposition; but after an absence of nine months, and there being no hope of his returning, the Postmaster General filled up the vacancy.

During the time Mr. Barnett was in this department, he conducted himself with strict honour and propriety, and I am persuaded he would be an acquisition to your establishment if he should be fortunate enough to obtain the appointment of Assistant Secretary.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) DANIEL STOW.

Superintending President

A true copy, of the Inland Department.  
T. J. MARRIOTT.

To the Board of Managers,  
London Orphan Asylum.

*Lambeth Water-works,  
Blackfriars Road, November 10, 1819.*

Gentlemen,

Mr. Francis Barnett who is now a candidate for your situation, filled the office of clerk and collector to the proprietors.

of the Lambeth Water-works, a considerable period, and with distinguished ability, so long as his health permitted him to discharge the duties of an arduous and most responsible situation.

I consider him to be a person as capable of undertaking the business he is now desirous to have, for you, in a most creditable manner; and I am happy to give my testimony in favour of a gentleman from whom I invariably received *that attention to the duties of his office here, which enabled me to speak of him to his employers in such a way as to give them the greatest satisfaction.*

In this situation, intricate accounts and large sums of money were at all times with pleasure entrusted to him, and his integrity, and his knowledge of business in general, was such as to gain him the continued approbation of gentlemen most conversant in those things. I do believe, that if he be the object of your choice, he will not fail to give your respectable body the satisfaction it is fit you should derive from an officer filling the situation desired.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) J. NELTHORPE.  
Secretary to the Board of the  
Lambeth Water-works.

A true copy,  
T. J. MARRIOTT.

**Rev. Mr. REED.**

*Spring Gardens, Nov. 10, 1819.*

Sir,

Mr. Bridgman has this moment called upon me for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of a report injurious to the character of my brother, inasmuch as he was guilty of a breach of trust towards myself. So far from this being the case, I most solemnly declare, he never directly or indirectly injured me; nor do I believe him capable towards any person living of being otherwise than just; and I am ready in the most ample manner to vouch for his integrity, in any manner he may now or in future require. If the report has originated in error, here let it end, if otherwise, *the author is a villain, and I am ready to prove it.*

As regards the situation in question, I am perfectly indifferent, *to his honour, I am not*, and I hope you will excuse the hurried manner in which I have wrote you.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

ROBERT BARNETT.

A true copy,  
T. J. MARRIOTT.

On the 11th of November, the election took place, when I had a majority of three. On that occasion, the whole of my *fictitious life*, as well as the charge alluded to, was brought forward. Mr. Cooke, a gentleman

of talent and integrity, was in the chair, and opposed to me ; or more properly speaking, was interested for the other candidate, and of course had a right to state any fact *supposed* to have occurred in my past life, which made against me. As he was a member of Mr. Reed's church, he well knew of the work "No Fiction;" and taking it for granted, that his minister—*he who ministered in holy things—he who was an ambassador of that Lord who "hateth a lying tongue;"* and who had often read to his congregation, that "*lying lips are abomination to the Lord,*"—would not *deliberately write gross falsehoods and injurious calumnies of any individual;* (but particularly of a person for whom he professed so much friendship,) he boldly and properly brought forward the aberrations of Lefevre against me. Mr. Reed now was in a dilemma. He did not know what to do. He could not truly say the character was not meant for me ; for there were besides Mr. Cooke, three persons present who knew the contrary ; Mr. Hubcock, Mr. John Foulger, and Mr. Robert Charles. Urged, however, by necessity, he immediately rose, and *defied any one to prove that that character was meant for me;* and to sanction this challenge, he spoke of me in the highest manner, referring to the documents (real, not fictitious ones) which I had produced, in contradiction to the character of Lefevre,

which, of course silenced his opponents, and astonished his friends.

I cannot but here relate as something very extraordinary, that although there were only two candidates on that occasion, and consequently an examination of both could not have occupied much time, yet they went to the vote without calling either of us before them. The motive was evident. Mr. Reed knew, if I had been called, I should have challenged the accusations at once, as the situation was comparatively of little consequence to me.

After I was elected, Mr. Cooke communicated to me in a very gentlemanly manner, the result. But in returning thanks, I thought it necessary to allude to the reports I had heard, which were injurious to my character; and was going on to state the falsity of them, and my determination to prosecute the individuals, however high they might be in that Charity, and however wealthy they might be in the world, when Mr. Cooke very properly stopped me.

After the election, Mr. Reed, Mr. Hubbock and myself, went in a coach to Cannon Street Road; and on our way, Mr. Hubbock related some of the slanderous expressions which had been introduced that evening, and remarked before Mr. Reed, "that if every man's character is to be subject to anonymous attacks, no person is safe;" Mr. Reed made no observation. But as I was

aware that all the charges were false; and sensible that my honesty and integrity, as well as my industry would bear the most minute scrutiny, I determined on bringing my opponents into a court of justice; and with this view, I called upon my friend Mr. Bridgman the next morning, who accompanied me to Messrs. Smith and Henderson, to enter an action at once against the individuals who brought the accusations. We went to Mr. Henderson in preference to Mr. Bridgman's able and liberal attorney Mr. Sheffield, because Mr. Henderson was a member of the Board of Management, and was present when the charges were made. On our way, we had some conversation relative to "No Fiction;" when I informed Mr. Bridgman, that so far from my having any thing to do with that work, I knew nothing of it until about a month before the election, and that even now not one word had passed between Mr. Reed and myself on the subject; and that so far from my furnishing any materials, I had never seen Mr. Reed but once since October, 1818, and then only a minute on Ludgate Hill; and that I never had from that time till Mr. Teape sent for me, any communication with him either by writing or verbally, except the letter to which I have alluded.

Mr. Bridgman on hearing this declaration, expressed his astonishment at Mr. Reed's conduct. He said it was as well

known in his church, as if the names were put to it; in fact, that there was a key to it handed round, to which my name,—Reed's,—and the names of his father and mother were put; but for some of the other characters they were at a loss. In addition to this, he told me, that it was currently reported and credited, that Reed and I had written it together, and that it was published for my benefit, which had caused several individuals who sympathized in my afflictions to purchase it. In reply I told him, so far from that being the case, I had actually purchased a copy for myself. Mr. Bridgman had always found that my word was to be taken, he therefore placed confidence in my solemn asseveration; but at the same time observed, that very few would believe me, and expressed his regret that I had been elected, and wished me to speak to Mr. Henderson about it, as he said it was the most astonishing thing in the world, that any person should take such a liberty with another individual, and yet wear the mask of friendship.

In the course of a few days, when conversing on the charges with Mr. Reed, I told him they all originated from a work published about me. He asked me what work; I told him "No Fiction." He immediately exclaimed, (turning paler than his regular paleness,) "What! have you heard of it?" "Yes," said I, "and read part of it," and told him what I had heard. He

was then going off in the Blackheath stage to Mr. Holmes's, and said he wished I would come down to his house, and have some talk with him on the subject, and he would convince me that it was not written with an intention to injure me; and that so far from my being guilty of the aberrations attributed to Lefevre, he would at his own expense prosecute any man who identified me with Lefevre.

According to appointment, I waited upon Mr. Reed, when he went into the history of the thing; saying that the greater part of it was written, when it was supposed I was dead; that he thought it was a pity not to publish it, after taking so much trouble, and especially as it might do good to young people; that the character was not meant for me; that no one would know any thing about it; that he had no idea I should ever come into his connexion again, or he would not have published it; that he was very sorry now he had published it; and concluded by asking me, *if when it was mentioned, I would protect him, and not expose him?* After this explanation, and after this request, I made the promise, and kept my word in every instance where my character was not attacked; although in doing this, I have sometimes been guilty of *deception and duplicity*. He asked me, if I had said any thing to Mr. Cooke, and I told him I had; when he expressed his sorrow, and wished

me not to communicate any more, as he was a very cunning man, and always opposed him ; that he wanted to be deacon in his church, to which he objected, because he was a troublesome man. I told him, I had seen Mr. Cooke, and that I had voluntarily said a great deal to Mr. C. and that he did not want to draw any thing from me. I of course told him that the account was false, &c. What had passed, he said, could not be helped, he wished I would not say any more, as he was a prying man, and would talk of it in company. He also requested me not to answer any questions, but keep them all in the dark about it. Instead, however, of complying with this request, I believe I called upon Mr. Cooke, and told him part of what Mr. Reed had said. Shortly after, Mr. Reed read me part of a letter from this gentleman, in which he stated, that however cautious Mr. Reed might be to keep the author and the hero secret, the openness and frankness of Mr. Barnett would prevent it ; and concluded by altering a previous invitation to tea, to a dinner. Mr. Reed said, when he dined with him, he should have some serious conversation with Mr. Cooke on the unwarrantable and improper manner he had spoken of that work ; and both himself and Mrs. Reed observed, that this was the way Mr. Cooke always acted ; he thwarted Mr. Reed on public occasions, because he would not propose him as a deacon,

and then, after he had thus opposed him, he sent canting notes and invitations. As collateral evidence of part of the foregoing statement, I publish the following documents.

To MR. BARNETT.

*Red Lion Street,*  
*November 12, 1819.*

Dear Sir,

Would it not be better that two or three friends should accompany you to Mr. —— to try first if a proper written testimony can be obtained from him to do away the *rancorous charges* made against you? I feel warmly interested in the justification of your character, and it is of additional importance, *inasmuch as the name of our mutual friend, A. R.\* is connected*. As men—character is inestimable; but as professing Christians it becomes us not only to feel sensible to the shadow of reproach, but at the same time in a firm and temperate manner to rebut any thing that may bring reproach upon ourselves or profession. I am induced, therefore, to submit to you, whether it may not be preferable to apply first to Mr. —— through your friends. And I think it may be preferable, because I am much inclined to think that the *vile calumny brought against your character* has not lost any of its malignity in the channel of communication to the Board. And I think

\* Andrew Reed.

it very probable from the spirit in which those charges were made last night, that you may yet have to revert back to Mr. W—.

I write hastily to submit my ideas to you and Mr. R. and leave it to your better judgment to determine which course to take. You will understand me that though I recommend the mildest mode of procedure, I am not inclined to relax in the least in the demand for proper justification. Firebrands have been wantonly scattered, and though we have last night done much, we must completely extinguish the embers.

Yours, very sincerely,

T. HUBBOCK.

Mr. FRANCIS BARNETT,  
To SMITH and HENDERSON.

1819.

Nov. 12. Attending you and Mr. Bridgman, conferring respecting slanderous representations made by Mr. Warton to the Committee of the London Orphan Asylum, on the occasion of your election to the office of Assistant Secretary, and which he stated had been communicated to him by Mr. —; and under all the circumstances of the case, we advised that Mr. — should be applied to by letter, to make satisfaction.

19th. Writing a letter to Mr. —\* accordingly. Attending, conferring with you respecting the slanderous expressions used by Mr. Warton, and on the letter wrote to Mr. — thereon.

17th. Attending you and *the Rev. Andrew Reed*. Conferring, as to this transaction, and on Mr. — wishing to plain away the effect of the observations made by Mr. Warton, when you insisted on the matter being propounded in, and instructed us to write immediately to Mr. — for the name of his solicitor. Writing a letter to Mr. — to request the name of his solicitor might be handed immediately to us.

18th. Attending Mr. — this day, in consequence of our letter to him, when he confessed he had said unwarrantable things to Mr. Warton, but expressed his readiness to apologize.

From the foregoing account, my readers will see that I was not afraid to meet the charges; and that Mr. Reed attended with me at one conference, when he offered to spend any money to prosecute respectable

\* I leave out the gentleman's name who was misled by the falsities in *No Fiction*.

characters for stating charges against me, which he had published himself to the world, as truths, under the garb of the ministerial profession. The gentleman with whom the report originated, had been known to me for many years, and was connected with some of my friends; and as he acknowledged having given wrong information to Mr. Warton, and expressed his readiness to apologize, I willingly withdrew my prosecution, and agreed to submit the business to friendly arbitration, as my intention was only to vindicate my own character; and to shew how cautious a man ought to be in taking liberties with the character of an individual who esteems his reputation more than life. In proof that I wished my conduct to be thoroughly investigated, I put seven names on paper, and waited upon Mr. Cooke with them, as a gentleman who had, excepting Mr. Warton, most powerfully opposed me at the election. Out of the five managers, I selected himself, and another gentleman who had voted against me. To the gentleman who was the cause of it, I submitted these names, and he would not strike out one of them.

*The following are the Minutes of that Meeting.*

December 1, 1819.

At a Meeting held at the house of the Orphan Asylum, St. Mary Axe, for the purpose

of arbitrating on points between Mr. Francis Barnett, and Mr. ——, respecting statements made at the Board of Managers on the 11th of November, tending to prejudice the character of Mr. Barnett:

Present, Messrs. Burnell, Teape, Foulger, Hubback, Charles, and Cooke. Mr. Burnell in the chair.

*The following were adduced as the Charges made to the Board of Managers, on the occasion referred to.*

Mr. Warton stated, that he had been informed by Mr. ——, that the said Mr. Barnett had received a check from his brother, which, instead of appropriating to the object for which it was delivered to him, he absconded with it, and was advertised: *and had been guilty of other irregularities of conduct.*

Mr. —— being called in, admits that he communicated the above statements to Mr. Warton's son, with the exception that instead of "absconding," he said, "went off;" and added, that Mr. Barnett was deranged in mind at the time. He told Mr. Warton, jun. likewise, that he resumed his situation at the ——, on his return.

Resolved unanimously,

That Mr. —— be required to sign the following declaration, and to pay all the expenses incurred in this business.

*Declaration to be signed by —.*

Having been instrumental in misleading Mr. Warton, upon a point of the highest importance to the character of Mr. Barnett, which I have assented to, with the explanations prefixed; I do most unequivocally state, that I believe him never to have been guilty of the acts imputed to him; and most sincerely apologize to him, as well as to the Board of Managers, for my great inadvertence; and hope it will not have any injurious effect upon his character, having always considered him, a young man of the most strict integrity.

(Signed) ——.

We the undersigned, having minutely investigated the *charges* brought against Mr. Barnett, do unanimously agree that they are wholly unfounded.

**Resolved,**

That these statements, and the declaration of Mr. —— be enclosed to the Board of Managers.

JOHN BURNELL, THOMAS HUBBOCK,  
 JOHN FOULGER, HENRY TEAPE,  
 ROBERT CHARLES, WILLIAM COOKE.

**Resolved,**

That the document signed by Mr. Barnett and Mr. ——, referring this to the fore-

named arbitrators, be preserved in the hands of Mr. Burnell.

Resolved unanimously,

That Mr. Barnett be informed, that we the arbitrators, consider the determination of this evening, as superseding all legal proceedings in relation to these charges, not only as they attach to Mr. ——, but to every other person or persons who might have been implicated.

This arbitration, of course, was sent to the Board ; when Mr. Warton stated (as I understood, not being in the room at the time,) "that it was not his intention to injure me. But since the election, he had come to the knowledge of a work which was given as a true history of my life, and in which there were charges that justified him in the conduct he had adopted." I was called in, and informed by the Board, that I was at liberty to do as I thought proper with the papers ; so I sent a copy to each of the Board. After this I became more comfortable, although the public will naturally be convinced, that my situation was not a bed of roses. In justice to Mr. Warton I must say, that from that time until I left the Asylum, he treated me with the utmost kindness, and shewed by his conduct, how sensible he was of the injury the libels in "No Fiction" had done me.

An opportunity occurred in about a fortnight after this, which, I believe, gave Mr. Warton full proof, that I bore no animosity, and raised me in his estimation.

As my friends had made inquiry for a situation, previously to this contest, Mr. Bridgman sent for me, and said that a friend of his, Mr. Spackman, a merchant in Broad Street, had informed him that he was in want of a person like myself as cashier, and that he would be glad to have me. This situation would have yielded me, with half the trouble, double the income I could have at the Orphan Asylum ; but having pledged myself to the Committee that in the event of my being elected, I would not leave them under twelve months, or at least without six months' notice ; and when I informed Mr. Reed of this situation, he said, both his word and mine would be forfeited, and I could not in honour leave them. Thus circumstanced, I was determined, sooner than sacrifice my word and honour, to sacrifice my prospects of ease and profit. Of this situation I gave Mr. Warton immediate information, that he might let the person know of it, who stood the contest with me. Mr. Warton expressed his thanks to me for this mark of my consideration.

It is unnecessary I should detain my readers by a long account of the time I was at the Orphan Asylum ; or any further allusion to it, or to my leaving, had it not been that

some of Mr. Reed's congregation have circulated reports detrimental to my character; viz. that I had been dismissed from that situation disgracefully. Far be it from me to insinuate, that these reports either originated with, or were sanctioned by Mr. Reed. Such pretended friends only do injury to any party they espouse.

During the time I was in this situation, I endeavoured to perform my duty to the best of my abilities; and never felt so much pleasure as when I could procure a guinea for that excellent Institution. And so far from being indifferent now to its prosperity, that had I a large sum to dispose of for charities, I would willingly give a portion of it to this Institution; nor do I know a charity that is managed with so much decorum and economy. Mr. Reed's exertions for its prosperity are disinterested and unrewarded: his services being gratuitous. Whether in his exertions he is actuated by vanity, is not for man to judge; and whether the time he devotes to it might not be better employed, in condoling with the sick, and warning sinners of the error of their ways, is a problem which eternity alone can solve. Sorry indeed should I be, that the interests of this Institution should suffer by any personal disputes between the Secretary and myself. I have endeavoured, and shall continue to endeavour, to avoid every thing that might in the least conduce to this effect; and should

I ever meet him by accident, at this or any other place, I shall avoid him as I would a stranger.

During my connexion with this Institution, I think it proper to state, that from the period I was elected, to the time I left, I never met with any disrespectful or unkind behaviour from any gentlemen at the Board. My exertions always received from them that countenance and approbation, which to me were more grateful than sordid gain. At the end of the year 1820, however, I was unfortunately visited again by my overwhelming calamity. This was brought on in part by over-exertion, and in part from too freely mixing with company, and the heavy duties that then pressed upon me.

My religion during the period I was there, might be called any thing but religion; sometimes I went to Mr. Reed's chapel, at other times to the Methodist chapel, and occasionally neglected attending any place of worship whatever. But there was one thing occurred towards the latter end of this year, which had a very powerful effect on my mind, arising from the conduct of Mr. Reed; the nature of which will be visible to every person.

In the former part of my history, the reader has been informed, that I was indebted a sum of money to old Mr. Reed. At the time I was taken ill, this sum of money stood over; and when my brother met me at

Gravesend, he mentioned the circumstance, and said he would have it settled. This I mentioned to Mr. Reed when I dined with him in October, 1818; he replied, it was of no consequence whatever, and desired me not to make myself uneasy about it; that when I got into a situation, I could soon settle it; his parents were not in want of money. On my being elected to the Orphan Asylum, I renewed the business with Mr. Reed, jun. (for I never had any conversation with the old people about it.) He then informed me that he had entered into an agreement with his parents, and as he had taken *Martha off their hands*, they had agreed that she should have the money I owed them; I might therefore consider it settled with his parents, and pay him as I found it most convenient, in the course of a few years, when my circumstances were better.

About the month of August this year, Mr. Walton spent the day with me; and, observing that there was a gloominess often depicted in my countenance, he asked me if there were any old debts which I had not discharged; if there were, I knew his circumstances, and that I might have whatever money I wanted, and he did not care whether I paid him again or not. I replied that I owed nothing, excepting the debt to old Mr. Reed, and that young Mr. Reed had now settled it with them, and that he wished me not to think of it; and that I might pay him when

my income was increased. This conversation I told Mr. Reed, when he said, Martha did not want any thing, and again desired me not to trouble myself about it. To my great astonishment, however, one evening, in the latter end of October, Mr. William Bridgman asked me if I was indebted any thing to old Mr. Reed? when I said I was not; adding, that I had owed them a sum of money, but that young Reed had settled it with them, and that I was to pay him when convenient, and entered into the forementioned detail. He said it was very strange; as old Mrs. Reed had been there only a few nights ago, and told him they had been very unfortunate, and that the money I owed them would be of service to them. In consequence of this communication, Mr. Bridgman waited upon Mr. and Mrs. Reed, sen. and informed them what I had said about their son, when they boldly asserted that their son had stated a falsity; that they never agreed to let Martha have the money; and to convince Mr. Bridgman, old Mrs. Reed took the bill which I have previously alluded to out of the drawer. This appeared to me very extraordinary, and I observed to Mr. Bridgman I would speak to Mr. Walton about it. Mr. Bridgman asked me if it was convenient to me, would I pay them the whole of the money? I replied that I would. That Mr. Bridgman might ascertain in what way I became

indebted to old Mr. Reed, I gave him my book of account with Mrs. Reed, a duplicate of which she has in my writing. In looking it over, he found that twenty-one guineas a year were charged to my account for the four years, during which the Rev. A. Reed occupied one of the rooms, and that he thought half of that sum for the four years ought to be deducted. This Mr. Bridgman mentioned to the old people, when they said, it was very hard that any part should be deducted for lodging, as *their son had never paid them one farthing for the four-years' board during that time*; and that now they were very much distressed. And as an incentive to persuade me to pay them the whole sum for these four years, they went into a detail to him; stating, that could they have got any person to pay the rent of their cottage (£9 per annum,) at Cheshunt, they would not have come to live again in Cannon Street Road; nor have suffered a variety of other minute privations to which they were subjected: the relation of which excited the sympathies of my friend, and it was enough to produce feeling in a heart of stone. So powerfully affected was Mr. Bridgman, whom hundreds of Mr. Reed's congregation have unblushingly nick-named "Wallis," that he offered to look out for a little shop, and at his own risk put them into it; which, when their son Andrew heard of, he requested me to entreat Mr.

Bridgman *not* to put them into any shop, as they had plenty to *live on*; that his father and mother were very imbecile, and did not know what they said. And as an evidence that they were not in want, he mentioned to me that his mother had paid over an additional £10, besides my money, which she had saved out of their income. So they did; but then it was by pinching their bellies, and depriving themselves of those clothes which give respectability to years. I refer any one to Mr. Bridgman, and to Mr. and Mrs. Reed, sen. for the correctness of this statement.

In consequence of the conversation related by Mr. Bridgman, I requested him to give them a check immediately, for the whole amount, including the charge for *both* rooms for the four years; and on the 11th of November, 1820, Mr. Reed, sen. gave to Mr. Bridgman on my account, a receipt in full of all demands, which I am ready to shew to any one that may wish to see it. I have been particular in this relation for two reasons. 1. To shew that I have acted to the old people in a manner not common for individuals, who have been subject to similar misfortunes with myself. And, to cover Mr. Bridgman for the sum advanced, in case of my death, I signed over a portion of my patrimonial estate, which comes to me at the death of my father. This, however, I did in opposition to the

desire of Mr. Bridgman, an evidence of which is manifest, by the fact which Mr. Sheffield can substantiate, that I did not do it until February, 1821, three months after he had paid the money, and a month after my illness. And I think it right to relate here, as an evidence of the confidence of my friend Mr. William Bridgman, and as a mark of almost unparalleled generosity, (which it would well become Mr. Reed and a few others who speak lightly of him, to imitate,) that Mr. Bridgman when he had paid Mr. Reed, sen. handed over to me the original bill, and Mr. Reed's receipt in full of all demands, and would not take any acknowledgment from me. It may not be considered intrusive, further to state, that when my brother Robert heard of this money being paid by Mr. Bridgman, he sent him three bills, of his own acceptance, for the whole amount he had paid; so that my mind might not be shackled by being in debt; nor that when my father died, if I should outlive him, I should have any portion of that patrimony taken from me which would be useful in the decline of life. Let any one ask Mr. Reed, jun. if all this is not fact. I believe I shewed him the bills. It was only thirteen days after the letter he had sent "*in confidence*" to my sister, of January 18, 1821, that my brother gave the bills.

2. To silence the shameful *reports now afloat in Mr. Reed's congregation*, that I

'am still indebted a sum of money to old Mr. Reed.

When young Mr. Reed found what had transpired, he was very angry with me; but when I retorted upon him, and charged him with subjecting me to the remarks of the world, by his falsehoods, he told me that he had settled it with his mother; that Miss Newell was present at the time; and when I asked him why he did not get the bill from his mother? he declared he was ignorant of the existence of a bill. This declaration I am unable to reconcile with truth. This I know, he was more anxious to get the money, than he was about my character; and said, "I dare say Martha will not get a guinea of the money now," which was the case, as the old lady very properly went and paid it all, and an additional £10, to discharge a debt to Miss Newell.

Mr. Reed at this time appeared to be very sorry for his mother's conduct, assuring me that his statement was correct; and that Mr. Bridgman should not take any notice of what his parents had said, as, since their misfortunes, they frequently were not in their right mind; so that now, as on other occasions, his plausible tale succeeded in blinding me to his deep and selfish principles. This occurrence, with other things, pressed upon me, and on the 3d of January, 1821, I was taken dangerously ill; was attended by Dr. Buxton, and another Medical

gentleman, and in the course of a fortnight pronounced out of danger, although the remains of my affliction still survived. I was enabled in a short time to attend again to my duties ; and I determined on shewing my gratitude to God for his deliverance, by a more regular attendance on his worship, and by an increased attention to the duties of my office ; and that these motives might not be nullified I abstained from all those stimulants, which are dangerous for persons subject to afflictions similar to mine. In my regimen I was abstemious, and I went through more arduous duties than otherwise I could have done.

Unfortunately an election for a Surveyor called forth the interested, discordant and angry passions of the Board. Mr. Warton expected of course that he should be made surveyor, and Mr. Reed was anxious that a young man, whose plan had been approved by the Board, should be appointed. Angry discussions ensued ; and one night, a regular and personal attack commenced between Mr. Warton and Mr. Reed. Mr. Warton is a very unfit man to enter into a contest with Mr. Reed ; for he is open, candid and bold ; and Mr. Reed is sly, cunning and wary, and I believe would submit coolly under any slur. On the occasion alluded to, Mr. Warton, in heat, and off his guard, said, he was ignorant of the cause of Mr. Reed's opposition to him, as surveyor, unless it was in

opposing Mr. Barnett when elected ; but he (emphatically) exclaimed, " I did not then know that Mr. Reed was Douglas, and that Mr. Barnett was Lefevre." The Board cried out " Shame," and interferred.

Although I did not take any notice of this attack, and passed it off, in appearance, very lightly, yet it made a deep impression on my mind. It caused me to revert again to the blackness of Lefevre's character, and to lament that I was thus to be subject to the continued attacks of individuals. At that time I thought Mr. Warton meant it as a reflection upon me, and so disgusted was I with him, that in going down to Margate a few weeks afterwards, I scarcely spoke to him, and treated him with marked rudeness and contempt. Mr. Reed said, he would not have any thing more to do with him ; as he had promised the week before, not to say any more about the surveyorship, and apparently agreed to Mr. Reed's propositions ; but now came and made this shameful and personal attack upon himself and me.

After all this, Mr. James Taylor of Broad Street, came to the office one day, and told me, " What a nice Christian man Mr. Reed was ; he had got him to shake hands with Mr. Warton at the Girls' school, and make it all up." A nice Christian man indeed, thought I, to suffer me to be grossly insulted through his infamous publication, and then,

without saying one word to me, to go and shake hands with the man who made the attack !

By this unmanly conduct I was thrown off my guard, I became indifferent, alike to my conduct and character ; and although I did not seek death, I wished for it. Disease again laid hold on me, and although it did not confine me, yet its delusive influence was now more powerful than on any former occasion. The Board of Managers, however, treated me with the utmost respect and kindness, and offered to keep the situation open for me, any length of time ; and wished me to go into the country, to the seaside, or any where that might restore me to health. In this I have no doubt they were sincere, but my spirits were broken, my soul was cast down, my energies all gone, and on the 9th of August, 1821, I sent in my resignation. The following is the Board minute on that occasion.

*Extract from the Board Minutes, August 9, 1821.*

" A letter was read from Mr. Barnett, containing his resignation.

Resolved,

That it be accepted ; but that the Board, in accepting it, deplore the circumstances which have made it necessary ; and wish,

moreover, distinctly to assure him, that during his connexion with them, they have been highly gratified, and the charity greatly benefitted by his fidelity, energy and zeal; and that they shall be most ready to attest the same, in any way Mr. Barnett may think desirable."

Signed, J. C. Abdy, } Secretaries.  
Andrew Reed, }

It becomes me to state that I had an explanation with Mr. Warton; and he assured me that it was far from his intention, in the remark he made, to cast any reflection upon me; and I fully believe him, as there was not any gentleman who treated me, during the whole time I was connected with the London Orphan Asylum, with so much kindness and attention; and his conduct I appreciate, as it deserves, for he is an open and generous character; and does not unite in the same man, as another, whom I need not mention does, the appearance of a friend, and the rancour and deception of an enemy. To give full evidence of Mr. Reed's duplicity, under a display of kindness for me, I think it necessary here to relate, that on Mr. Marriott's election to the office of collector, in March, 1821, and after I had manifested an increased attention to my duty, which Mr. Reed informed me was noticed by the Board, and which entitled me to an increased income; Mr. Reed, without either

consulting me or Mr. Marriott, offered Mr. Nott, who was the unsuccessful opponent of Mr. Marriott, the collection of *all* the subscribers *west of Temple Bar*; which offer Mr. Nott accepted, and on the following Thursday he was to have attended the Board, to be inducted into the office. Mr. Reed, however, thought it would be as well that he should first mention it to me and Mr. Marriott. On his naming it to me, I gave it my decided opposition, as did also Mr. Marriott; and so firm were we, that Mr. Reed was fully aware, if he brought it before the Board without our sanction, it would not be very likely to pass, in consequence of which he let it drop, and wrote to Mr. Nott to that effect. I mention this to shew the conduct of Mr. Reed; and I appeal to the public, Whether it was not dishonourable, after I had been so actively employed for the Charity, and when a gentleman was elected as collector, whose character for industry and attention was well known, for Mr. Reed to offer Mr. Nott a sixth of our income, merely because Mr. Nott had been recommended to him by the Rev. Dr. Winter, of whose church his mother had been a member, and who was a friend of the Rev. Andrew Reed?

The Board, however, knew nothing of this; and strange as it may appear, Mr. Reed attempted to convince me that he wanted to benefit us. He is certainly a very

bad calculator; but he can perfectly understand accounts in which he is personally interested; and I dare say he would not think it could benefit him, if his church were to propose an assistant to him; and for his assistance, instead of paying him themselves, deduct the sum out of his salary. Yet this is what he wanted to do with us. Our income arose from a per centage on the gross amount of the subscribers; and consequently the commission on the portion of the subscribers from whom Mr. Nott was to have collected, would be taken out of our pockets and put into his.

That my readers may form some idea of the state of my mind on my resignation, and how it was viewed by Mr. Reed, I publish the following letter he sent me just afterwards.

**Mr. FRANCIS BARNETT,**  
Spring Gardens Hotel,  
Charing Cross.

*St. Mary Axe, August 18, 1821.*  
My Dear Francis,

I am truly sorry that in the pressure of business on Thursday, I forgot to present your accounts. Mrs. Reed was waiting to go with me by the Blackheath stage, and we had not a minute to spare. I did, however, inform those gentlemen who remained, how the account stood; and if before they are settled, you are in want of money, you shall have it of me most readily.

Will you go with us to France? *I think it likely to be very beneficial to you*; and, if you will go, myself and Mrs. Reed will do every thing we can to make you comfortable. Say Yes. Yours, most truly,

ANDREW REED.

P. S. The expense would not be serious to you, as we should study economy, and should be in a cheap country.

After I left the Orphan Asylum, notwithstanding my brother's house was thrown open to me again, and he treated me with his usual brotherly-kindness, he naturally felt extremely indignant at "No Fiction." Although my friends explained to him that I had nothing to do with that work, and I also solemnly declared to him the same, yet he wished to wave the subject, and both him and Mrs. Barnett told me to drop it, and not to let it give me uneasiness: still apparently retaining the opinion, that they were convinced I was concerned in its production, and that they had *weighty* reasons for believing the fact. I little thought that a correspondence had taken place between the reverend novelist and Mrs. Barnett; much less, that he had the temerity to deny himself as the author, and in his letter to her, had thrown the *onus* of his infamous attack on my brother, upon me and some other person. Before I introduce this cor-

respondence, I think it proper to remark, that I asked Mr. Reed (hearing that some correspondence had passed between Mrs. Barnett and himself when I was ill,) if Mrs. Barnett had ever written to him on the subject of "No Fiction;" when he solemnly answered "No." But perhaps he may make an excuse for this, as he might justify himself by saying, I was not in a fit state of mind to hear the truth. This correspondence I never saw till last December, or else I should not have replied so mildly.

To Mrs. ROBERT BARNETT,  
Spring Gardens,  
Charing Cross.

*St. Mary Axe, January 6, 1821.*

My Dear Madam,

I promised your waiter who called yesterday, that if Francis became worse, I would write to you without delay. I am sorry to state that he is still very ill. A great deal of fever is upon him, and from having lain in stupor for a couple of days, he is become talkative, and sometimes difficult to manage. We cannot hope for a change till the fever is subdued, and Doctor \_\_\_\_\_ is using every means.

He has, on my naming you, expressed a wish to see you, and that he would also like to see his father; and I told him I would send his wishes on the subject to you this morning. I do not know that he will pro-

perly recognize you if you come : but, at least, it will afford you a melancholy satisfaction.

I am, Madam, Yours, most truly,

ANDREW REED.

To Mr. REED.

*Spring Gardens, January 15, 1821.*

Sir,

Now that poor Francis is in a happy state of recovery, and I hope all unkind feelings may or have ceased betwixt him, or rather him towards his brother, I shall record my opinion of that public libel, *you* conjointly with Mrs. Reed, have sent into the world under the title of "*No Fiction*," which ought to be "*All Fiction*;" wherein you have treated a stranger to you, —my husband, and Frank's brother, in a vile manner, under the name of Mr. Perry. I say it is replete with falsehoods, mis-statements and unkindness ; for never was one brother's conduct more marked for humanity and tenderness, than Robert's to him in his last illness, and followed up by the greatest anxiety for his future welfare, and return to that state in society he had unfortunately lost.

I think it was a pity for charity's sake, that religion did not interfere and prevent making a breach between brothers ; and which, but for the circumstance of his present illness, might have long remained so.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

M. BARNETT.

To Mrs. BARNETT,

Spring Gardens Hotel, Charing Cross.

*St. Mary Axe, January 18, 1821.*

Madam,

The note I sent you was dictated alike by humanity and a desire to oblige; and I little expected it to provoke so unsuitable a reply. I now only notice that reply to assure you that you are misinformed as to the ~~authors~~ of the work in question; and still more so as to the character of Mr. Perry being drawn for Mr. Robert Barnett. I have full authority to say, it never was the design of the authors to describe the brother of Francis. Indeed, you yourself call the description "*All Fiction*;" then if it is all fiction, *it does not apply*; and you discover a great inconsistency by calling it all false, and then saying it describes Mr. Robert Barnett. If you believe it all false as it relates to him, then it is as much a description of you or of me, as of him.

Certainly you cannot have read the book and have thought that it was the design of the author to *libel* any one. The design evidently is to benefit the youthful character. I am ready to feel with you the unpleasantness of having one's name used in an unauthorised way; and, perhaps, I have as much reason to complain as any person. I know it was fully designed that the book should so appear as that no name might be blended with the narrative; but when Francis, in a

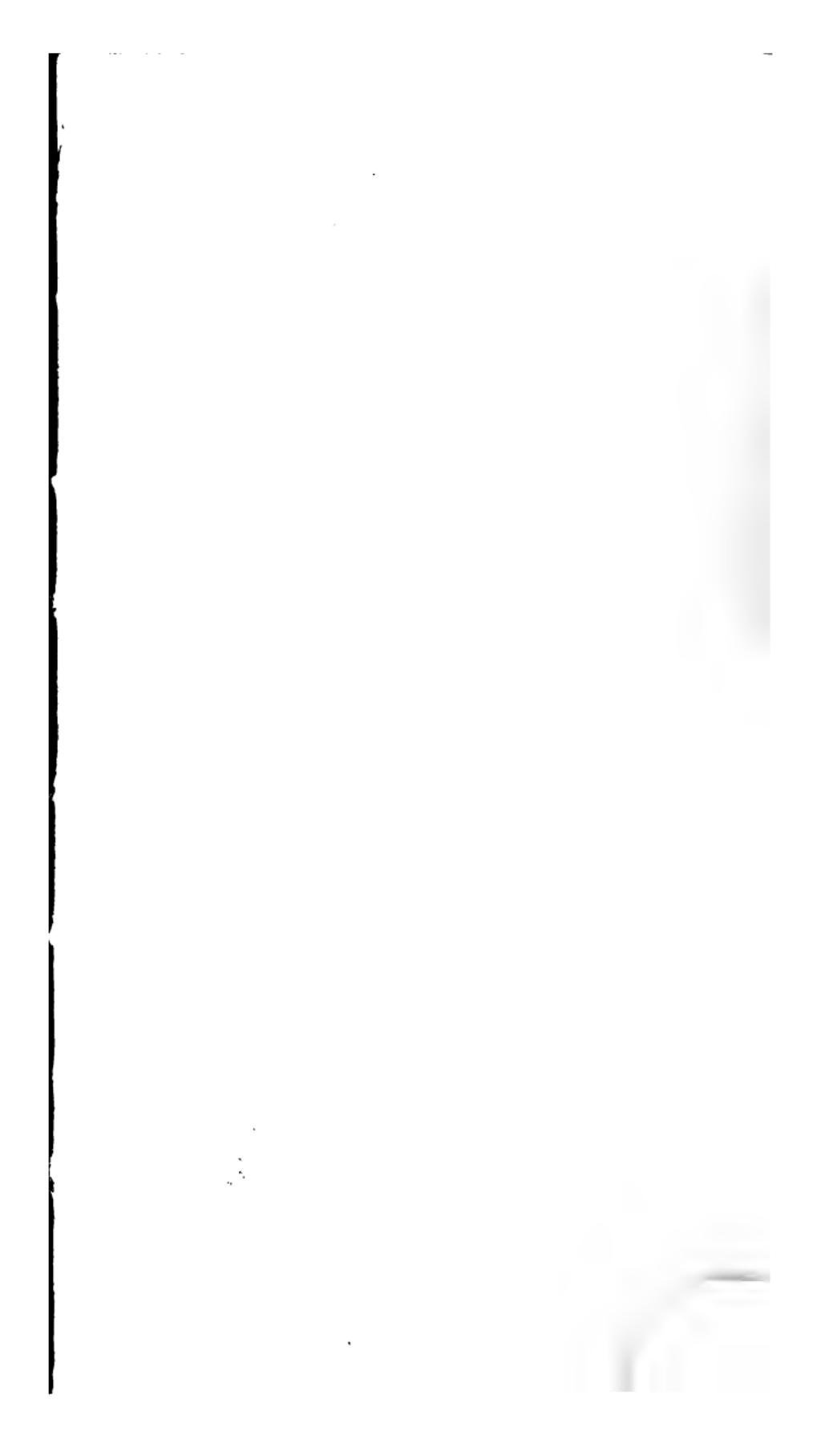
bookseller's public shop declared, that he was the *Lefevre* of the work, the design was frustrated ; and people began to look amongst the relations of the avowed *Lefevre* for the characters introduced with him in the Narrative. This I have been sorry for.

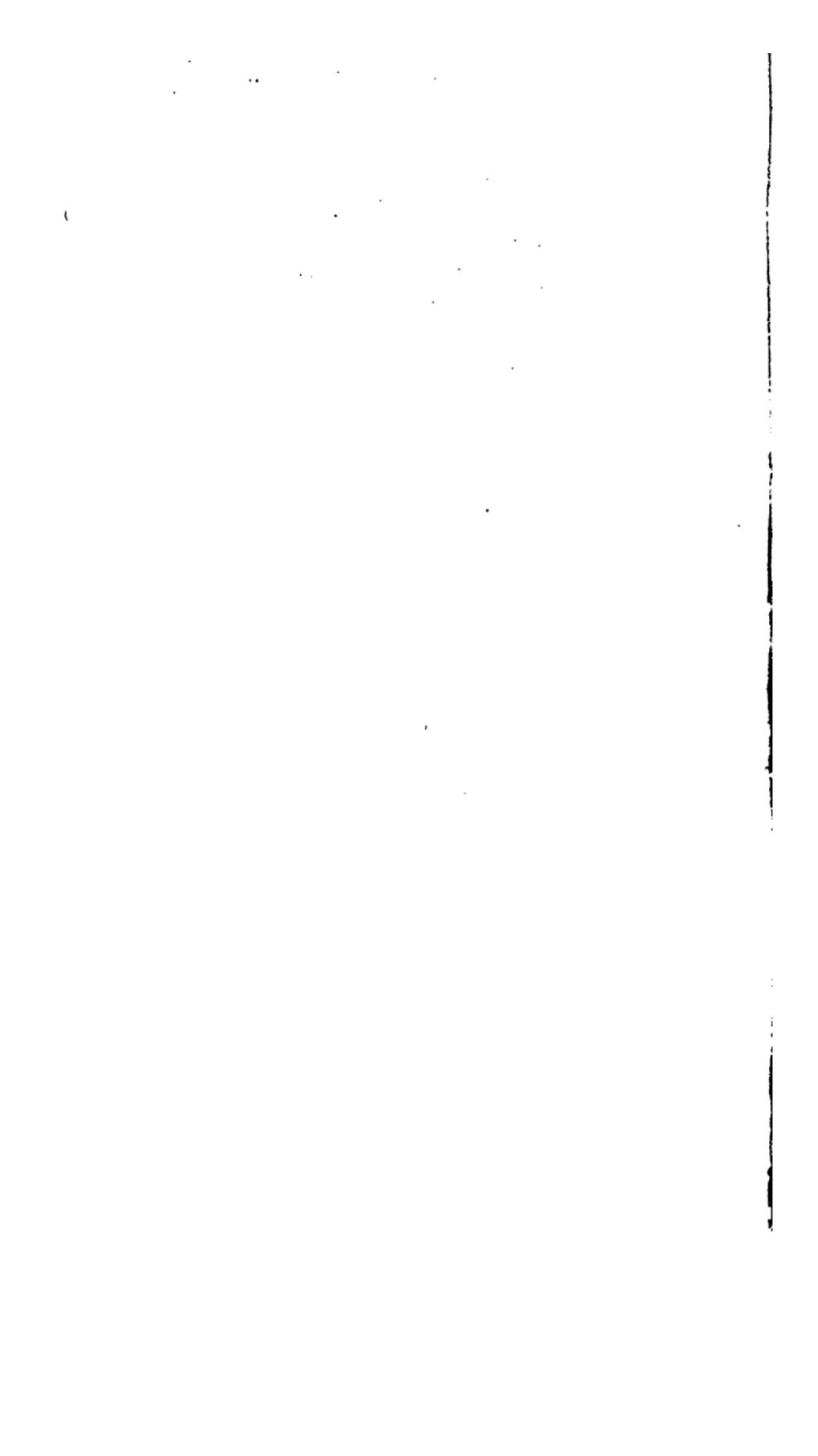
I assure you I have done every thing in my power to influence the mind of Francis favourable to his brother. I have seen that he never would feel exactly as a brother should; but I have always contended he might preserve a good and friendly understanding with him. I am grieved to add, that I have too much reason to think, that more of the fault has been on Francis's side than I was aware, and that the treatment which he has called harsh from his brother, he might have made necessary. I say this, however, in confidence, as I wish the brothers at peace, and, if possible, to serve Francis.

Yours, Madam, with esteem,  
ANDREW REED.

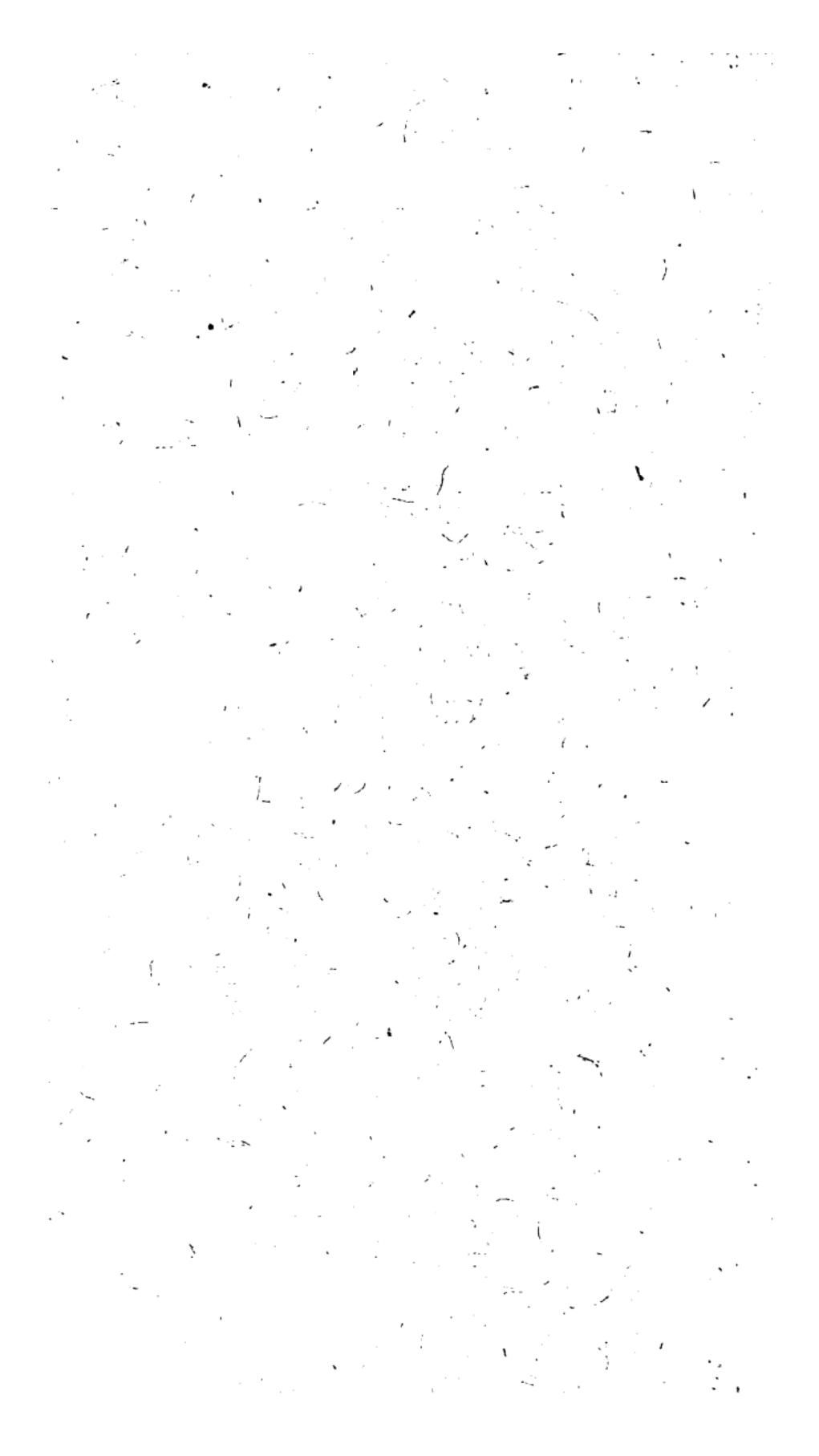
From this time, until the following February, nothing of any particular moment occurred worthy to be related. I now lapsed into the same mode of life, as I have before described, from the death of my mother, until I went to the Orphan Asylum.

END OF VOL. I.









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